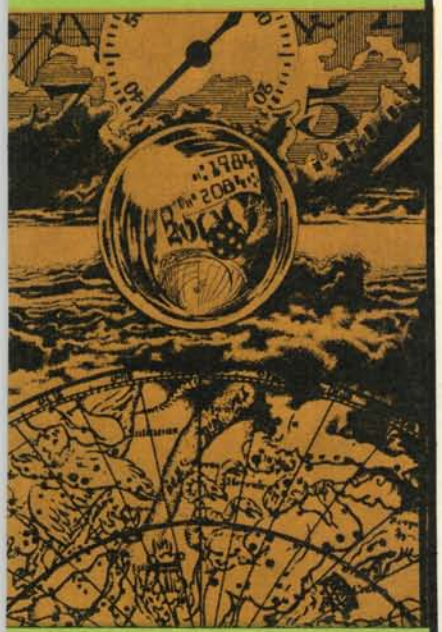
Encounter

November 1971 35p

Has Futurology a Future?



Robert Nisbet

«OZ»
KEITH BOTSFORD

GÜNTER GRASS
HELLMUT JAESRICH

BRONOWSKI DEBATE
EDWARD SHILS

ARTHUR MILLER
RONALD HAYMAN

Three Stories

Kurt Kusenberg

MONSTERS OF TRIESTE
BRIAN W. ALDISS

BELLOW AND HERZOG
GABRIEL JOSIPOVICI

THE NOVELTY OF REVOLUTION
MELVIN J. LASKY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sixth impression now selling fast

John Strachey's

THE CHALLENGE OF DEMOCRACY

An Encounter Pamphlet

25p (60 cents) including postage

ENCOUNTER
59 ST MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON WC2

Encounter BINDER

The ENCOUNTER Easibinder enables readers, for half the cost of full binding, to preserve their copies in an attractive and durable format. Each copy of the magazine, as received, can be quickly inserted in the case and secured there. Copies can just as easily be removed.

The binder holds six copies. It is strongly made with stiff covers, bound in maroon and grey cloth, with the title of the magazine blocked in gold on the spine. Full assembly instructions are included with each binder.

The ENCOUNTER Easibinder costs 75p or $2.50, including the cost of packing and posting by surface mail to any address in the world. There is no trade discount.

ORDER BY COUPON OR SIMILAR LETTER

To **ENCOUNTER (Binder), 59 ST MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON WC2**
Please send..... ENCOUNTER Easibinder(s). I enclose cheque/P.O. for.....(75p or $2.50 per binder)
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter

NOVEMBER 1971

VOL. XXXVII NO. 5

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* D. J. ENRIGHT

ASSISTANT EDITOR: *Margot Walmsley.* EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: *Bryan Healing.*
GENERAL MANAGER: *Anthony Robinson.* ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: *John Hall.*
ADVISORY BOARD: *Maurice Cranston, Anthony Hartley, John Mander, Goronwy Rees, Edward Shils, John Weightman.*

Published monthly by Encounter Ltd. at 59 St. Martin's Lane London WC2 N4JS
Per copy: UK 35p: USA & Canada $1.25: Back numbers 35p ($1.25).
Annual subscription: UK £4: USA & Canada $14 (by air $15.50): Elsewhere £4.95.
Full-time students (state place and course of study): UK £3.15: USA and Canada $10: Elsewhere £3.15.
Trade/Subscription Department: Encounter Ltd. 59 St. Martin's Lane London WC2 N4JS (01-836 4194).
US news-stand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. P.O. Box 6014, Long Island City, N.Y. 11106.
Authorised as Second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. © *1971 by Encounter Ltd.*

THREE STORIES	3	*Kurt Kusenberg*
MODEST ATMOSPHERE WITH MONSTERS	13	*Brian W. Aldiss*
HAS FUTUROLOGY A FUTURE?	18	*Robert Nisbet*
THE NOVELTY OF REVOLUTION	29	*Melvin J. Lasky*
COLUMN	44	*R*
MEN & IDEAS		
BELLOW & HERZOG	49	*Gabriel Josipovici*
THEATRE		
POST-IMPERIAL BLUES	56	*John Weightman*
POETRY		
FIGURE WITH HYPODERMIC SYRINGE	12	*Lawrence Raab*
ON SWANSEA BEACH	17	*John Welch*
IN THE CAFÉ	28	*Daniel Huws*
THE ASTRONOMER'S FALL	43	*Edward Lowbury*
LITMUS PEOPLE	55	*Richard E. Sherwin*
A PURITAN'S STRIP-TEASE	59	*David Gill*
AURORA: GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE	59	*Robert Conquest*
NOTES & TOPICS		
LETTER FROM GERMANY	60	*Hellmut Jaesrich*
THE INNOCENCE OF *Oz*	64	*Keith Botsford*
BOOKS & WRITERS		
ARTHUR MILLER	73	*Ronald Hayman*
ALBAN BERG	79	*Peter Porter*
CHILDREN'S HOUR	83	*D. J. Enright*
WORSTHORNE'S MYTH	86	*John Vaizey*
AUTHORS & CRITICS		
THE DISESTABLISHMENT OF SCIENCE	88	*Edward Shils*
LETTERS	95	
AUTHORS	96	

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enter the THES

Friday 15 October saw the launch of the new Times Higher Education Supplement –the regular weekly newspaper for people in higher education.

Week by week, the THES will report news and developments in the arts and sciences, technology, teaching, research, administration and policy. Four pages of book reviews and in-depth features will regularly illuminate our columns. Our contributing editors, among the leading men in their subjects today, will help to produce a paper in the classic manner of The Times itself: fair, open, analytical, authoritative.

Shouldn't you become a subscriber? Get it at our third-off special introductory offer of £3·64 (US $9·00) for 52 weeks. Write to: The Subscription Manager, Times Newspapers Limited, Printing House Square, London EC4P 4DE, UK.

THE TIMES HIGHER EDUCATION SUPPLEMENT

Every Friday, 8p Or on subscription

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kurt Kusenberg

A Look of Contempt

THE PHONE buzzed. The police chief lifted the receiver.

"Yes."

"Officer Kerzig here. Just had a look of contempt from a passer-by."

"You could be mistaken," suggested the police chief. "Practically anyone meeting a police officer has a guilty conscience and looks past him. That gives an impression of contempt."

"No," said the officer. "It wasn't like that. He looked me up and down contemptuously, from cap to boots."

"Why didn't you bring him in?"

"I was too taken aback. By the time I'd grasped the insult, he'd disappeared."

"Would you recognise him again?"

"Of course. He's got a red beard."

"How are you feeling?"

"Pretty rotten."

"Stick it out—I'm having you relieved."

The police chief switched on his microphone. He dispatched an ambulance to Kerzig's beat, and he ordered all red-bearded citizens to be brought in.

When the order reached them, the radio patrols were actually engaged in operation duties. Two were trying to find out whose car was the faster, two others were in a pub celebrating the landlord's birthday, three were helping a pal move house, and the rest were shopping. But no sooner did they hear what was up than they raced into the heart of the city in their cars.

Sealing off one street after the other, they went through them with a fine tooth-comb, charging into shops, restaurants and houses, and wherever they unearthed a red beard, dragged him off. Traffic ground to a halt everywhere. The populace was terrified by the howling sirens, and rumour was rife that the hunt was on for a mass killer.

It was not many hours before the bag at police headquarters was an impressive one: fifty-eight red-bearded men. Officer Kerzig, supported by two ambulance attendants, walked down the line of suspects but failed to pick out the wanted man. The police chief ascribed this to the state Kerzig was in, and gave orders for the detainees to be grilled.

"If they're in the clear over this one," he observed, "they're sure to have something else to answer for. Grillings always produce something."

AND SO THEY DID, at least in that city. Not that it should be thought that those under interrogation were badly treated. It wasn't as crude as that. The methods employed were more refined. The secret police, over a long period and by means of unobtrusive inquiries among the relatives and enemies of every citizen, had compiled a card-index from which could be discovered what was especially repugnant to him: pneumatic drills, glaring light, the smell of carbolic, nordic folk songs, skinned rats, dirty jokes, barking dogs, fly-paper glue, and so forth. Thoroughly applied, these means usually produced their effect, extorting confessions, true or false as the case might be, from those under interrogation, and making the policemen jubilant. And this was what the fifty-eight now had to face.

The man they were after had been back in his own home for a considerable time. When the police rang, he did not hear because he was running a bath. When the bath was run, he did however hear the postman ring and took a telegram from him. It was good news. They were offering him a nice post abroad, but on condition that he left at once.

"O.K.," said the man, "O.K. Now there are two things to be done: the beard must go because I'm sick of it, and a passport must be got because I haven't one."

He took his bath, pleasurably, and dressed

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again, selecting a particularly handsome tie in honour of the happy day. Having found out by phone at what time he could reckon on a plane, he left the house, walked along several of the streets to which peace had now returned, and entered a barber's. When the latter had done his work, the man proceeded to police headquarters, for that, as he knew, was the only place for obtaining a passport at very short notice.

IT IS NOW TIME to catch up on the fact that the man had indeed looked disdainfully at the policeman—the reason being that Kerzig bore an uncommon resemblance to his cousin Egon. For this cousin, who was utterly worthless and owed him money, the man felt contempt, and this it was which had unintentionally got into his look when he caught sight of Kerzig. Kerzig had thus observed accurately, and there was nothing to be said against his report.

Coincidence willed it that the man, on entering police headquarters, should again encounter the officer who reminded him of cousin Egon. This time, however, in order not to offend the other, he quickly averted his eyes. Moreover, the poor fellow was obviously not well, since he was being helped by two attendants towards an ambulance.

The business of the passport did not turn out to be as simple as the man had fancied. It was no help his having all sorts of papers with him and producing the telegram. The passport officer was dismayed at there being such a mad rush.

"A passport," he explained, "is an important document. To issue one takes time."

The man nodded.

"So it may, as a rule. But rules are made to be broken."

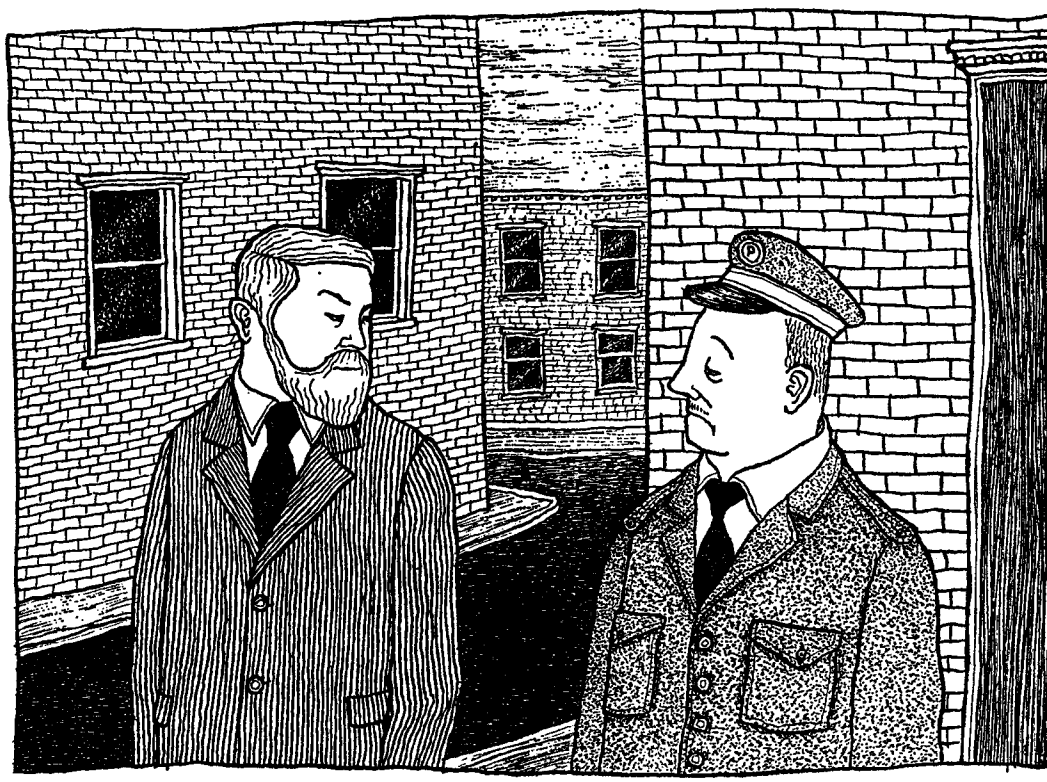
"I can't take a decision on this one," said the official. "The chief of police is the only one who can do that."

"Then let him."

Sweeping all the papers together, the official got to his feet.

"Come along," he said. "We'll go the quickest way—through the court offices."

They went through two or three rooms, all



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with red-bearded men, and only red-bearded men, sitting in them. Funny, thought the man. Never knew there were so many. And now I'm not one of them any more.

Like so many despots, the chief of police liked acting the man of the world. Having been briefed by the official, he dismissed him and bade the visitor take a chair. The latter did not find forcing a smile easy, for the police chief resembled his cousin Arthur, whom he also did not care for. But the muscles which produce a smile did their job well—it was, after all, a question of the passport.

"Petty officials," declared the police chief, "are timorous and avoid taking any decision. Of course you shall have your passport, immediately, here and now. Your being summoned to Istanbul is an honour for our city. I congratulate you."

He pressed a rubber stamp into the passport and wrote his signature.

Nonchalantly, as if it were any old exercise book, he handed the document to his visitor.

"That's an exceptionally fine tie you're wearing there," he declared. "It's a street map, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the man. "It's a street map of Istanbul."

"What a delightful idea. And now—" said the chief of police, rising to his feet and extending his hand to the man, "—I wish you *bon voyage.*"

He accompanied the visitor to the door, gave him a friendly wave and betook himself to the rooms where the detainees were being grilled.

To cut short their torment, the unfortunates had confessed to many an offence, but not the one they were being accused of.

"Keep at it!" ordered the police chief, and went off to lunch.

ON HIS RETURN he found a report waiting. A barber had deposed that that morning he had divested a customer of a red beard at his, the customer's, request. The man himself he could not describe, but he could remember one striking article of attire: a tie with a street map.

"Fool that I am!" cried the police chief, dashing down the stairs two at a time to the courtyard where his car was waiting.

"Airport!" he yelled at the driver, hurling himself into the back.

The driver did what he could. He ran over two dogs, two pigeons and a cat, grazed a tram, damaged a handcart loaded with waste paper and alarmed hundreds of passers-by. And when he did get there, some distance away and punctual to the second, the plane for Istanbul was lifting itself clear of the runway.

One Match in Three

THERE WAS nowhere in the world Mr Fidelis Valentin had not been, and thinking it worthwhile to report on his travels, he sat down and wrote a book. The book appeared, but was not a hit. Those few who bought it made a present of it to someone else, without even reading it first, and the someone elses were no more inquisitive either. It was beginning to dawn on Mr Valentin that his work was not causing much of a stir when a communication from overseas arrived. Breaking the heavy seal, he read with amazement a letter bearing the signature of the President of San Trajano, and full of bitter complaint.

Mr Valentin, it ran, had in his book offended the Republic of San Trajano most deeply. He spoke of the officials of that State as open to bribery, the politicians corrupt, and the matches so bad that only one in three would really burn. Mr Valentin's remarks concerning the officials and politicians could be disregarded. Against that, however, the tales he was spreading about San Trajano's matches could not be taken lying down. An expressly appointed inquiry had shown not one match in three, but one match in two to be ignitable at first attempt, and that—at which point the letter's tone became mocking—was surely a distinction

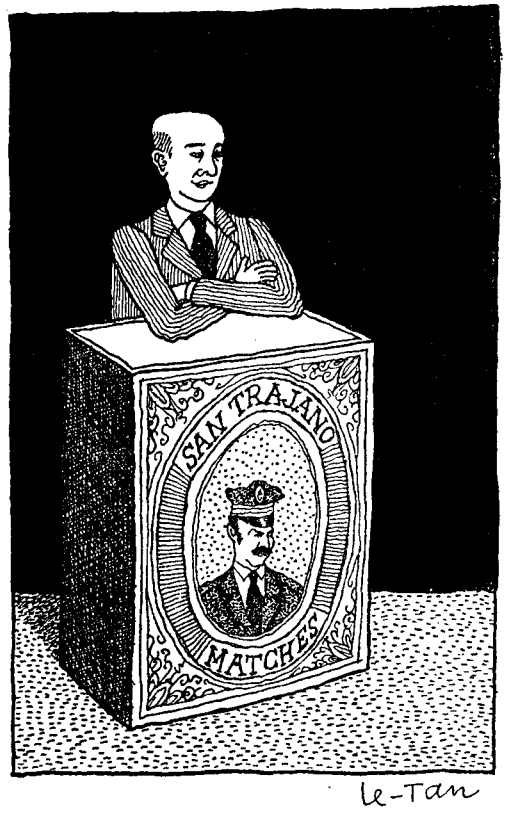
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of some weight. Would Mr Valentin be so good as to consider how he was going to dispose of this vicious libel, and as expeditiously as possible. The very least that was required of him was a public retraction in the columns of the world's press.

As can be seen, it would have been easy to settle the matter. But as ill luck would have it, Mr Valentin was a man of extremely stubborn character. Whether he seized on the letter because, as sole response to his book, it was not a pleasant one, or whether he wished to assert truth against embellishment is difficult to decide. At all events he wrote back that he would not dream of accusing himself of falsehood, for what the book said had been carefully observed and considered, and was true. He had, as it happened, found some San Trajano matches in one of his cases, and before a commissioner for oaths and estimable witnesses had struck them, thereby establishing the truth and having it set down in writing. The President would, he trusted, make due apology for his unreasonable request, which was tantamount to a piece of intimidation.

The President's reply was not long in coming. This time it was not a verbose letter, but a terse ultimatum giving Mr Valentin the choice either of publishing the retraction, or of accepting the consequences of military entanglement. The army of the San Trajano Republic, it stated, would as one man enter the field against the offender, and annihilate him wherever he might oppose it. If that ultimatum had been drafted in the belief that the enemy would give way, its senders had made a big mistake. Before they knew where they were, Mr Valentin telegraphed that he declared war on San Trajano.

THAT, THEN, IS WHAT it had come to, and over the matches. Soon the whole world knew of the war which had broken out between San Trajano and Mr Valentin, for the republic made no secret of the fact that its troops were ready for action. Mr Valentin, on the other hand, did nothing about preparing an attack or defences. True, he had fixed to his house a notice forbidding it to all San Trajano nationals, but apart from that, albeit in the midst of war, he lived on in peace. The reader will guess that Mr Valentin was relying on the distance separating him from the foe. And indeed it did present a serious obstacle, for how were the opposing sides to get at each other, and where was the decisive battle to take place? With San Trajano's men-of-war lying with steam up, and the landing forces firing daily at targets displaying the features of Mr Valentin, the diplomats of the republic were negotiating with all possible states in the hope of obtaining free passage for their troops and securing for themselves, if only on hire, a suitable theatre of operations. But all the states appealed to seemed sworn to neutrality, and would neither allow foreign armies through their territory, nor give up so much as a few inches of their soil to the horrors of war. Even the state to which Mr Valentin belonged would hear nothing of it, declaring that it regarded the war as Citizen Fidelis Valentin's personal affair. It was no use the soldiers of San Trajano gnashing their teeth. They couldn't get at their enemy.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That probably is where it would have stopped but for the intervention of a very wealthy man. He, possessor of a dozen or more islands, one day gave out that the desert island of Pedrosa would be an excellent theatre for military operations, and he would expect the belligerents today rather than tomorrow. There were no people there, and no regard need be paid to animals and plants. His sole stipulation was that he should be allowed to observe the progress of the war in safety. No sooner was the invitation received than there arose in San Trajano a great cry of joy. To a blaring band, the fleet sailed and set course for Pedrosa.

The eyes of the world were on Mr Valentin. Was he going to stand his ground, or come horribly unstuck? Rumours were rife to the effect that he was recruiting men. Newspaper reporters claimed to have seen Mr Valentin handing a powerful country lad money, and concluded him to be quietly raising an army. What the newspapermen reported was not actually untrue. It was what they concluded that was wide of the mark. For the country lad whom Mr Valentin had taken into his service was simply supposed to look after house and home for him for the duration. No, Mr Valentin recruited no army and purchased no arms either, although offered them from all sides. Without unusual fuss he packed his bags, wired the enemy that he was now setting out to defeat him and boarded the train. A few friends saw him off. They were the last who were able to give news of him, for from then on and for a long time Mr Valentin's whereabouts remained unknown.

WE WHO ARE NARRATING this tale are of course precisely informed concerning our hero's journey. But we shall take care not to detail events of little relevance to the war and detrimental to the image of the warrior. Suffice it to record that Mr Valentin took his time, plucking the wayside fruits and making it his aim to wear the enemy down by enforced leisure. In this he succeeded splendidly, for in the course of patrolling a desert island for weeks on end, vainly keeping watch for the enemy, the fine condition of the troops deteriorated daily. At the beginning, the sentries, either from blind zeal or from boredom, had sometimes fired alarm shots calling the whole camp to arms for, as it invariably emerged, no good reason at all. As time went on even interruptions of that sort ceased, and in the end the rich man to whom Pedrosa belonged, finding himself thoroughly deceived in his expectations, quit the island in great ill humour.

Things had got to the stage where the troops, discovering in their dreams what they were denied by reality, were sleeping through reveille, when a vessel approached. Quick as a flash the army took up its positions, but then had the disappointment of witnessing no more than the launching and rapid progress inshore of a small jolly-boat. No sooner did this grate on the sand than it pushed off again, leaving behind a man who for a long time waved after the vanishing steamer before clambering up the slopes from the beach. The newcomer was taken in charge by a double guard and conducted to the General Officer Commanding. The ensuing parley we consider so momentous as to warrant reproduction in full.

"Who are you?" inquired the general. "And what brings you to this island?"

The man thus addressed smiled.

"The same reason as you, as you will at once realise when you learn that it is Fidelis Valentin who stands before you."

A thunderbolt could have had no more violent effect on the general than Mr Valentin's simple words. Springing to his feet, he stared at his adversary.

"You've come to surrender without a struggle?"

"On the contrary," responded the other. "I've landed to wage war."

The general looked helplessly around at his officers.

"And where, may I ask, are your troops?"

"I haven't any," responded Mr Valentin cheerfully, lighting a cigarette, and not without difficulty, for only the third match provided a flame. The general, however was much too busy with his own thoughts to be aware of the provocation. He strode agitatedly up and down and finally halted in front of the stranger.

"I could make you my prisoner as easily as that."

"Not a doubt of it. Only I wonder if it would do you much credit."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That's just the point!" roared the general, stamping his foot. "You've put me in a fix. It doesn't take an army to overpower one civilian."

"Correct," said Mr Valentin. "Against which, one man is scarcely in a position to dispose of an army. At least, he'd have a difficult job of it."

The general made no reply. He pondered with himself hard and long, yet to good effect, as was very shortly to emerge. His brow unfurrowed itself, his face lit up with a smile.

"I have found the solution, Mr Valentin. But first I should like to ask you for the last time if you are not willing to retract your libel."

"I'll eat my hat if I do," rejoined Mr Valentin. "What solution have you hit on?"

"This: I will make half my army over to you so that we can wage war in an honourable fashion. A word from you and the troops shall be detached."

"Kindly detach them. My position is over there."

So saying, Mr Valentin strode off and disappeared amongst the cliffs. His troops doubled after him, heartily glad that their languid period of leisure was at last at an end. Very soon Mr Valentin called a halt, and summoning the officers to him, promoted the lot of them one rank higher. Having in this wise disposed them in his favour, he unfolded a plan of action that was greeted with approbation.

A SMALL FORCE pushed forward, deployed and, opening heavy fire, created the impression of an attack developing on a broad front. As expected, the enemy immediately seized on the plan of taking Mr Valentin's forces in the flank. But their concentrated thrust met empty space, and worse, landed them in a steep-sided gorge which in a twinkling was sealed off. From the heights above, a thousand barrels were aimed at the encircled host.

"Surrender!" shouted down Mr Valentin, coming to the edge of the scarp. "Or I give the order to fire."

"Never!" rejoined the general. "Do your deplorable work!"

Mr Valentin shook his head. For a short while he remained in thought, then, to the great amazement of all, he clambered down and strode up to his proud foe.

"Do you remember, General," he said cautiously, "what this war is about?"

"Of course. Matches."

"And what is your view of the point at issue?"

"Mr Valentin, I am a son of my country!"

"Well said. Then I propose to you that we transfer the onus of deciding the matter to the cause of the war. I have here a box of San Trajano matches, and I now ask you to light them one after the other. If one in two burns, I am your prisoner. If one in three, then you deliver yourself into my hands. Is this course agreeable to you?"

"No," replied the general, "but I shall comply because it is magnanimous."

The game began, and the decision, when it was finished, was in Mr Valentin's favour. Without a word the general unbuckled his sword and handed it to the victor, who however handed it back to him. A brotherly kiss brought enmity to a close, and linking arms, the two commanders-in-chief walked to the beach.

BUT WHAT, THE READER will be asking, was the fleet's reaction to what had transpired? Did it not intervene? Did it not deprive Mr Valentin of his victory? No, it was not at all like that. Weary of island life and eager to be heading for familiar shores, the navy were only too pleased to submit to the stranger. As he climbed the companionway, salutes boomed out. At a word from him anchors rattled aboard and the fleet was homeward bound.

Faster than the vessels could cross the ocean, news of the wondrous event sped before them, plunging the San Trajano government into apprehensive gloom. The long duration of the war had resulted in the nation's asking itself whether the cause for which it was fighting was just. With increasing frequency one saw groups of people standing in the streets striking matches and convincing themselves with their own eyes that Mr Valentin was no defamer. The complaints brought against the government became more and more impassioned, and the unpleasant thing was that people were

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now blaming it not only for bad matches but also for bribe-taking officials and corrupt administration.

And when one day Mr Valentin's fleet came sailing in, it took just one shot from one of the guns to topple the President. Wholly in the order of things and approved by the whole of the nation was that Mr Valentin should take control of the country's destinies. For eight years, until his death, he ruled with great circumspection, seeing to it that, among other things, the matches were all that they should be. *Valentinos* was what they called the little matches that were so effortless to light and never a disappointment to the user. They are still called by that name today, and anyone coming to San Trajano does well to praise them.

There's Not All That Much Difference

OVER THE PAST few years Mr Pottach's memory had become unreliable, no longer keeping a faithful record of reality, but altering it capriciously. This explains why Mr Pottach did not recognise people he knew, and in the street would hail strangers as if he had known them for years, why he took the dead for the living and the living for the dead. Tackled by a neighbour whose salutation he had not acknowledged, he answered coolly "I don't greet ghosts." Apart from which, Mr Pottach took to be the same, things or circumstances that were merely similar. All women wearing silver-fox coats he rolled into one, and was amazed to meet her so often. He would go out to buy an umbrella, and have a tent delivered instead. If, on the way, he was asked how to get to Neckar Street, he would give directions for Rhine Lane. His tobacconist, whose name was Bungert, he persisted in calling Bird because the man's nose looked beaked. Remonstrations he accepted with hesitation and embarrassment.

"There's not," he would observe after another mix-up, "all that much difference."

On the ninth of June in the year nineteen hundred and fifty, Mr Pottach acted no differently from usual. It was just that he got more done. The night before, on a piece of paper, he had jotted down *Uncle Julius (chrysanthemums).* Seeing this in the morning, he did not doubt that his uncle had died and that he, Pottach, was expected at the funeral. So he put on a dark suit and, imagining he was unmarried, warmed himself some coffee and breakfasted in the kitchen. On the stairs he met his wife returning from her shopping, and supposing her to be a sub-tenant, gave her a roguish "Good morning." At the front door two vehicles were drawing up, a car and a taxi. The car was Mr Pottach's, but that fact had escaped him. From the taxi a corpulent gentleman emerged and set about paying off the driver. Mr Pottach strode past. He had not gone far before the fat man called after him, "Hi, where are you off to, old chap?"

What's he old-chapping me for? Mr Pottach wondered. Don't know him from Adam.

So as not to seem rude, he curtly raised his hat and turned the nearest corner. He had clean forgotten that his friend Brache, whom he had not seen for six years, had announced his intention of visiting him. His friend was wanting to buy a house in the town through him, for Mr Pottach, it must be added, was an estate agent.

There were no nice chrysanthemums at the florist's, Mr Pottach found, so he bought a sombre great wreath. It was no great distance to the deceased's but, striding along, Mr Pottach was assailed by doubts as to whether his uncle really had died. Had the old man got married again perhaps? Or was

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his wife still alive, and it was their silver wedding? Mr Pottach was very relieved when, parked outside the house in which his uncle lived, he saw a hearse.

MOUNTING THE STAIRS, he took pains to assume an expression of sorrow and sympathy. Reaching the third floor, he rang at a door. Cheerful voices could be heard inside, also clinking, as of glasses. A young man with wine-moist eyes threw open the door and stared at Mr Pottach. It was his nephew, Eugen. Mr Pottach recognised him at once, and was pleased. (Actually it was another nephew, Wolfgang, but it's immaterial and we mention it only for tidiness' sake.)

"Why the wreath?" whispered the young man.

Mr Pottach pointed helplessly towards the stairs.

"That hearse down there . . . Isn't Uncle Julius dead then?"

The young man shook his head.

"Of course not! Great-uncle Julius, as you ought to know, is celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday. Mr Wagner, the second-floor tenant, is the one who's died. Take that thing away quick before anyone sees it!"

Bewildered, Mr Pottach tip-toed down the stairs. Where *was* he to take it? Ah, here was a solution. He rang at the door on the second floor, delivered his tribute, heard sobbing, pressed two dozen hands, and was invited to the interment. Everyone took him for a friend of the deceased, and Mr Pottach too now fancied that he had known Mr Wagner, and quite well, although not well enough to devote two hours to accompanying him on his last journey. He was in luck. The bell rang, the pall-bearers entered, and in the general confusion he was able to escape unnoticed.

ON THE OTHER SIDE of the street, obliquely behind the hearse, a car was pulling up. Mr Pottach, who meanwhile had forgotten that he had come on foot, assumed it to be his. Getting behind the wheel, he noticed a woman, obviously his wife, asleep on the back seat. Devoted, he thought, comes all over the town with me.

He drove off at speed, for he had, he was quite sure, been summoned to appear before some high authority—before a court, that was it—on his own or someone else's behalf, which would soon emerge. Now he had, of course, been summoned to appear before some quite different official body, but authority is authority, and as the court was what thrust itself imperiously into his thoughts, thither he drove.

The district court had many corridors and many rooms. Mr Pottach wandered around, hoping to receive some hint as to why he had been summoned there. In one shadowy corner witnesses were being called, and hearing a name not unlike his own, Mr Pottach stepped forward.

Once in the courtroom, he was not certain at first whether the case really concerned him. Still, he soon entered into the spirit of the thing, and the longer he studied the defendant, who was facing a charge of fraudulent conversion, the more trustworthy did he strike him. The judge was obliged to call Mr Pottach three times to take the witness stand, because Mr Pottach had not remembered the similar name and because it now no longer sounded so similar. Meanwhile Mr Pottach had become firmly convinced that the defendant had once been a colleague of his, and so spoke of him in the most glowing terms, praising his honesty, his industry, and going so far as to declare the accusation to be unfounded and absurd. As Mr Pottach proceeded to say more than he had been asked, the defendant riveted his eyes on him, half fearful, half glad. His case, which had been in ruins, took a turn for the better. We would not like to say that it was Mr Pottach's testimony that got him off, but it certainly helped.

Glad to have seen an old colleague through, Mr Pottach left the court and got into the car which he regarded as his own. The woman on the back seat, his wife, was still asleep, nestled down into the upholstery like a cat.

MUST GO AND SEE Uncle Julius, Mr Pottach thought, and make up for botching the birthday wishes. I'll take along one of those baskets with bottles of wine. Wine's always acceptable.

But now suddenly he remembered an urgent appointment awaiting him at the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

office. But who with? Well, he'd soon see, as he had in court. Driving to his office, he got out, shutting the door quietly so as not to wake the sleeper, and betook himself to his own room—purely by chance, one might add, for he often sat in offices that didn't belong to him, and worked away in them until people pointed out his mistake.

Sitting in the visitor's chair was his friend Brache, the one he had failed to recognise in the morning. This time, however, Mr Pottach recognised him instantly. And what is more, he knew too why he had come. He shook his friend cordially by the hand. The friend, of course, having spent half the morning kicking his heels, responded somewhat ill-humouredly.

"Want to sell your house," said Mr Pottach, "that's it, isn't it?"

"Quite the reverse," rejoined his friend. "I haven't got a house at all. I want to buy one here in the town."

"Exactly!" cried Mr Pottach. "There *are* only the two possibilities, of course."

He rang, had plans brought, and showed his friend what he had to offer. Half an hour later they agreed on a house that was nicely situated, in good repair and not too expensive.

"I'll show it to you," said Mr Pottach. "We'll go now."

Meanwhile the woman in the car had woken up, and highly disconcerted at finding herself where she was, had got into the driving seat and driven off.

Shortly after, another car stopped outside Mr Pottach's office. This time it *was* his, and the lady driving really was his wife. She was just about to get out, when the two men arrived at the car.

"There!" said Mr Pottach. "Got all the sleep you wanted?"

Mrs Pottach shrugged. She preferred not to intrude into her husband's idea of things.

Mr Pottach gave her a slap.

"Come along too, sleepy puss, we're off to view a house."

As the house lay in Falcon Street, Mr Pottach turned down Axtmann Street, for his dentist, a Dr Axtmann, bore a certain similarity to the tobacconist Bungert mentioned at the beginning, who again, as we know, resembled a bird, if not a falcon. Besides, the house outside which Mr Pottach now stopped was not noticeably different from the one he intended to offer his friend. The three got out and viewed the house from cellar to attic. The tenants, good-natured folk, gladly admitted them to their flats, surprised only that the building should be changing hands. The friend was more than satisfied.

"I'll buy it," he declared. "We can draw up the agreement later."

Back at the car, Mr Pottach remembered that he'd forgotten the architect's drawings. He returned to the house, and on the stairs met a man who handed them to him.

"I'm the caretaker," the man said, "and I've just heard that you've been showing the house to a buyer. Are you an estate agent?"

"Yes indeed," replied Mr Pottach. "No doubt you'll be wanting to keep your job."

The man smiled. "I shall be anyway. The house is not for sale, you see."

Oh dear! That was awkward. A glance at the drawings made clear to him that he had shown his friend the wrong house. However, he didn't like to admit his mistake, not yet, at any rate, at the very moment when his friend was determined to purchase. They could talk about that later, that evening, or tomorrow. Yes, tomorrow Mr Pottach would take his friend to the right house and persuade him it was the one he'd viewed. Both were as alike as two peas, of course.

SITTING AGAIN at the wheel of his car, he remembered the basket of bottles of wine he was intending to make Uncle Julius a birthday present of. This time he did something about it. He stopped at a delicatessen, purchased his gift and drove to Uncle Julius'. His wife and his friend did not want to accompany him up—his wife because she didn't think much of Uncle Julius, his friend because he didn't know him.

So once again Mr Pottach climbed the stairs. When he rang, his nephew Eugen, who was really called Wolfgang, again opened the door to him, and again stared at what Mr Pottach had brought, this time the basket of bottles. His wine-merry air was gone. He looked pale.

"What's wrong?" asked Mr Pottach uneasily. "Isn't that a nice birthday present?"

His nephew gazed at him in horror.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But don't you know?"

"Know what?" asked Mr Pottach.

"Great-uncle Julius died suddenly an hour ago. . . . Of apoplexy . . . . In the middle of his birthday party."

"Oh!" said Mr Pottach. "I am sorry. So the wreath was right after all."

The young man slammed the door. Mr Pottach, taking his basket, turned towards the stairs. Not until he was at the late Mr Wagner's door on the second floor, did he think of paying his last respects to Uncle Julius as well. After all, he had his dark suit on. But there was that excited nephew and the blasted basket! Tomorrow, said Mr Pottach to himself, tomorrow will be better for doing that.

"He's died suddenly," he announced, returning to the car. "So," he continued, after leaving them both time to find a few words of regret, "I wasn't able to dispose of my present. The best thing is for us to go home and drink it ourselves."

AND SO THEY DID, sitting agreeably together and chatting. Their little celebration suffered only two brief interruptions, each of them a telephone call. First to ring was the man whom Mr Pottach had got off in court, and he did so to thank Mr Pottach. He was, and later it was so proved, in fact an honest man. After that, the owner of the house which the three of them had viewed, rang to give Mr Pottach to understand that the house *now* was for sale. The caretaker couldn't have known, he said, as the sale had only just that very hour become necessary.

"Well, there you are!" said Mr Pottach, returning to his glass.

Figure with Hypodermic Syringe

from a painting by Francis Bacon

THE man at the door has something to sell.
The prowling cars have someone to find.
Room's closing in, nothing left to take.
It's all the same, go in, go out, get on.

—I had a friend once but he died.

After a while even bleeding
begins to soften and goes away.
The man at the door is promising nothing.
I only sell the stuff; you take it from there.

—I had a woman once but she left.

The face on the wall is no face at all.
Any moment the real thing may arrive.
We do what we can with what we have at hand.
Who can say where it all begins.

—If I wasn't here I'd be somewhere else.

The window goes in, the window goes out.
The striped cloth creeps across the bed.
Cracks open in the wall. Needle's
in the arm, knocking's on the door.

—If only the hurt would keep the pain away.

Lawrence Raab

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brian W. Aldiss

Modest Atmosphere with Monsters

Writer's Notebook in Trieste

OH, BUT WOULDN'T YOU SAY that Italian—at least to English ears—is a somewhat salacious language? Even an innocent word, the word for "ice cream", say: isn't there a whisper of corrupt sexual practices in the world "gelati"?

In-built linguistic salacity? It's a new theory to me, but there could be something in it. Half-a-dozen miles away, over the frontier in proletarian Jugoslavia, ice cream becomes "sladoled". You'd never want to practise sladoled, would you? It must be far more reprehensible than gelatio: a capital offence, no less.

There can't be much gelati going on in Trieste. It's too down-to-earth. In spite of the Roman amphitheatre and the picture-postcard Venetian castle, Trieste's glory lies in all its banks and the dockyards.

I must send Mother a postcard. Remind me, Let's have a drink!

Let's have some wine, strip the soul entirely of its camouflage. I can't take any other Italian drinks whatever—little shallow things they are! They suggest Italy doesn't treat its drinking with a proper seriousness.

Trieste is a good drinking town. The old Austrian tradition still lingers. That's what makes it such a practical place, just the opposite to Miramare, up the road. The blending of cultures generally produces something prosaic.

Like Andalusian gipsies, you mean?

For Christ's sake shut him up or he'll be on about Svevo and Joyce next. You know what he said about *Fahrenheit 451* this morning? "It is in its essence philosophical."

FIRST TIME I'VE HEARD Science Fiction mentioned today. This is supposed to be a Science Fiction Festival. Remember that line in *Dr. Strangelove,* where the President of the United States says in a shocked voice, "Gentlemen, you can't fight here—this is the War Room!"

The Italian term for science fiction is pretty: *Fantascienza.* Don't you like it?

Wow, I'm so flaked! I must go take a shower. I've been walking around town filming all morning. Trieste is just the craziest place round all those little back streets—the old city is an absolute maze. Smells just great! At that, I guess it's better than the stink of gasoline fumes in the main streets. You don't wonder they don't have so many tourists.

The lack of tourists suits me well. I'd come here for a holiday, even. I like the place, the strange political atmosphere and the old Viennese buildings and everything. What a place to make a thriller film! Do you know, just the far side of the Piazza della Unitá, there's a mammoth hotel, a block wide, and it's all shut down! What a setting that would make for a bit of nastiness, the camera prowling up and down those vacant corridors. . . . The city's too prosaic to be sinister, but, my God, it's unique! Look at the Adriatic, right on our doorstep!—See that white boat moored against the mole called Audacity? She's from Venice. She stops here overnight before heading south for Dubrovnik, Kotor, and the Piraeus. I was on her once, several years ago, heading for the Greek islands with a girl I was very much in love with. Those were the days! We boarded the vessel at Venice but we came ashore here in Trieste for dinner that night. She married a motor-racing driver in the end. *I met her down in Italy.* . . .

My wife's four grandparents are of four

BRIAN W. ALDISS' *most recent novel was "A Soldier Erect" (Weidenfeld, London; Coward-McCann, New York). He is also well-known as a science-fiction writer, and his previous report on a SF-Festival, "Gunshot-Wounds of Wisdom", appeared in the November 1969* ENCOUNTER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

different nationalities. That sort of mixture is by no means uncommon. My own father came from Montenegro and was shot by the Nazis in the war.

Ye Gods, did you see that? That little bugger in the Fiat nearly ran into the trolley-car!

IT'S A WAY OF KEEPING the old muscles flexed. You must keep the muscles flexed. I shall be fifty next year but I'm in as good a shape as a man of thirty-five because I keep the old muscles flexed. Exercise every morning, moderation in smoking, drinking and sexual activity. Not that releasing semen is by any means harmful. Those spontaneous pelvic movements—they're all exercise, aren't they? They all help keep the stomach muscles flexed. You may say it's a simple philosophy, but I'd race you upstairs any day! Not that I'm afraid of growing old. I'm not, I just want to keep my responses alert.

Call the waiter over. We have time for another round of beer before we head for another round of films at the castle.

Wasn't that little Jugoslav animated film *Pauk* just lush?!

You know, the setting here is very nice but just outside Oslo we've now got a brand new Arts Centre, all very well equipped. They made a few damned fool mistakes, of course. When they sort them out, it will be a really great creative centre. We ought to hold a proper *SF* film festival there, with panels of real artists and writers. Show proper *avant-garde* SF films, like Godard's *Weekend* and *Zabriskie Point*. The world's all science-fictional now—you don't have to call in the hacks any more. It's a style, a vocabulary, you see, not a form analogous to a . . . I don't know, to a plum-pudding!

Everyone likes monsters. What's wrong with monsters, my life? That's what the audience loves up at the castle, whatever you highbrows give the prizes to! Monsters! Horror! My company is now planning to make a round dozen monster-horror films for world markets, and you bet they'll do a bomb! I bet you you'd be glad to write the script for one if the old moolah was good enough? How'd you *like* to write the script for one?

King Kong is the best monster film ever made, and the best SF film after Whale's version of *Frankenstein*. Probably its appeal lies in the way it's so open to a Freudian interpretation.

After this, we go down to the Jugoslav film festival in Pula. Maybe we meet Grandi there. We hope so—he's a real great man and fine director. He planned to come to Trieste but his wife . . . a very pretty and beautiful lady—Swiss, but you'd never guess it. She has a strong will, so she wears the trousers when she wears anything at all.

Hey, sweetheart, why didn't you come to the Retrospective this afternoon? They were showing an excellent copy of *Nosferatu*.

You know, I fell asleep directly after lunch, I was so tired! And when I woke up, I said to myself that I must have a swim before anything. And it was so warm and so beautiful in the sea! I simply longed to swim underwater but, you see, I'm just afraid that my contact lenses might float away and be lost.

ARE ALL ITALIANS as friendly and pleasant as the ones in Trieste?

You can't generalise from Trieste. Trieste isn't Italy. It can never forget it was once Austria-Hungary's main sea-port. That was really Trieste's heyday—ever since then, it has been a bone of contention between rival countries up to no good. It suffers from chronic distortions of history and geography.

Sure, sure, that's what makes Trieste the ideal place in which to hold an annual Science Fiction Film Festival. No matter how shoddy some of the films may be, I still get a charge sitting in that immense courtyard up in the castle, watching the horrors chase themselves across the wide screen.

It's a pretty setting.

It's a gigantic setting! In the first year of the festival, the moon rose above the battlements on the first night and went into semi-eclipse, to hang for an hour blood-red above the screen. Superb stage management! But what I mean is—look, take this week so far. As you might expect in Trieste, unreason sleeps uneasily. Didn't you feel it stir in that silly Japanese monster film? Monsters making that well-known monster-noise. . . . And in that semi-documentary, *Erinnerungen*, with the solemn teutonic voices asking if God was an astronaut, plus a friendly word from Wernher von Braun.

Yes, how did he get in there?

And all the other national forms of an international malaise. *The Gladiators*, with its melancholy Swedes working their war-computers. That Anglo-American thing, with the guy having his limbs amputated one-by-one. . . . And that black bit of Polish humour, with the stark ugly houses in the sick half-light.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Balkan versions of Edgar Alan Poe, that animated film about the prisoner turning into a spider. . . . The world's nightmares were homing in on Trieste.

Everyone always looks back as much as forwards.

Let's not talk about the films. I'm half afraid they'll devour us. Showings at ten and nine-thirty at night and things in between and the Retrospective every day at five, my life! Where did reality go?

At least we've managed to punctuate the showings with a few al fresco meals up in the hills.

Marvellous! But the meals aren't real either. . . .

Oh no? They're beginning to show on my waist-line. But sure, I know what you mean. After a couple of days of this intensive course, you see everything that happens as potential fodder for the screen, drained of spontaneity, with meaning translated into image, gesture into pattern. One's senses are sink-or-swimming, I guess.

WELL, I FIND I CAN'T even talk meaningfully. Is what I say true or not true? I mean, do I believe what I'm saying half the time? Maybe it's lack of sleep, or too much drink, or something. Perhaps it's meeting so many people and talking to so many people all at once. That's not natural, is it? Your character gets crunched down to a mere hub.

Odd the way everyone has different opinions, yet they don't clash so much as just glide by each other. We have the Italian love of oratory to thank for that.

Have another *campari soda.*

It's lovely up at Opicina. That marvellous view of the bay. Really lovely. . . .

It was just a little chilly when *we* were there. But the lime trees smelt beautiful.

I tell you this. The Austrian ladies used to spend the summer there, practising gelatio, no doubt. That same longing for the happy past goes on here more intensely than elsewhere; you hear them say it all the while—"If only we could have back the days of Austria-Hungary! After all, Franz Josef was a very enlightened man. Many races were united under him, contentedly in the main."

You'd not be likely to hear that from the Serbs and Croats.

The Triestini are pretty comic about the Jugoslavs, "our friends across the border. . . ." Tito is a gentleman—they say it always. He could walk in and take Trieste if he wanted; the government in Rome won't lift a finger. Rome sometimes sounds like more of an enemy than Belgrade.

Do you know anything about how this city is run? Until the late '50s, it was a sort of free zone, governed by British and Americans. Now it's just a bit of Italy—the bit farthest east. Where Trieste stops, the Communist world begins, right? It's a big port, it's stacked with marine insurance offices, from Lloyd's Triestino down, and yet all shipping must be registered in Genoa. I asked why. The answer was, "It's the politics of Rome"!

I've lived here now since three years—my little villa's above Miramare—and I prefer the Triestini to the Italians. The Triestini are more phlegmatic and less showy. Is that the right word? Yes, showy! Making a show. Watch the favouritism shown to the Italian judge, watch their polished bad manners at the cold buffet as the vultures descend with many a soft *Scusi,* while they smudge their over-charged plates against the back of your evening dress. Britishers would be too stiff for that. And they gobble every last remnant. The women soignée, hawkish, hungry; the men plump in their satiny suits, never satisfied, drinking always to next year's free bonanzas.

All nationalities are plain awful when you come to think of it. Imagine this binge taking place in England, in some inhospitable place like Brighton—so much better organised, so much less . . . pardon me . . . fun. I admire the generosity of the Italians, their innocent delight in giving gifts and surprises and footing your enormous bar bill, switching all their "No's" unexpectedly into "Yes'es", like Russians in reverse.

A woman a night? That's what you call sexual obesity!

Ah, making obese of yourself!

THEY EAT PRETTY WELL in Trieste. Though it's kinda odd the way the city aquarium is tacked on to the city fish market. Which gets the live stuff *first?*

I admire the way they co-exist with the Jugoslavs. There's a strong minority of Croats and Slovenes in the city, I gather. Have you seen those shops by the Grand Canal devoted almost solely to selling goods to Jugoslavs? I bought this shirt there!

This city may be invaded by the Jugoslavs, but when you move across the frontier, you find Jugoslavia invaded by Italians! The Triestini drive over to buy cheap meat and cheap petrol. It pays the car-hire firms to cross

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the border and fill their tanks with Istra-Benz or Yugo-petrol. Nobody knows or cares which country is which any more, and maybe it's better that way. Slav vowels precede Italian endings, and you get three new dinars back in change for your mille lira note.

They set us a good example, world-wide. That's the sort of mix I like to see. Co-existence. Mind if I move over to your table, darling, and mix it a bit with you? Your smile is so very international.

You are correct, it's a mix-up down there. Not counting the thousands of Germans sunning themselves on the beaches. The coastal strip below here was Venetian for centuries, *then* it was Austrian, *then* a free territory, *then* the fascists ran it, *then* it was a special zone administered by British and Americans, *then* it went to Tito. I think I've got the order right. Why don't I write a novel set in these parts?

How the hell's my film ever going to win an award? The projector broke down. So they showed it at 2.15 and of course nobody turned up!

The Berlin Festival is beautifully run. But you don't get the nice family atmosphere you have here.

It's a modest atmosphere, admitted. A modest atmosphere with monsters, you could say.

HEY, TAKE A LOOK at that boy, strolling along with that big plastic water-pistol! There he goes, squirting himself to keep cool as he trots along! Lovely! Local colour!

It's beautiful over the frontier, driving down to Piran, umbrella pines, cypresses, villas with their sprawling vines. Italy must have looked like that in '39, before she sank under Lambrettas, transistor radios, and adverts for aperitives. Piran's prettier than Miramare.

Linguistically, it's a nightmare. The people don't know what language they're talking! We tried out our patchy Serbo-Croat on them and even that doesn't work properly, because they're Slovenians, speaking some benighted idiom of their own, like Croatian but different. What language do they dream in, do you wonder?

Stick to music, that's my motto. I have a Bechstein in my villa, a real pre-war Bechstein, and I play three hours every day.

Sad old Trieste. . . . No, it isn't really sad. Just stolid and fantastic and grandly stranded. It is the centrepiece of its own dream—as we all are.

The trick is to wake up occasionally.

The Triestini are just so clapped out by all the switches of régime that all they want is a long materialist sleep. And who's to blame them?

WHAT DOES OUR Hungarian lady-friend think? Isn't there a slight somnambulism about her?

It's the climate just. In Trieste they have maybe a little too much of climate as of political events. Also, the lady had a little brush-up with the German film producer just last afternoon. He sneaked into her room on a pretext, locked the door and sprang on her with a revolting cry. She fought, he struggled, trying to bear her successfully down. But she gave forth a few hearty yells and he got frightened and ran off.

You mean that little German guy with the mandala and the side-whiskers? He tried to rape Jedmilla?

Maybe not rape exactly. She seemed mainly indignant at the element of the unexpected in his manner—and her complaint to me after was "He also was such a small man!"

She's a fine figure of a girl. She motored down here from Bucharest non-stop. I mean Budapest. They say sexual mores are pretty free and easy in Hungary nowadays. *Yellow tigers in the jungles of her dark eyes. . . .*

Something has to make up for other forms of oppression and suppression. These Eastern European countries take science fiction more serious than us. They see it as a good way of conveying contemporary truth.

So do we. Nobody pretends 1984's in the future. It's a state of mind. We like it. It's an enjoyment. All suffering is an enjoyment. The pain of present-day living is our own invention. We want regimentation and pollution and nuclear war. We volunteer for it, we are disposed towards it, as towards cancer and stomach ulcers—or aren't ulcers fashionable any more?

Guys only want World War III to happen because it will at least resolve their impossible personal problems. It's a secret we all share that a war a little way down the road is rejuvenating.

On other planets, Communist writers can build allegories of today, of suppression and psyche-distortion. Some Russian science fiction writers have recently been criticised for doing just that.

See what I was saying about opinions gliding by each other? Nobody is in contact any more.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's the special Trieste thing, not to be able to tell the trivial from the vital, not to distinguish between rape or seduction, between truth or *fantascienza.*

I got a shoe mended yesterday by a cobbler in a twelfth-century hole in the wall. Is that what you'd call reality?

Down over the border in Jugland, they're drinking drinks called things like pleskovac made in something called Alko Factory. Isn't that 1984 made manifest?

YEAH, BUT YOU'RE THINKING in purely literary terms. That's not reality, whatever it is. It's just an act of translation. The real thing—look, yes, I'll tell you the real thing. The difference between Trieste and its neighbours. Cross the border—it's just down that road, past the watermelon stalls. Instantly, you start seeing war-wounds and scars and hunch-backs. And a few miles farther down the coast, Tito's old Partisans bask by the sea or are lowered in—amputees lying like seals on the rocks, sans legs, sans arms. This part of the world's all scar tissue. Lacking the privileges of history.

Mama mia, that's just another version of the past. Have a little more *campari*?

Try the *grappa.*

Yeah, *grappa*'s more like truth than *fantascienza.* It's stupid to pretend that life's all scar tissue, even in Trieste.

Let's organise an expedition tomorrow to go down and see those Partisans. We could have a swim at the same time.

They say the Adriatic has a major pollution problem.

That's just what the Triestini tell you. They like to be in the fashion.

On Swansea Beach

Along the hill's spine
A row of houses like teeth,
Where curtained windows guard
Collections of furniture, flowers.

In the Refreshment Pavilion
The orders come endlessly:
'One orange squash, two teas'—
Always the same, but never
Exactly.
Where did we learn
This discipline, silence and care?

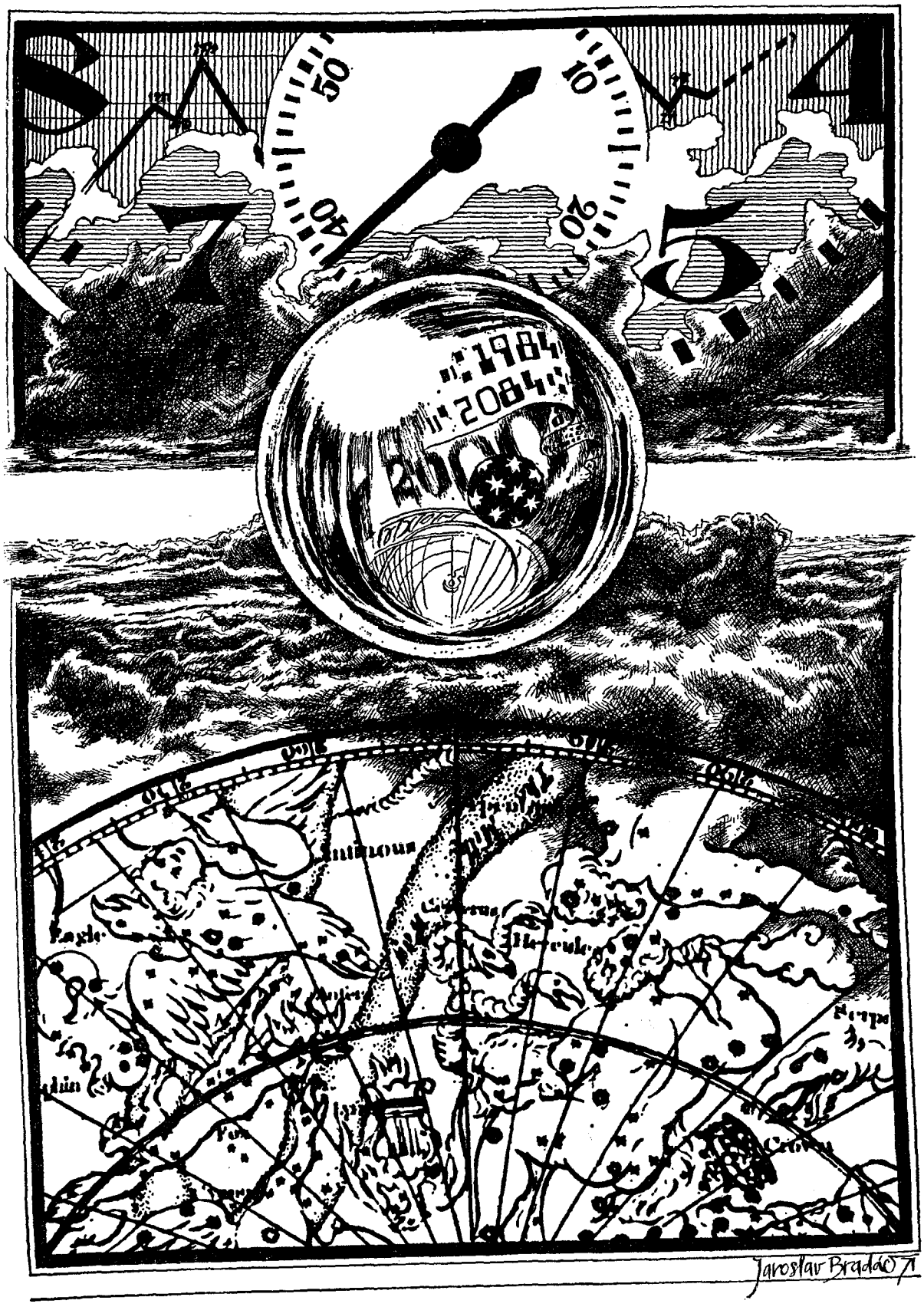
It is dusk on the sandflats,
Sea half a mile out, and
Invisible now, a
Line of sound like a wire
Stretched across darkness.

I walk between
The waiting sea, the saw-backed hills
Hearing the occasional
Murmur of gulls.

"Creation and destruction:
Shiva holds them apart
And the beauty of his movement
Is the beginning and end of all things."

John Welch

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert Nisbet

Has Futurology a Future?

I REMEMBER the way it was supposed to be: the future, that is, back in the 1930s when a good many of us now writing were just coming of age. In no way, it seems to me, does the present—the *significant* present—bear much relation to anything we then thought of as our probable future in America. Far more important, neither does the present bear much relation to anything that can today be exhumed from the 1930s, with all the advantages of retrospect, in the way of ideas, themes, events, and what were then confidently held to be trends or tendencies, if not actual tidal movements in history.

Recently, while doing some nostalgic rereading of old issues of *The New Republic*, I came across the following editorial piece, written exactly forty years ago, and directed against an address President Hoover had just made on economic matters in Indianapolis:

> Of particular interest [wrote the editors] was his "twenty year plan" for America . . . He says that in the next twenty years we shall add 20,000,000 to our population, build 4,000,000 new homes for them, increase our farm productivity 20 per cent and improve our standard of living, which, he says, is already the highest in the world. . . .

Now hear this, from the editors of *The New Republic*. Their intellectual and moral outrage is mighty, their confidence in the social sciences nearly boundless:

> It is so easy to answer Mr Hoover on specific details that it is hardly worth doing. He is evidently ignorant of the studies made by population experts, which show that we are rapidly approaching a stationary or declining population, so that it is highly improbable that we shall add 20,000,000 persons in the next twenty years; even our present birth rate is rapidly falling and the death rate is almost certain to rise as the average age of the population increases. The statement that we shall build 4,000,000 houses in the next twenty years is of course a wild guess. . . .[1]

As anyone with a handy reference volume can discover quickly enough, it was Mr Hoover who was right, and even he was scarcely right enough. The population increased by nearly 30,000,000 persons in the twenty years referred to. Decent respect for the dead among editors of *The New Republic* keeps me from citing other, equally damning statistics in the demographic-economic sphere. One does not have to read deeply into the history of the period 1931-1951 to become fully aware that on just about any scale one cares to use, the editors of *The New Republic*, working from what the futurologists of that day among social scientists provided them, fell ludicrously wide of the mark set by 1951. It was Mr Hoover, working from who-knows-what—political defensiveness, ingrained optimism, luck?—who came much closer.

Never mind, though, what editors, social scientists, and statesmen were predicting back in 1931, or at any time during the 1930s. The more important question is, can we at the present time go back to the population and economic data of the 1930s and, working with all the techniques and instruments in our possession today, as well as with the priceless advantages of hindsight, *see in those data* anything that might remotely suggest what was actually to be economic reality in the year 1951? I think not.

NOR IS THE MATTER DIFFERENT when we turn to other spheres, the political-ideological, for instance. Consider the near-collapse in our day of the political community, broken by

[1] *The New Republic*, 24 June 1931, p. 135.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

efforts to achieve it through the very centralisation, rationalisation, and nationalisation which, in the 1930s, were man's greatest hope. There has also been the collapse of the socialist ideal among intellectuals. There are indeed those who call themselves socialists; but it is like holding on to the picture of someone once loved, now dead or forgotten. There is the disappearance of a genuine, distinctive, identifiable Left, especially in America. The Left received its *coup de grâce* during the great Children's Crusade of the 1960s that reduced a number of major universities to a kind of academic rubble. I do not think any of these momentous facts were either foreseen or foreseeable in the 1930s.

Conjecture & Surprise

THERE ARE ALL the effluvia of affluence, as Eric Hoffer calls them: the bizarre, the decadent, the bored, the disenchanted, the mindless hedonists. J. M. Keynes once wondered what society would be like if ever a degree of affluence was reached where a determining number of the population did not have to think seriously any longer of the economic and its historic authority over human lives. American society reached that point during the 1950s. Neither the nature nor the imminence of this condition was foreseen during the depression-ridden 1930s. It was not so much the impact of depression; it was, rather, the continuing power of a liberal philosophy, a couple of centuries old, which declared that the sources of order and of freedom lie in man's nature and do not require external constraints, not even when that greatest of all constraints, fear of poverty, disease, and catastrophe, has been massively reduced in intensity. Our most difficult problems at the present time are precisely those of affluence. These problems were simply unknown, even in the abstract or in conjecture, in the 1930s.

There is the extraordinary radicalisation of the American middle class. There was not the slightest evidence in the 1930s or even the decade following that the time would shortly come when to be middle class would mean being indulgent, permissive, tolerant in a wide range of political, social, and moral matters to a degree that can only be called radical (and to a degree that would certainly have appalled either Marx or Freud).

And the radicalisation, too, of the mass media. This is to be seen all the way across the country from the *New York Times* to the *San Francisco Chronicle,* from *Time* and *Newsweek* to the movies, radio, and television. Whether this is good or bad, the mark of decadence or among the heights of civilisation, is not at issue here. I am only suggesting that by the standards of what Professor Lionel Trilling was to call our "adversary culture", a small if influential pocket of intellectuality in the 1930s, a very large sector must today surely be called "adversary" in American society. Think only of the difficulties experienced at the present time by the self-styled radical magazines and writers. They tend to be defeated before they even hit upon an identifying position. More likely than not that position has already been taken by a writer for the *Times,* for *Newsweek,* or a commentator on the 6:00 TV news on CBS or NBC. If I seem to be exaggerating slightly here, think only of the grotesque and mannered expedients to which magazines like *Partisan Review* and writers like Professor Richard Poirier are reduced when they crave a radical image.

Or the astonishing recrudescence of religion —at very least the trappings of religion— among those elements of society (chiefly college youth at the present time, but the ranks are spreading) where not in one's wildest nightmares in the 1930s could this have been expected. With this recrudescence of religion there goes too what can only be called a revolt against reason. Three decades ago, or indeed a century or two ago, to be modern, to be emancipated and free meant being among the apostles of reason, of science, and of scholarship. The case is almost exactly reversed today. The ashes of the academic community in America contain among other things the ideals of science and rationality.

THE STRUCTURE OF COMMUNITY in American life seemed so strong in the 1930s that it could be taken for granted. No one bothered to reflect on it, much less brood over it, in the books and articles, and also in the policy-making of that economically tormented period.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was fear of economic security, yes, but none of the fears and apprehensions that have gone for some twenty years now with the quest for community, the search for identity, and all the alienations and estrangements that run across the literary and academic landscape like masterless dogs. The moral and social consensus on which liberal democracy rests was then assumed to be built into man's nature. All that mattered, that would forever matter we thought, was a decent income, a job, economic security.

Let me not overlook either the decline, even disappearance, of humour in America. We can take that word in any sense we wish—ranging from the spontaneous laughter no longer heard across the land to the kind of writing that America was so rich in all through the nineteenth century, through World War I, even—and especially—through the depression-haunted 1930s. The editor of what was once America's most distinguished humour magazine, through the late '20s, the '30s, and '40s, tells us there is no alternative to the kind of social commentary that today fills its pages, along with the tired and lacklustre cartoons; there are, he tells us, few if any willing or able to write humour. Nor are there many comedians left. The 1930s were rich in comic talent. As I write, the only ones I can think of who still perform bravely as comedians are Jack Benny, Bob Hope, and a couple of others, all lingering products of the 1930s. It might be said that the absence of writers of humour and of comedians bespeaks a civilisation grown more serious. If only that were true, or possible! Humour and seriousness are never in conflict: only humour and solemnity, humour and failure of nerve.

The possible listing here is nearly endless, and I will stop with but one more not unimportant aspect of the present that could not possibly be derived from, conjectured from, the 1930s: nostalgia for the 1930s. Who, in the unemployment-beset, poverty-threatened, bread-lined, collapse-haunted, revolution-spectred 1930s could have possibly guessed or even dreamed that by the 1960s, only three short decades later, and following the greatest period of affluence American society has ever known, nostalgia for the 1930s would run rife in the land. And what makes this fact truly fare for the gods' laughter is that this nostalgia is as much to be found among American youth—evidenced in popular songs, movies, automobiles, books, and heroes from all spheres—as it is among those in their dotage.

The Spell of Metaphor

LET ME GO BACK for a moment to the example of President Hoover and the editors of *The New Republic*. I could hear as I wrote those paragraphs the swelling chorus of outraged objections from some of our social scientists, and all of our futurologists. It will be said that if Mr Hoover came out more nearly right than the editors, it was sheer luck. And I will concede this, remembering as I do some of Mr Hoover's other predictions (prosperity was "just around the corner"). It will also be said, however, that the editors and their social scientist sources were operating from correct principle at least; that if only they had had the kinds of technology and the stores of data which can today be fed into computers, they would have no doubt come out as right as Mr Hoover did.

That last won't be said by all social scientists; not even by all futurologists. What many are more likely to say is, *given* those correct principles of trend-finding, *given* the stores of data and data-interpretation which today's technology make possible, they would have come out right for 1951 *if* certain random events such as those involved in World War II hadn't taken place and *if* a few maniacs like Hitler hadn't dominated the Western world from about 1935 on. To which I can only say, true, absolutely true. But in a world in which random events are omnipresent and so often decisive (as are maniacs, prophets, and geniuses, none of which futurology pretends to foresee), what does it profit us to work up constructions of the future in which these are, and have to be, ignored?

FUTUROLOGY SEEMS TO ME NOW what it appeared to be in its first efflorescent decade: an unstable combination of occasionally shrewd insights into the present, statistical extrapolation, ordinary forecasting, and, now and then, some worthwhile, old-fashioned prophecy, based upon the kind of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fertile imagination we are likely to see at its best in first-rate science fiction.

I like to think I have all possible admiration for what technology, computer science, and advanced mathematics have done for modern knowledge. I am no stranger to the excitement induced by the view that inasmuch as these have catapulted us through space to the moon and planets, they should be able to catapult us across time, enabling us to pay visits, as it were, to the future. Those who were ever as enchanted as I was, many years ago, by H. G. Wells's story of the time machine can guess at the buoyancy of my fantasy, if not hope. But neither technology nor science as a whole will ever be able to get us any farther into the future, any more accurately into the future, than the imaginations and insights of men of common sense, of seers and forecasters and prophets, and of science-fiction writers of the past have in the past—and continue to do in the present.

The reason for this is simple in statement, massive in theoretical implication. *The future does not lie in the present.* Nor did the present, as we know it, ever lie in the past. What is at issue here is a whole, wide-ranging, encompassing habit of mind, one that has been deep in Western thought ever since the pre-Socratic Greeks made the momentous analogy between the biological organism and social structure, declaring that as growth is an inalienable attribute of organismic structure, so change—that is, a "natural" pattern of change needing only to be descried by the sociologist as the life-cycle of growth is descried by the biologist—is an inalienable part of the structure of whatever social system we may have in view at any given moment. What we have all around us, today as in the days of the organism-intoxicated Greeks, is the spell of the metaphor of growth.

Closely associated is another metaphor: the metaphor of genealogy. This is of more interest to historians, and has been since the time of Thucydides, than it usually is to the growth-fascinated sociologists and economists and political scientists. Here we are dealing with the imagined genealogical linkage of events, acts, and personages in history. The image of the genealogical series in the organic world, of genetic causality plainly to be seen in the act of generation, which is the mainspring of the genealogical series, is made by the historian to serve the world of events, acts, and motives he deals with. Who has not been beguiled by the good (which is to say, persuasive) historian into believing that the same genetically causal relation exists from event to event, act to act, and motive to motive, as so plainly exists from one generation to another in a family line?

BUT WHEREAS GROWTH AND GENEALOGY are actual enough in the world of plants and animals, a mighty act of metaphoric transference is required to give them acceptability in our theories of institutions, changes, and events through time. In the biological world each is to be seen clearly and indisputably whether the canvas be small or large. In the social world, however, it is evident enough that these two metaphors gain greatly in verisimilitude the more abstract, distant in time, or vast in size the subject matter is. If the subject is Civilisation, or a Parsonian social system, or all mankind, ideas of inexorable growth and of genealogical causality are easy enough to sustain. If the subject is, say, the United States in the 20th century, or the caste system in India, or the Chinese family, the same ideas have a somewhat grotesque relation to subject matter. Whatever else we see in the concrete, circumstantial, and detailed record of each of these, we assuredly do not see processes which readily lend themselves to the metaphor of growth, with its commitment to immanence, genetic continuity, cumulation, and directionality; or to the metaphor of genealogy, with event begetting event, act begetting act, the whole forming an iron chain of causality in time.

Fundamental, it seems to me, to futurology is the attractive but utterly fallacious, assumption *that the continuity of time is matched by the continuity of change or the continuity of events.* Time—at least as we arbitrarily and conventionally record it; who knows what time is in any substantive sense?—can easily be thought of as continuous and cumulative, and also directional. Seconds become minutes; minutes become hours, days, months, years, etc. The *temporal* present has indeed grown out of, emerged from, the *temporal* past. How could it be otherwise, with January invariably preceding February, with 1971 preceded by

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1970, with the 20th century emerging lineally in a time series out of the 19th century, and so on.

Change, however, is in no sense identical with time, in no sense a necessary aspect of time. Time, as we record it, can coexist with absolute fixity of position or condition. When we refer to change we are referring to a *succession of differences in time in some persisting identity*. The last may be anything: a tree, dog, rock, language, structure of kinship, religion, or state, or a human being. Change may be said to exist if, over a period of time, we can perceive differences in that persisting entity. As I have suggested, we like to assume, under the spell of metaphor, ever in search of a unified theory of order and change, that these differences emerge, one from the other, genetically, subject, ideally, to uniform causation, having the kind of continuity and directionality that genuine growth in nature invariably does. Above all, the continuity of *time* is held to be identical, if only we can supply enough data, with continuity of *change*. Just as seconds become minutes and then hours in cumulative, lineal sequence, so—it is assumed, and has been since the Greeks—do infinitesimal variations of human interaction become small changes, small changes larger changes, with the lineal sequence thus given the same attributes of continuity (*genetic* continuity) that are indisputable when it is time (recorded time) alone that is being considered.

In the organism there is warrant for making time and change synchronous, if not identical. So long as an organism is alive at all, whether undergoing genesis or decay, each passing moment is simultaneous with some change, however microscopic, even invisible, that is a genetic element in the directional process we call growth. No such warrant exists, however, where the "persisting identity" is, not the biological organism, but the social and cultural behaviour of human beings. Which is why, of course, almost all growth theories of change in human society wind up as theories of the "social organism", no matter what the terms are—"social system", "social structure"—which seek to conceal that metaphor.

Geniuses, Prophets, Maniacs

THE ESSENCE OF FUTUROLOGY is that the future lies in the present just as our present once lay in the past. Few major ideas are more beguiling, more spell-binding, more immediately obvious than this. How could the present *not* have lain in the past? And if this be true, how could the future not be found, if only our instruments become sharp enough, our techniques skilled enough, in our present? But the only present that could in some sense be said to have lain in the past is the *temporal* present—given the cumulative, directional system by which we conceive and express time. Precisely the same is true of the relation of present to future. It is temporal. All else is metaphor.

Futurology and old-fashioned social evolutionism of the Marxian, Spencerian, and Comtean kind have much in common. It is not strange, therefore, that we should be getting today, when futurological fancies are parading before us, an amusing revival of that old time social evolution—in the writings of Talcott Parsons, Robert Bellah, and Gerhard Lenski among others. Both concepts are founded on the same premises concerning the nature of change. Social evolutionary constructions differ from those of futurology chiefly in that the former are ostensibly oriented toward the past, the latter toward the future. But just as futurology seeks to root its projections in trends supposedly reaching back to the past, so do most theories of social evolution have at least passing reference to the future.[2]

Both types of projections from the present are likely to become more, not less, attractive to a society, and to a world of social science and history, as suffused as ours is by the belief that true profundity lies in the deriving of the dynamic from the static, of the processes of change from those of order and structure, of the directional in time from the mass of interactions in the present. The study of so-called economic growth, with all its tidy models built around metaphors, and of so-called development in the "emerging" nations,

[2] And have had ever since Augustine gave the West its first unified, unilinear, developmental, cumulative, and directional picture of Civilisation, that is *one* civilisation, all-in-one, one-in-all. Contemporary social evolutionary constructions, despite their window-dressing of terminology from modern genetics and comparative biology, are Augustinian to the core—with only God left out.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with its displays of charts, graphs, and statistics on industrialisation have, as their popular foundation, a West today magnetised by future and past—with asserted evolutionary or genealogical linkages giving the prophetic, healing, sealing sense of unity and purpose that might better be derived from one or other of the great world religions. As Max Weber told us a half-century ago: "The arms of the old churches are opened widely and compassionately" for those of us requiring this unity and purpose. Prime Minister Macmillan is supposed to have said: if it is purpose you want, go to your bishop. Alas, even bishops these days seem to go to political scientists and sociologists.

I WILL CONCEDE THIS: if by diligent study of the past, even a past as recent as the 1930s, we can exhume embryos of our present, our *significant* present, then it is surely possible, through diligent enough search, armed with sufficient models, mathematical techniques, and computers, to find the embryo of the future in what is now our present. We will declare Leibniz correct. Each living thing, including institutions, nations, and civilisations, is indeed big with its future, just as the past was once big with our present. Above anyone else in modern history, it was Leibniz and his doctrine of continuity who supplied the foundation for what was to be in time theories of social evolution. And, in our day, futurology.

It would be very nice, of course, if Leibniz had been correct; if continuity did in fact rule in the world of change and event; if each institution or other social structure did indeed have a pattern of change built into it (even if only to be discovered retrospectively, as we seek to predict the present from the past) as does the organism in nature. But no matter what may be our dreams or secret hopes regarding patterns of "natural" change or development in institutions and civilisations, they do not exist. There is not an atom of evidence to suggest that a pattern of change *emerges* from a social structure—that is, that change or development is an attribute of a social structure, as, most obviously, growth is an attribute of any organism—or that any kind of cycle or trajectory for a civilisation can be deduced from either intensive study of the present or as a consequent of those eminently subjective, arbitrary, and highly selective strings of events that historians assemble in the form of narrative history.

BUT LET US ASSUME for a moment the opposite of what I have just observed here. Let us assume that, as is true of any organism, there is indeed a built-in, normal or natural pattern of change in institutions and cultures. We would still be confronted by the all too intrusive phenomena of the historical record: random events such as wars, invasions, migrations, catastrophes, etc. which by no stretch of anyone's imagination could ever be deduced, or projected from analysis of structure; and, not to be missed, however much sociologists may despise them, the powerful impacts of the geniuses, prophets, and maniacs in history.

Tolstoy, in the epilogue to his *War and Peace* which is like nothing so much as an ode to the masses, thought that all the particularities and individualities of history could be dismissed from consideration. History, he thought, is no more, at bottom, than a record of those tidal movements in time which bespeak the risings and fallings of the masses. No one to my knowledge gives much shrift to Tolstoy's view of history. For most of us it is a rather embarrassing addendum to what may be the greatest novel ever written. But, one reflects, Tolstoy's view of history is not different in essentials from that of social evolutionists and futurologists.

Futurologists, social evolutionists, and social systems theorists say, in effect: "We are not concerned with unique or random events, with the highly individual impact of the great (or maniacal) statesman, general, prophet, inventor, creator, or *entrepreneur*. No one could be expected to predict these. *Our* concern is with those patterns of change and development which exist independently of such forces." I can only repeat with emphasis what I said in an article written three years ago: the kinds of change which exist independently of the impacts registered by random events, geniuses, prophets, and maniacs are, despite the lulling testimony to the contrary of the metaphors of growth and genealogy, insignificant at best, more likely to be the simple manifestations of simple motion, activity, flux,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and interaction which are always present in social life,[3] and which are very different from change.

I don't dispute the fact that one can work up quite an imposing picture of the future simply by projecting present modes of behaviour. Inertia and persistence bulk large in human behaviour. Undoubtedly future mating patterns will be much like those around us, with usual defections from monogamy in the forms of adultery, pre-marital sex, serial marriage, communes—celibate and non-celibate—and so on. Beyond doubt organisations analogous to our great economic corporations will still be around, will have a major influence in economic and political matters. Labour unions, spectator sports, schools, universities, churches, public libraries, automobiles, national parks, etc., etc., will no doubt be around in one form or other. Whatever government may in fact be, assessed by present standards of democracy, almost certainly we shall live under a government that will call itself, and surely be regarded as by most persons, democratic.

If this kind of generalised projection of present—present structures and also present rates of activity and motion—is what is meant by futurology, it is bound to have a good future. All one needs is to be sufficiently amorphous, general, and chameleonic in one's "predictions", as are the practitioners of the so-called Delphi Method in the Rand Corporation, and one cannot fail to be a futurologist. Looking at the matter from the point of view of the gambler's odds involved, one does best to predict continuation of what one sees around one. (It is chastening, though, to think again of us and the 1930s!) One will lose here and there—sometimes, as in those rare periods of convulsive political and social change, heavily—but, given the well-known tendency of human behaviour to persist in generally recognisable ways from one age to the next, one will surely have the odds with one. The amount of certifiable change in history is extraordinarily small in comparison with the amounts of sheer persistence and inertia, which of course include much random motion, action, and interaction that often gives the illusion of change.

AT THIS POINT, I dare say, someone will think of Marx. Did he not, working from his "science of history" and his "social systems analysis" of capitalism, accurately predict the coming of socialism? But where is socialism? If one refers to those nations such as Soviet Russia, Albania, and China which call themselves socialist, it can be assumed easily enough, I should think, that Marx, were he alive, would be among the first to say they are not what he had in mind. And even if they were, even if by objective judgment they are socialist, no one could say that their manner of coming into being, their processes of revolutionary inception, had the slightest resemblance to the processes Marx's study of capitalism led him to foresee. Marx was, however, in the Old Testament sense of the word, a mighty prophet—one of the prophets indeed, if not geniuses, whose impact, along with the impacts of random events and maniacs, has done much to shape the world we live in. (Question: Could Marx the "scientist" have predicted the impact of Marx the religio-moral prophet?)

Custine & Tocqueville

MUCH THAT IS OFTEN TAKEN to be prescience or prophecy is in fact no more than distorted, if brilliant, rendering of the observer's own present—and in a piece of writing that manages somehow to survive for posterity to read and marvel at. An excellent example of this is the 19th-century Frenchman, the Marquis de Custine on whose life and works George F. Kennan has just written a fascinating book.[4]

Kennan tells us that Custine's impressions of Russia, drawn on the basis of a single visit in the summer of 1839, made the subject of a four-volume book, published in 1843, "is probably in fact the best of the books about the Russia of Joseph Stalin, and not a bad book about the Russia of Brezhnev and Kosygin." Kennan goes on to say:

> Here, as though the book had been written yesterday . . . appear all the familiar features of Stalinism: the absolute power of a single man;

[3] "The Year 2000 and All That", *Commentary*, June 1968.

[4] George F. Kennan, *The Marquis De Custine and His Russia in 1839*. Princeton University Press, 1971.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> his power over thoughts as well as actions . . . the frantic fear of foreign observation; the obsession with espionage . . . the tendency to rewrite the past.

But, of course, the book was not about the future of Russia at all. Custine was interested in the Russia of 1839, a Russia that he detested with every element of his being. It was also, however, a Russia that Custine did not wholly understand or at least report accurately. As Kennan makes very clear indeed, Custine's book was "dreadfully and almost shamefully inaccurate." Custine's visit to Russia that summer, Kennan writes,

> was, obviously, an unhappy experience, endured by a twisted, oversensitive man to whose esthetic and physical sensibilities the Russia of that day was generally offensive, and to whose delicate psychic constitution, already chafed and tender from personal misfortune of long standing [Custine was a known homosexual, treated with disdain accordingly by many of the Russian aristocrats whom Custine in turn loathed], it was nothing other than sinister and abhorrent.

How, we ask, did Custine, in a book that Kennan can call dreadfully and shamefully inaccurate, manage to see the Russia of 1920-1960 so brilliantly and prophetically? The answer is: by overlooking a great deal in the Russia of 1839 and missing completely (that is, showing not the slightest foreknowledge, even interest, through guess or intuition) all that was to prove crucial in Russian history from his own day to the outbreak of the Bolshevik Revolution. All that Custine could see, or believe he was seeing in 1839, was a totalitarian Russia founded on a centralised, bureaucratised despotism and the helpless masses. And this was, as Kennan emphasises, a very inaccurate, biased, and distorted view of the Russia of 1839. Custine did not see, or care to record at least, the strong family system, the local community, the co-operatives coming into existence, the clear beginnings, however small, of commerce and manufacture.

Nor, of course, did Custine have the slightest inkling of what lay immediately ahead for Russia: the emancipation of the serfs, the reforms of government at all levels, the establishment of universal primary education, a decidedly impressive system of civil rights, and, before the century was out, one of the really great cultural efflorescences of European history. None of this Custine saw or foresaw. What Custine "saw", as Kennan tells us, was essentially the Russia of Stalin.

Of course it may be said that Custine, with the sure instincts of the great prophet or futurologist, concerned himself not with such "surface" events and changes as those just described, but instead with that "underlying" culture, social structure, and character out of which evolutionary development emerges and, in this instance, the Bolshevik revolution emerged successfully in 1917. This could be argued. I hope it won't, for it would be obscurantist nonsense. The Revolution in 1917 was no evolutionary emergence from Russian society; no link in an iron chain of events and changes reaching back into the centuries. It was, as Kennan correctly tells us, "fortuitous . . . the product of a number of factors in the sudden coming-together of which no logical pattern can be discerned. One can think of a number of individual circumstances any one of which might very easily, but for the hand of chance, have been quite different than it actually was—and different in such a way as to obviate the second Revolution of 1917, if not the first."

TOCQUEVILLE'S *Democracy in America* seems to me an even more imposing example of the point I am making here, that much so-called prediction turns out to be, at its best, only distorted, if brilliant, analysis of a given present in time. Tocqueville came to America just a few years before Custine went to Russia. And while Tocqueville did not dislike Americans as Custine did Russians, the marks of a certain fastidious distaste for American life are plainly to be seen. The important point, though, is that Tocqueville did *not* describe the Americans of 1831-32 very accurately. He hadn't really intended to when he and Beaumont set sail from France. He went to America (as he tells us in the Preface) to see more than America, to seek there "the image of democracy itself, with its inclinations, its character, its prejudices, and its passions, in order to learn what we have to fear or to hope from its progress".

The result is one of the masterpieces of political philosophy—but not a very good book on American life in the nineteenth century. What Tocqueville so often "saw" did not really

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exist, I am increasingly made aware as I read more deeply in the history of the period. What he saw were a great many attributes of "the image of democracy", and only rarely did Tocqueville lapse into future tense in describing these. By the 1950s a great many of these attributes came to seem wonderfully relevant to the America of our own day. Tocqueville is accordingly pronounced a great prophet. Actually one could fill a small book with Tocqueville's *bad* prophecies where he did muse over the future; and fill another small book with Tocqueville's failures to see aspects of American culture that were in fact vital, that were to manifest themselves for all the world to see within a decade or two—as, for example, the eruption of great writers in the New England Renaissance, so shortly after Tocqueville's visit, and on the heels of his words that no such renaissance was likely in American letters.

I regard *Democracy in America* as perhaps the greatest book in political philosophy written in the nineteenth century. But it is only that. As prophecy it has to be regarded much as George Kennan regards Custine's book of 1843 on Russia.

So too, I am inclined to think, with the "predictions" by Edmund Burke of "the general earthquake in the political world" that, he tells us in his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, lay ahead for Europe, by Jacob Burckhardt on the "military commandos", the "terrible simplifiers" of the future, by Max Weber on the rationalisation and disenchantment of the West, of "a polar night of icy darkness and hardness", and the like. For the most part, reflections, brilliant saturnine reflections, on the society that could be seen, or that these minds thought they could see, around them in their present. We tend to be selective and indulgent to our great minds of the past, savouring their "right" prophecies, overlooking the bad ones.

The important point here, though, is that very commonly what we later term successful prophecies were in fact no more than astute, if quite often very distorted, analyses of a given present—with moral implications to an indistinct future spilling over from time to time. Then history, with all its random events, prophets, geniuses, and maniacs, takes over. Decades, even centuries may pass with the "prophecies" read but hardly looked at as such, for they are irrelevant. The time comes, or may come, however, when history, through its usual operation of the casual, the fortuitous, and accidental, makes the scene "right." Overnight a Dostoyevsky's inspired rantings, a Tocqueville's brilliant analysis of "the image of democracy", a Weber's hatred of bureaucrats and juiceless industrialists, all become prophecy.

The Intellectual Icons

Nothing in this essay should be taken to suggest that I lack confidence in the social sciences. At their best they are very good indeed. It would behoove governments to make more use of the conclusions and judgments of our social scientists than is now the case. Such conclusions and judgments, those at least that are genuinely scientific, would have nothing to do, however, with the pretensions of futurology as they are being foisted upon an all too gullible public.

What are these pretensions? They are compounded precisely of a confusion—witting or unwitting—of *prediction*, as this is known in science, and of *prophecy*. Prediction in science has nothing intrinsically to do with the time-category of the future. When the astronomer "predicts" the eclipse he is merely vouchsafing that part of a well-known astronomical regularity that happens to be capable of statement in the public-pleasing terms of a certain day, hour, and even minute. The astronomer is not, however—or, at best, only incidentally—looking into the future of the cosmic system; only the "future" that is contained in our conventional chronology. The astronomer's "prediction" of an eclipse is not one bit different from the "prediction" that the sun will rise tomorrow at 5:39 a.m. Neither is, in substance, one bit different from the epidemiologist's "prediction" that malaria, or pellagra, will be found present in a given community if it is visited—the epidemiologist's "prediction" being no more than a statement of causal effect on the basis of his prior and certain intelligence that certain types of conditions prevail in that community.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can social scientists predict? We can and do—with really rather remarkable success, it seems to me. We know enough about the conditions and functional relationships of certain social phenomena to make possible explanatory propositions much like those I have just borrowed from the physical sciences. To use a very important example we have found that—despite old wives' tales found in so many quarters, including editorial offices of the media—that hard-core poverty as such never, by itself, leads to revolutionary behaviour. We are thus in a sound position to "predict", with the usual coefficient of error, of course, when we come upon, or hear about, some new enclave of poverty, that no revolutionary behaviour will emerge apart from the addition of certain, easily specifiable, elements: elements such as a sudden expectation-increasing rise in standard of living, or the addition to the enclave of change-minded, or revolutionary political intellectuals. There are, as one reflects on the matter, scores of "predictions" of that kind available to us.

FUTUROLOGY, ALAS, and also much ostensibly non-futurological writing by social scientists, suggests that prediction in the social sciences, or in historiography, if it is to exist at all must take the form of preview of the future. And, given the fallacies of the whole functional-structural, or the social systems, view of the relation of change to structure or system, there is nothing really surprising about this. The quest for universal generalisation, for so-called unified theory, is as powerful a quest today in human thought as the quest for community is in human behaviour. Genetic causality, continuity, cumulation, directionality: all of these are, it would sometimes seem, as much icons in the intellectual spheres of history and the social sciences as belonging, identity, and membership are icons in more popular spheres of contemporary society.

In the Café

Yes, he kept saying,
Ours was a beautiful revolution,
But we should have seen his.
Her eyes, he said,
I can't tell you.
He pulled out this old photograph.

A photograph of a wide square
Dotted with the small figures
Of unmistakably grown-up men
Caught in apparently private performance
Of the several acts of stumbling
And running and lying prone.

A sort of memento, he explained,
The only one.
She would never give me her portrait.
Yes, it was certainly love,
Calf-love maybe,
All I have known.

His mind was rambling.

Daniel Huws

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Melvin J. Lasky

The Novelty of Revolution

A Study in 17th-Century English Ideology

". . . . Perhaps it will be otherwise. Perhaps the intellectual will lose interest in politics as soon as he discovers its limitations. Let us accept joyfully this uncertain promise. Indifference will not harm us. Men, unfortunately, have not yet reached the point where they have no further occasion or motive for killing one another. If tolerance is born of doubt, let us teach everyone to doubt all the models and utopias, to challenge all the prophets of redemption and the heralds of catastrophe.

If they alone can abolish fanaticism, let us pray for the advent of the sceptics."

RAYMOND ARON,
The Opium of the Intellectuals *(1955)*

James Howell & "a New Kind of Metaphysicks"

IN ALL catastrophic episodes in history there is a mixed contemporary sense of something old and something new in the tragedy. James Howell—royalist and admirer of Charles I; Commonwealthsman and admirer of Oliver Cromwell; loyalist and Historiographer Royal to Charles II; and, not least, that master of 17th-century English prose who was so admired by Thackeray—is perhaps our most sensitive and interesting witness in this epoch of the so-called Puritan Revolution to the ambivalence of the historical sense, confounded by events for which the record of the past seems to offer parallels and even a general sense of reassurance but no sure guide through the poignant immediacy of the confusions.

"The European world is all in pieces", Howell wrote: "The World is turned topsey-turvey." Would the "revolution of the time" turn back to its old point of origin, or would it bring "a change of masters"? Could the "worthy champions of the Utopian cause", armed with so much zealous cunning, so much seductive fantasy, and indeed "a new kind of Metaphysicks", reverse all the known maxims of history?

Men caught in history as it is happening look to history as it was. For there were, Howell was convinced, lessons of European experience which "have brought *policy* to be a *Science* which consists of certitudes". His own conclusions were, he averred, the result of "research" into the story of mankind, and his counsels were always confirmed "by my researches". The human past was an oracle; and, for all the minor obscurities, the major message was clear and triumphant. The revolution would fail; the counter-revolution was under providential guidance. It was "the common fate of all Rebellions" to end in doubts, dissidence, and disintegration; as for the rebels, in the outcome of their "Utopian plots" they would only "find a Tomb in their own ruines. . . ."

It was an intellectual confidence that only a worshipful believer in the lessons of the human

THIS *is the text of a paper which has just been published in Paris in a "Festschrift" for Raymond Aron at 65. It continues a series of studies on the theme of "Utopia and Revolution", the book of that title to be published next year by the University of Chicago Press and Macmillan (London).*

The previous articles in ENCOUNTER *were: "The Prometheans" (October 1968), "The Metaphysics of Doomsday" (January 1969), "The Sweet Dream" (October 1969), and "The Birth of a Metaphor" (February-March 1970).*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

past could muster. Here is the over-mastering historical credo:

> Now, among those sundry advantages which accrue to a Reader of History, one is, that no modern Accident can seem strange to him, much less astonish him. He will leave off wondring at anything, in regard he may remember to have read of the same, or much like the same, that happen'd in former times; therefore he doth not stand staring like a Child at every unusual spectacle, like that simple American, who, the first time he saw a Spaniard on horse-back, thought the Man and the Beast to be but one Creature. . . .
>
> Now, indeed, not to be an Historian, that is, not to know what foreign Nations and our Forefathers did . . . this is still to be a Child who gazeth at everything. Whence may be inferr'd, there is no Knowledge that ripeneth the Judgment, and puts one out of his nonage, sooner than History. . . .
>
> Hence may be inferr'd, That History is the great Lookingglass thro' which we may behold with ancestral eyes, not only the various Actions of Ages past, and the odd Accidents that attend time, but also discern the different humours of Men, and feel the pulse of former times.[1]

Certainly the pulse of his own times beats audibly though his writings and the excitements of his literary career. He has been called one of the earliest instances of a man of letters successfully maintaining himself with "the fruits of his pen", and he escaped none of the besetting perils of an unprotected intellectual. In one of his letters Howell described the circumstances of his arrest which (according to an entry in the Commons Journals for 14 November 1642) committed him to the Fleet Prison, "there to remain during the Pleasure of the House".

> I was lately come to London upon some occasions of mine own, and I had been divers times in Westminster-hall, where I convers'd with many Parliament-men of my Acquaintance; but one morning betimes there rush'd into my chamber five armed Men with Swords, Pistols, and Bills, and told me they had a Warrant from the Parliament for me: I desir'd to see their Warrant, they deny'd it: I desir'd to see the date of it, they deny'd it: I desir'd to see my name in the Warrant, they deny'd all. At last one of them pull'd a greasy Paper out of his Pocket, and shew'd me only three or four Names subscrib'd, and no more: So they rush'd presently into my Closet, and seiz'd on all my Papers and Letters, and anything that was Manuscript; and many printed Books they took also, and hurl'd all into a great hair Trunk, which they carry'd away with them . . ."[2]

The displeasure lasted eight years, although he was able to write much of his best prose in prison and to revise, with much longing for his itinerant days as a student abroad of politics and language, his memorable *Instructions for Forreine Travell.*

> *And by these various wandrings true I found,*
> *Earth is our common Mother, ev'ry ground*
> *May be one's Countrey: for by birth each Man*
> *Is in this World a* **Cosmopolitan,**
> *A free-borne Burgesse . . .*[3]

HOWELL CAME UNDER the amnesty of 1650 and was released; he remained "under bayle" for seven further years during which time, as he later complained, he was "three times plundered". Yet somehow he came to terms with his political predicament and even paid his respects to the new Establishment. One of his books was dedicated to Parliament and another to Oliver Cromwell. To be sure, not all who changed their colour or turned their coats were cynical opportunists; it was a turbulent age, and in the tumult and shouting many a man's opinions were sincerely changed and changed again. One can only wonder about the element of expedient calculation in Howell's career. Once he had dedicated a first collection of his Letters to the King, and those verses which constituted an epitaph in the *Eikon Basilike* ("Great Charles, thou earthly god, celestial man") were probably his; yet now he could speak coolly of the royal martyrdom which cured the country of the "King's evil" One sympathetic biographer was driven to this defence of intellectual makeshift:

> Altogether it is clear that we have not to deal in Howell's case with any Athanasian rigidity of conviction on the politics of his day. Nor need we apply any lofty ethic norm to adjudge of his vacillations. He belonged to the class, so numerous in our days, only just coming into existence in his, whose function in political matters is to express, excite, and simulate conviction, not necessarily to feel it. If we do not too harshly condemn the journalist who votes Radical and writes Tory, we need not waste our

---

[1] James Howell, *Twelve/Several Treatises of the Late Revolutions* (1661), pp. 4, 75, 195, 225-230, 294, 409. James Howell, *Epistolae Ho-Elianae: the Familiar Letters* (ed. Jacobs, 1892), vol. I, p. 371.

[2] Howell, *Epistolae*, vol. I, pp. xlii, 335; vol. II, pp. 576, 667.

[3] *The Vote, or A Poeme Royall* (1642), p. 5; *Epistolae*, vol. I, p. 8. In his *Instructions for Forreine Travell* (1642; ed. Arber, 1868), Howell observed: "For as Kingdomes and States with all other Sublunary things are subject to a tossing and tumbling, to periods and changes, as also all Naturall bodies corrupt inwardly and insensibly of themselves, so Languages are not exempt from this Fate, from those accidents, and revolutions that attend Time . . ." (p. 54).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

denunciations on James Howell for changing his published opinion on politics according to his personal needs or the changes of public opinion around him.[4]

Our own concern here is even less with the moralities of political vacillation than with the light which these agitated movements can shed on the temperament of utopian revolutionaries who, under similar stress, were trying to make their way towards a new rigidity of political conviction.

FOR, IF THE ESSENCE of the revolutionary disposition turns on a unique attitude towards futurity and pastness, it is inevitable that its fundamentalist vision of both prospect and retrospect should have words, images, and gestures which serve to make up the outward signs of a new orthodoxy of its own. Thus, as the political concept of "revolution" bursts for the first time into the events of the 1650s, a radical like Marchamount Nedham responds to the verbal opportunity with dozens of usages, all positive; a conservative like James Howell, who could almost be said to have coined its ideological usage in English, employs it continuously in terms of a monstrous calamity. But there is, in Howell's case, at least one significant exception. For reasons which we can surmise but never know—they are a compound of personal opportunism and genuine political relief at Cromwell's dissolution of the Long Parliament,—Howell dedicated one of his works "to His Highness the Lord Protector", for him suddenly a "Hercules-like" figure worthy of praise for a "multitude of Mighty achievements." It deserves quoting not least because, as I am persuaded, the whole chequered political history of the post-Gutenberg intelligentsia could almost be written in terms of dedicatory epistles, acknowledged or unacknowledged.

> There is a memorable saying of Charles Martell in that mighty Revolution in France, when he introduc'd the second race of Kings. That in the poursuit of all his actions he used to say, that He followed not the Ambition of his Heart, so much as the Inspirations of his Soul, and the designs of Providence. This may be applyed to your Highnes in the conduct of your great affairs and admirable successes. . . . I rest, in the lowliest posture of obedience,
> *At your Highnes command*
> J.H.

This was written in 1655; and some five years later, when the fourth edition appeared, the "revolutionary" dedication to Cromwell disappeared. The missing page of the piece did not escape the attention of his colleagues in the royal camp who had never indulged in this form of useful, untroubled revisionism. Howell, not unsuccessfully, tried to convince them that in all his pieces "there is never a Line, Word, or Syllable therein but breathes out of the spirit of a perfect Cavalier . . .". Yet at least one critic (Roger L'Estrange) had the pertinacious acerbity to note: "We will allow the Gentleman to be a perfect Cavalier, a perfect Republican (if he pleases), a perfect Protectorian, a perfect Anything, rather than disagree about his Perfection, but I would he had not appealed to his *Pieces*. . . ."[5]

Not unlike latter-day Kremlinologists with their fine eye for deviations and impurities, Cavalier and Roundhead ideologists sought the telling detail, for they knew how small fundamentalist formalities could determine personal fates. Sir Roger L'Estrange was horrified at some of the new royal appointments and could not bear to forgive Howell for what we today call "making it." But if anybody in this onbreaking age of revolutionary ideology understood the demands of the printed word, it was James Howell; he was not for nothing now the official historian of the realm. Pages were cut, pages restored. In 1662 Howell put out a new English edition of Selden's *Mare Clausum*. This valuable study of "The Right and Dominion of the Sea" had been translated by Marchamount Nedham, no unskilled hand himself at the accommodation of old texts to new régimes. Nedham's "epistle dedicatorie" was "to the Supreme Autorite of the Nation, the Parliament to the Commonwealth of England". In his own prefatory remarks, Nedham wrote:

> . . let me have leave here (without Flatterie or Vanitie) to say, though in other things I may injure the eminent Author, yet in this he will be a Gainer, that his Book is now fallen under a more noble Patronage, in the tuition of such heroick Patriots, who, observing the errors and defects of former Rulers, are resolved to see our Sea-Territorie as bravely maintained by the Sword as it is by his Learned Pen. It is a gallant sight to see the *Sword* and *Pen* in

[4] Joseph Jacobs, in his edition of Howell's *Epistolae Ho-Elianae*, vol. I, pp. xlvi-ii.

[5] Howell, *Some Sober Inspections* (1655); Philanglus, *Some Sober Inspections* (1660); Roger L'Estrange, *A Modest Plea* (1662).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> victorious Equipage together. . . . Men are never raised to so high a pitch of action as when they are persuaded that they engage in a righteous cause.

Howell put an end to all that, and (in his edition of 1662) restored the true royal tradition of "the Imperialist". Nothing was changed in the translation, only "what treasonable Comments and false glosses there were" in the editing. Nedham had been guilty of "impudent impiety" in giving himself "the license to foist [it] in the name of a Commonwealth, instead of the Kings of England (besides the suppression of the Epistle Dedicatory to his Majesty, now restored as the Ornament of this Work)...". Selden's book (first published in 1635) now re-emerged in the proper spirit—"To the Most Serene and Mighty Prince Charles, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith . . .".[6] Here was, following the spirit of the age, a little revolution of its own, in the pristine and perhaps truest meaning of the word, as Howell himself had approved it in one of his dictionaries:[7] "a full compassing . . . turning back to its place . . . the accomplishment of a circular course". We are only a turn away from the imminent "Glorious Revolution", and the final round.

The Rotation of Fortune's Wheel

IF THE TROUBLES OF THE TIME were old and familiar, nothing could be more reassuring than the traditional philosophy of history with its simple, powerful images of celestial order and the inescapable wheel of fortune. Howell had pondered the story of rebellions and "odd Insurrections", the "popular puffs . . . of the pesants and mechanicks", the uprisings of Jack Straw, Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, even the French *Jacquerie*, and he remained persuaded that "there is a periodical fate hangs over all Kingdoms after such a revolution of time and rotation of fortune's wheele . . . ". There was a sermon in every stereotype. "For out of this fatal black Cloud which now ore-sets this poor Island", Howell wrote, "there will break a glorious Sunshine of peace and Happiness . . .". Again, "to put a period to all these fearful confusions is to put the great Masterwheel in order, and in its due place again . . .". The revolution was inevitable. The enemy—and he had an unusual respect for the "worthy Champions of the Utopian cause"—could not but go under.

> Let them beat their brains, scrue up their witts, and put all the policy they have upon the tenterhooks as farre as possibly they can, yet they will never be able to establish a durable standing Government otherwise. They do but dance in a circle all this while, for the Government will turn at last to the same point it was before, *viz.* to *Monarchy*, and this King will be restored . . .

This was the true revolution of time, the balancing of the wheel, the full circle of restoration. "This must be your course", he advised his friends, "by a gentle retrogradation to come into the King's high road again...". Success would crown their politics and their patience, for although Britain "had four or five Revolutions and changes of Masters" the circular course had never failed.[8]

If, however, the troubles were new and different, then all manner of startling and unprecedented things might become historically conceivable: a linear motion forward rather than an orderly stable circularity, even a revolution of progression instead of a revolution of retrogradation. There are important signs in Howell of puzzlement, of uncertainty, of a sense of the deeper incoherence of the epoch. "But it seems God Almighty hath a quarrel of late years with all earthly Potentats", Howell wrote, on the eve of those outbreaks of a more fundamental radicalism which (in 1648, as in 1848) was to upset half of Europe: "there never happen'd such strange shocks and revolutions...". What was happening so to turn the world "topsey-turvey" and leave the European scene "all in pieces"? Why were men now "transported by Eccentric motions" and "roving at random to treat of universals"? How did "a new kind of Metaphysicks" come to play such an overturning role?

---

[6] John Selden. *Mare Clausum* (1635); *Of the Dominion, or, Ownership of the Sea*, (tr. Marchamount Nedham, 1652); *The Right and Dominion of the Sea*. (ed. James Howell, 1662).

[7] I refer here to Howell's 1660 edition of Cotgrave's *Dictionarie*. That neither here nor in Howell's impressive *Lexicon Tetraglotton* (1660) is there any suggestion of a political meaning, although he himself had been using "revolution" in this new sense for years, is attributable to the conventional lexicographical lag.

[8] *The Sway of the Sword* (1645), *An Italian Perspective* (1647), *Advice Sent from the prime Statesmen of Florence* (1659), *A Vindication of His Majesty* (1661), in *Twelve Several Treatises of the Late Revolutions*, pp. 251, 259, 294, 312, 401, 407-409.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One detects in Howell traces of both confusion and pessimism. He resented "the calamities of the time", and with a grimness which Hobbes would have appreciated registered the onset of what he called "pure Lycanthropy", a wolfish disposition among his countrymen to tear one another apart. "If ever the old saying was verify'd", he wailed, "it is now"—*Homo homini lupus.*

> *They err who write, no Wolves in England range,*
> *Here Men are all turn'd Wolves; O monstrous change!*

Howell has one of his foreign observers say this in a general indictment of the designs of the "Grand Reformers":

> I am afraid the English have seen their best dayes; for I find a general kind of infatuation, a totall Eclipse of reason amongst most of them; and commonly a generall infatuation precedes the perdition of a people.[9]

What, then, were the sources of the infatuation and the ferocity, and where had the metaphysics come from, and why had traditional order given way to eccentricity and randomness, and how could one be sure that *your* revolution would not become *their* revolution?

"A STRANGE RACE OF PEOPLE", Howell tried to argue, had sprung up amongst them, and a little theology went a long way towards explaining the calamity. They were "fiery Dogmatists" and the badges of their nature were "black irreconcilable malice and desire of revenge". They claimed to be infallible oracles, "as if these Zealots were above the common condition of mankind to whom errour is as hereditary as any other infirmity". They were the spokesmen for "this Monster of Reformation (which is like an infernal Spirit clad in white, and hath a cloven head as well as feet). . . ." Howell had come to fear, hate, and despise them, but his contempt was occasionally tempered by a qualification and even a perverse note of admiration.[10]

> . . . True it is, there is a kind of *zeal* that burns in them (and I could wish there were so much piety) but this *zeal* burns with too much violence and presumption, which is no good symptom of *spirituall* health, it being a rule, that as the natural heat, so the spirituall should be moderate, else it commonly turns to a frenzy, and that is the thing which causeth such a giddinesse and distraction in their braines. This (proceeding from the suggestions of an ill spirit) puffs them up with so much spirituall pride for the Devill is so cunning a Wrastler, that he oftentimes lifts men up to give them the greater fall. . . .

Curious, that such a black, white, giddy, frenzied, and distracted pack should have proved so formidable in the field and the forum. Howell's researches, if not his policy science, led him to concede another point: "It may be said that *Mischief* in one particular hath something of *Vertue* in it, which is, That the Contrivers and Instruments thereof are still stirring and watchful. They are commonly more pragmaticall and fuller of Devices than those sober-minded men, who while they go on still in the plaine road of *Reason*, having the King and knowne Laws to justifie and protect them, hold themselfs secure enough, and so think no hurt. . . . The Members of Westminster were men of the first gang, for their Mischievous braines were alwayes at work how to compasse their ends . . .".[11]

Here, then, was a practical purposefulness which helped to equalise the confrontation between the insurgent party of the "first gang" and the established party of the second gang. Their proud self-confidence made the zealots an awesome opposition, for "they make it nothing to interpret every tittle of the Apocalypse. . . . They think they are of the Cabinet-Council of God, and not only know his Attributes but his Essence . . .".[12] Neither the religious nor the secular government had remained safe. They had brought the Church

---

[9] Howell, *Epistolae*, vol. I, p. 371. *Several Treatises*, p. 78.

[10] *Several Treatises*, pp. 229-230, 328-330.

[11] Howell, *His Late Majesties Royal Declaration or Manifesto* (1661), in *Several Treatises*, p. 145.

The usage of "pragmaticall" here is in the sense of the older meaning which the *Oxford English Dictionary* (vol. VIII, p. 1224) gives as "Busy, active; esp. officiously busy in other people's affairs; interfering, meddling, intrusive"—as in Ben Jonson ("I love to hit these pragmaticke young men at their own weapons", 1616), or Bishop Hall ("the absurd pragmaticall impudence of the present Pope", 1624), or John Milton ("these matters are not for pragmatics or folkmooters to babble in", 1645). It has also meant, as etymological irony would have it, "opinionated, dictatorial, dogmatic". Still, its opposite connotation—popularized in the use of *pragmatisch* by Kant and in the "practical" philosophy of Pragmatism by William James—can also be found in earlier centuries (*viz.*, "theirs was not a curious & idle knowledge but a pragmaticall knowledge, full of labour and business", 1597).

[12] Howell, *Epistolae*, vol. II, pp. 634-635.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the bar, and (more than that, and this was decisive) went so far as to "prie into the *Arcana Imperii*". They had challenged both pillars of the Establishment, and with the strength of the Old Testament giant had brought both down. A revolution of time had come and there had been a change of masters. New men had taken over not only the "intern Counsell of State", but these worthy champions of the Utopian cause were now also the "Divines" who, "according to the Etymologie of the word, use to be still conversant in the exercise of speculation of holy and heavenly things". Both heavenly and earthly things were in other hands now.

Consequences of Poverty & Affluence

HOWELL UNDERSTOOD that calamitous causes went deeper than even the most dramatic differences of temper and personality. He comprehended the role of social distress as a factor in political revolt, but the factor of social well-being seemed almost too paradoxical. How could both general poverty and general affluence produce revolutionary turns? Thinking of Naples and its "pernicious popular Rebellion" with its "civil combustions" raging "in lesse than the revolution of a year" (he knew the tale so well from his work on Giraffi's manuscripts about Masaniello), Howell pointed to "a Fate that hangs over most rich popular places that swim in luxe and plenty". This was the ancient social war of classes and masses, but it was evidently too conventional a pattern to explain something so unique as his own national tragedy in his very own time.

> . . . this Island was reputed few years since to have bin in the completest condition of happiness of any part on earth, insomuch that she was repin'd at for her prosperity and peace by all her neighbours who were plung'd in war round about her, but now she is fallen into as deep a gulf of misery and servitude as she was in a height of felicity & freedom before. Touching the ground of this change, I cannot impute it to any other then to a surfet of happiness; *now, there is no surfet so dangerous as that of happiness.* . . . There is a monstrous kind of wild liberty here that ever was upon earth.

It scarcely makes for a viable theory of social change, but considering that this is probably the first exploration of the social psychology of "Revolution" it is surely worth noting both theses which link misery with insurrection as well as happiness with rebellion. Revolution is thus associated with an explosive relationship between affluence and poverty wherein the fight for material justice can alternate with the flight from felicity or from freedom as a prime mover of turbulent men.

Perhaps it was Howell's cosmopolitan penchant for the paradoxes of national character which led him on to contrast English, French, and Italian movements of social rebellion. In a cautionary sketch of France, Howell once wrote:

> I never saw so many poor peeple in my life; I encountered a Pesan, and asked him what the reason was, that there should be so much *poverty* in a Country where there was so much *plenty*. Sir, they keep the Commonalty poor in pure policy here, for being a peeple, as the world observes us to be, that are more humerous than others, and that love variety and change, if we were suffered to be pamper'd with wealth, we would ever and anon rise up in tumults, and so this Kingdom should never be quiet, but subject to intestine broils. . . .

The Italian passion derived from poverty; the French tumult from a fancy for variety and change; and the British unrest was a species of perverse petulance.

Overseas irony gave way to local bitterness in this vignette of the English scene in which Howell refers to

> . . . the discrepant and wavering fancies of mens braines, specially that of the common peeple, who (if not restrained) are subject to so many crochets and chymeras, with extravagant wanton desires, and gaping after innovations. Insulary peeple are observed to be more transported with this instability then those of the Continent, and the Inhabitants of this Ile more then others, being a well-fed spriteful peeple; In so much, that it is grown a Proverb abroad, that *The Englishman doth not know when he is well.*

Howell's emphasis on innovations and novelties as both a material and psychic factor in revolutionary enthusiasm was to be echoed two centuries later by Tocqueville; and, like the French observer who studied in depth the institutional factors which made for the collapse of the *ancien régime* and who still returned to his obsession with "the first of a new race of men" (namely, "revolutionaries of a hitherto unknown breed . . . who balked at no innovation"), so too was Howell impressed by the revolutionary mentality and its qualities

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of apocalyptic devotion and radical discipline.

In one of his London letters, Howell reports of a preacher in Fleet Street "who spoke of nothing but of the fire and flames of Hell"—"his mouth methought did fume with the Lake of Brimstone, with the infernal Torments and the thundrings of the Law—he had also hot and fiery incitements to War, and to swim in blood for the Cause." This is, perhaps, only the conventional *argumentum ad hominem* of a polemicist in combat; yet he sensed the strength of character behind the fire and the blood. In another place he was shrewd and fair enough to explain:

> . . . you know there is nothing so agreeable to the nature of man as *novelty*; and in the conduct of humane affairs, it is always seen that when any new design or faction is afoot, the Projectors are commonly more pragmaticall and sedulous upon the world; they lie centinell to watch all advantages, the Sand of their brains is always running. This hath caused this upstart Faction, to stick still close together, and continue marvellously constant to their ends; they have bin used to tyre and out-fast, to weary and out-watch the moderate and well-minded Gentlemen; sometimes till after midnight by clancular and nocturnall sittings. . . .

And when he thought long and hard about "the two Sectaries which sway most", namely, the Presbyterians and the Independents, he became convinced that "the Presbyterian is a spawn of the Puritan and the Independent a spawn of the Presbyterian". More than that: "... there's but one hop 'twixt the first and a Jew, and but half a hop 'twixt the other and an Infidell".

> . . . and one of the fruits of this blessed Parlement, and of these two Sectaries is, that they have made more Jewes and Atheists then I think there is in all Europe besides . . . thease two Sectaries, I mean the Presbyterian and Independent who were the fire-brands that put this poor Island first in a flame. . . .[13]

THIS JEWISH ELEMENT in the ideology of European political conflict is a dark and recurring note throughout the whole history of utopia and revolution; and it cannot be overlooked here, although in this indirect form it has only a very limited affinity to the modern versions of anti-Semitism.[14] Indeed the matter needs at times to be considered out of the miserable context of sinister prejudice and human pain. For my own part I find it one of the more regaling curiosities of utopian literature that it should have been a wise and learned Jewish "Merchant of Bensalem" who supplied Francis Bacon with so much of his information about "New Atlantis."[15] Joabin of Bensalem was evidently a member of New Atlantis' happily assimilated Jewry, for there was in him (we are told) no "secret inbred rancour against the people amongst whom they live". Still, he seems—even in New Atlantis!—to be full of what Bacon refers to as "Jewish dreams", which suggests that there are utopians even in Utopia, dreamers within the dream. So history does not end: there is still something to come. The Wandering Jew is, in this sense, the permanent revolutionary.

A philosophical reading of ancient traditions reinforces this. Reflecting with undisguised pleasure on the nature of the Judaeo-Greek tradition, Alfred North Whitehead has observed:[16] "Between them, the Hebrews and the Greeks provided a program for discontent. But the values of their discontent lies in the hope which never deserted their glimpse of perfection." A general idea, Whitehead goes on to say, "is always a danger to the existing order. The whole bundle of its conceivable special embodiments in various usages of society constitutes a program of reform. At any moment the smouldering unhappiness of mankind may seize on some such program and initiate a period of rapid change guided by the light of its doctrines . . .". Again: "a great idea in the background of dim consciousness is like a phantom ocean beating upon the shores of human life in successive waves of specialization. A whole succession of such waves are as dreams slowly doing their work of sapping the base of some cliff of habit; but the seventh wave is a revolution . . .". Thus, all "dreams of an unrealized world" must spread "the infection of an uneasy spirit . . .".

To be overwhelmed by the seventh wave is, for some, to drown in oceanic despair. Clarendon records an incident in which the King, passing through London in January 1642, is humiliated by the popular antagonism, and among the rude noises was the chant, "*Privilege*

---

[13] *Epistolae*, vol. II, p. 604; *Several Treatises*, pp. 102, 298-299.

[14] See, especially, the courageous study by J. L. Talmon, "Jews between Revolution and Counter-Revolution", in his *Israel among the Nations* (1970), pp. 1-87.

[15] *Famous Utopias of the Renaissance* (ed. White, 1946), pp. 234-235.

[16] A. N. Whitehead, *Adventures of Ideas* (1961), pp. 19-27.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Parliament, Privilege of Parliament!" and, from one especially intemperate fellow pressing very close to the royal coach, "*To your Tents, O Israel*". It was, of course, a battle-cry taken from *I Kings xii.16* and from the title of one of the more seditious pamphlets of the day. What might the King have thought of these democratic and Hebraical challenges from the smouldering folk? Clarendon only notes that "the King, though much mortified continued his resolution, taking little notice of the distempers . . ."[17]

The conflict of views between Puritanism and Royalism extended, for a complex variety of reasons, deep into the contemporary attitude toward the Jews. Philo-semitism was a natural by-product of the enthusiasm with which the Puritan generation returned to the old books of the Bible for inspired guidance. One Baptist writer as early as 1614 deemed it logical that toleration be extended even to the Jews; others looked with sympathy on the formal movement for Jewish readmission to England, since it could only facilitate their conversion and thus hasten the high climax of the Christian eschatological promise. For some Jews too there was an element of Messianic necessity in the return to England, for then the prophesied universal dispersion would be complete and the final deliverance could begin; it was a factor which impressed Menasseh ben Israel in his eagerness to open negotiations with Cromwell.

Conversely, the anti-Puritan opposition was marked by a suspicion and even hatred of the Jews. "And touching Judaism", as James Howell wrote from London to a friend in Amsterdam, "some corners of our City smell as rank of it as yours doth there." Royalist propagandists put it about that the city of London might be sold to the Jews, that there had been offers to purchase St. Paul's for a synagogue, etc. Nevertheless, it was (ironically enough) Charles II who finally issued in 1664 written instructions which authorised the residence of Jews in England. It was a practical arrangement, magnificently humdrum. By that time exotic considerations of ideology and theology had become remote.[18]

Yet if power sometimes wearies of the burden of passionate abstractions, intellectuals remain indefatigable. There was, in Howell's view, a Jewish element in the distemper of the uneasy radical spirit. It was, under the circumstances, more of a symbolic suspicion than a literal one; it is unlikely that he had ever met a Jew; this was only a subject which he had researched: "the present condition of the Jews, once an Elect People, but now grown contemptible, and strangely squandered up and down the World . . .". Yet he also found a familiar property in them; they were "light and giddy-headed"; and this he judged as "much symbolising in spirit with our Apocalyptical Zealots and fiery interpreters of Daniel and other Prophets. . . ."[19] Indeed, when he thought of those irrefragable zealots who were "the causes of all civil commotions and distempers in State," who "call every Crotchet of the brain, *tenderness of conscience*," and who believe that "they are the only Elect whose souls work according to the motion of the Spirit, that they are the true Children of promise, whose faces alone look towards Heaven," then he concluded that "they symbolise with the Jew". Again, he writes that "they are nearest to the nature of the Jew as any people upon earth"; and, finally, when from Fleet prison he sent his *Sober and Seasonable Memorandum* (1644) to the Earl of Pembroke warning him against the adviser "who hath infused such pernicious principles into you" he referred to him as "the *White Jew*".[20]

Stereotypes of Political Imagery

SUCH EASY AND COLOURFUL (or, from another point of view, dismal and invidious) animadversions on the hidden sources of revolutionary power served only to blur a consistent view of the true nature of the new ideological phenomenon. When Howell contemplated the stormy Scottish fanaticism from that "Northern Nation that brought

[17] Clarendon, *History of the Rebellion* (ed. Macray, 1888), vol. I, p. 486; vol. II, pp. 10-11, 100.

[18] Cecil Roth, *A History of the Jews in England* (3rd ed., 1964), pp. 149-172, 285. Lucien Roth, "Cromwell's Jewish Intelligencers", in *Essays in Jewish History* (1934), pp. 93-114. Howell, *Epistolae*, vol. II, p. 617.

[19] Howell, *Epistolae*, vol. I, pp. 313-315.

[20] *Casual Discourses* (1643), *A Sober and Seasonable Memorandum* (1644), in *Several Treatises*, pp. 10-13, 141.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cataracts of mischiefs upon us", he quoted a dour couplet:

Out of the North,
All ill comes forth.

Evidently it was less painful to believe that the whole time of troubles was a simple matter of eccentric religiosity or of geographical latitude. But the strange revolutionaries were new men seizing at power in the centre, not figures from the periphery or antique protagonists from other dramas. The beginnings of a new kind of revolution were being played out on the stage of the century, and Howell's importance for us is that he knew the name of the game even if its strange new rules confused him. Revolutionary man was emerging, and from time to time Howell caught a glimpse of his shadow and substance.

English (and also French) writers may have been peculiarly slow to adapt to a political vocabulary which for at least two centuries had marked the pages of Villani, Guicciardini, and other Italian chroniclers of rebels and their insurrectionary efforts. The brilliant Howell translations into English of contemporary Italian historical accounts are, in my view (and I have argued it in these pages before), the central texts to be considered; and the Naples revolts of 1647-1648—led in their extraordinary first episodes by Masaniello, a young barefooted fisherman in blue shirt and red bonnet, who seized power with the support of enthusiastic Neapolitan masses — are the major linking event between the Mediterranean and the modern ideological idiom. For European minds to whom "revolution" was essentially a concept associated with the Copernican paths of planetary progress, a dimension of different destiny was about to be added. My thesis has been that we have reached here that decisive moment in Western history and thought when the old politics of paradise takes to itself a new secular abstraction, original and powerful enough to be capable of translating heavenly hope into celestial certitude and of relating the movement of the skies into a great and special human drama. This is the moment which was registered by James Howell and makes him so important for us.

"Now in this prodigious Revolution," Howell writes in his preface to *Parthenopoeia* (1654), a history of the Kingdom of Naples which paid pointed attention to Masaniello's great uprising, "there were many things of extraordinary remark that are considerable . . .". He noted "the heat of the Air" and "the sulphorous quality and heat" of the Italian soil which caused "Incendiums and Earthquakes," and went on to correlate the geology with the politics. "Indeed the Napolitan according to the quality of the Soyl," he supposed, "is of a fiery boyling Nature, which makes the Spaniard ride him with a Bitt and a Martingall, he hath so many Whirlwinds in his Brain and quicksands in his Breast, as the *French* or any other Nation. . . ." Hence their "sundry Innovations," and more than that: for "I have not read of any Political Instrument so often out of tune, having had forty popular *Revolutions* in less than four hundred years . . .". The most recent of these, and Howell knew it well from his translation of Giraffi's historical narrative, was Masaniello's rebellious explosion against Spanish exploitation and injustice.

> Touching this last Revolution in the year 1647, it was the violent'st of *all*, it was like a Candle burning at both ends, the common people were all as mad as if they had bin bit by a worse thing then the *Tarantola:* In which Revolution there were so many prodigious things happened, that were they not *recent*, and done as it were but t'other day, they would be held for meer *Romances* . . . that this Tumult from a small spark should come to be so huge a fire, from a little source should come to be such a rapid Torrent, that from a weak blast it should so suddenly come to such an impetuous Whirlwind. . . .[21]

Thus: Revolution was born in metaphor, and the literary marks of its birth have been ineradicable. Indeed its whole political evolution as one of mankind's archetypal concepts and mythological symbols has, through changing circumstances over turbulent centuries, been dominated by what I have previously called a metaphorical imperative. It has, now as then, always been close to the spark and the fire, the river and the torrent, the storm and the whirlwind, the volcano and the earthquake, and above all the circles of time and the progressions of the very heavens.

[21] James Howell, *Parthenopoeia, or the History of the Most Noble and Renowned Kingdom of Naples* (1654). The first part is "by that Famous Antiquary Scipio Mazzella", and the second part which takes "the Thread of the Story to these present Times" was compiled by Howell.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPARENTLY, IN THE CLEARER, MORE DISTANT Italian light, things were seen more sharply; and in the historical account of Masaniello which Howell translated into English he has preserved for us an unforgettable portrait of a revolutionary.[22] It probably was not easy to accept that in the turbulent hurly-burly of a revolution as well as in the traditional excitements of official wars there was (as we well know in the story from Aristonicus to Trotsky and Guevara) an historic opportunity for human achievement, for performances of unusual panache. Here, in a long memorable passage worth rescuing from the archives, is the almost unprecedented recognition of the heroic proportions of the revolutionary personality in its most majestic moments.

> Masaniello, although but young, and of a very low birth, but having the empty gale of popular applause blowing upon him, and of such a huge masse of people as are in Naples, obtain'd the truncheon of generall command over them. But the wonder is greater that so base a creature (I will not say a Fisherman, but a Fishermans boy, nor a complete man, but a youth in manner) should draw after him such swarms of people, and the second day to be attended by the civillest and discrete of men; the third to make himself the absolute Commander o're them, and the charge of Generalissimo, ev'ry one shewing obedience to his commands accordingly; the fourth and fifth day by his sagacious orders, ready dispatches, and opportune expedients; and above all, by his spiritfulness, efficacy and capacity in negotiating businesses of so great importance. He was held to be of such wisdome and counsell, that he rais'd a kind of admiration in all men, and particularly in the mind of the Arch-bishop, who more than any other had occasion to try his capacity and treat with him, and by the rigorous justice from the first day of his reign to the last of his usurped dominion which he exercis'd, as also for his precipitated barbarismes, as we shall touch anon, the ugly horrors and astonishments he struck into the whole City. He had with an unspeakable boldness which seem'd wonderfull to the present, and will seem incredible to the absent, not as a Plebean or some abject fellow, but like a kind of great martiall Commander, having threats in his looks, terrors in his gestures, and revenge in his countenance, subjugated all Naples. . . .

The mutant emergence of the revolutionary as hero—wise and resourceful, fearsome and overwhelming—combines the genetic virtues of mythical warrior and blessed saint, of ancient prophet and Renaissance virtuoso.

> This Naples, though having six hundred thousand souls in her, saw herself commanded by a poor abject vile Fisherboy, who rais'd a numerous Army amounting in a few hours to one hundred & fifty thousand men. He made trenches, set sentinells, laid spies, gave signes, chastised the Banditi, condemned the guilty, viewed the Squadrons, rank'd the Files, comforted the fearfull, confirm'd the stout, incouraged the bold, promised rewards, threatened the suspected, reproach'd the coward, applauded the valiant, and marvellously incited the minds of men, by many degrees his superiors, to battell, to burnings, to plunder, to spoile, to blood and to death. The whole City, yea the Spaniards themselfs stood astonished, that in so great and so confus'd a multitude of infinite numbers of armed peeple, he could proceed so regular in his orders, and that they were so exactly observed, that there was never seen nor known the like. . . . That among such a world of tempting rich goods which there were burnt up and down. he would not suffer the value of a pin to be converted to private use. . . .[23]

The end of the story, and it had the kind of unhappy end which could only have encouraged Howell and his faithful readers, I shall leave to another place.[24]

---

[22] In a letter to his friend Samuel Bonnell in Old Jewry Street, Howell wrote: ". . . I also highly thank you for the Italian Manuscript you sent me of the late Revolutions in Naples." He was referring to the text of Alessandro Giraffi's, *Le Rivolutioni di Napoli*, published in Venice in 1647. Howell's translation appeared in 1650: *An Exact Historie of the Late Revolutions in Naples; and of their Monstrous Successes, Not to be parallel'd by any Ancient or Modern History*. A final instalment was published in 1652: *The Second Part of Masaniello . . . A Continuation of the Tumult*.

[23] This is from the 5th day *della rivolutione*, 11 July 1647, *An Exact Historie*, pp. 102-105.

On the semantic aspects, see: V. F. Snow, "The Concept of Revolution in 17th-century England", *Historical Journal*, 1962, no. 2, pp. 167-174. Arthur Hatto, "Revolution: an Enquiry into the Usefulness of an Historical Term", *Mind*, 1949, pp. 495-517. J. M. Goulemot, "Le Mot révolution et la formation du concept de révolution politique (fin XVIIe siécle)", *Annales historiques de la Révolution française*, no. 190, octobre-décembre 1967, pp 417-444; and the previously published chapters from my own forthcoming book, *Utopia and Revolution*.

[24] I also leave to a subsequent page the curious role that the figure of Masaniello played in the history of 19th-century revolution, *viz.*, in the Belgian revolution against Holland which was sparked by the riots that followed a tumultuous performance of Auber's opera about Masaniello (*La Muette de Portici*) in Brussels' Royal Theatre; in the attitudes of Goethe to these revolts of 1830, after a local performance of "Masaniello" in Weimar; in the radicalisation of Richard Wagner in the Paris of the 1840s, when he admired Auber's "Masaniello masterpiece" and took inspiration for his manifestos on behalf of "Utopia" and "Revolution"; in the striking comment of Russia's Tsar Nicholas on Bakunin's adventurous proposals for a Pan-Slav uprising →

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUT FOR NOW WHAT MUST BE ASKED is whether in the sight of so "unparalleled" a revolutionary force that had been let loose to shake the European established order, any new political insight or principle of statesmanship emerged. We are here in the earliest stages of the modern formulations of the strategies of reform and revolution. Did the revolutionaries succeed because the reformists failed? The issue was not quite understood in that differentiated way; a modern left, right, and centre had not yet taken their fixed ideological places; utopianism and revolutionism were too new to be seen steadily or whole. Yet Howell tried to grope his way erratically to the English tactics which might preserve a political establishment, indeed a whole social order, from the onset of mortal danger.

Howell's indictment of the men who would reform everything, who would (in Milton's phrase) even "reform reformation itself", was the conventional one, set out in the stereotyped imagery of a limited political vocabulary.

> To mend a thing by demolishing it, is as curing a sick body by knocking him in the head . . . It was easier far to pull down, thn build up; one may batter to pieces in one houre that which cannot be built in an age.

They were bad carpenters, incompetent doctors, and even worse sailors.

> . . . 'Tis true there were a few small leakes sprung in the great vessel of the State (and what vessel was ever so tite but was subject to leakes?) but these wise-akers in stopping of one have made a hundred . . .

But if there were only "a few small leakes", then surely the new repairs could be easily attended to; there are even a few simple cures for some sick bodies. What stood in the way, however, was an absolutist principle of traditionalism which sought stability in inertia and permanent safety in established fixities. No motion or new impetus could be introduced into the system to disturb an ancient immobilism.

> Innovations are of dangerous consequence in all things, specially in a settled well tempered ancient State; therefore there should be great heed taken before any ancient Court of Judicature, erected as a Pillar to support Justice by the wisdom of our Progenitors, be quite put down; for it may shake the whole Frame of Government, and introduce a change; and changes in Government are commonly fatall, for seldom comes a better . . .

And yet things did move; and when the unforeseen tumblings and shakings proceeded to upset the existing form of things, a hectic attempt was made to introduce some give-and-take into the inflexible frame. Old imagery was revised, and familiar metaphors redeployed. Howell's advice now was "moderation":

> . . . I would have you to keep as neer as you can between the Tropiques and temperate Zones. I would have things reduced to their true Principles, would have things *reformed*, not *ruin'd* . . .

The prudent traveller, presumably, could now cooly find his proper bearings, as the gardener would wisely try different methods.

> I well hoped, that in regard they pretended to *reform* things only, they would not have quite extirpated, but *regulated* only . . . to have lopp'd and prun'd, not to have destroyed root and branch of that ancient tree. . . .[25]

To prune and not to uproot — we have met this formula before, and we will meet it again in the late Leveller ideology of a chastened Lilburne and Walwyn. The extremes came to touch; coming confusedly from opposite directions, they met for a fleeting moment, lost and desperate, in a moderate middle.

A King's Theory of Concessions

IT WAS A PRIVILEGED INSIGHT which the revolutionary events did not quite vouchsafe to the central tragic figure of the epoch.

"I resolved to reform what I should", King Charles wrote in the *Eikon Basilike*, copies

throughout Europe; and in the oddity of even Tocqueville, while in Amalfi, turning to thoughts of Masaniello.

This aura of uncanny fascination already attached itself to the figure of Masaniello in his own day. John Locke pondered the nature of political sovereignty from Adam to Cromwell and Masaniello. And there was among Spinoza's papers (found after his death in 1677) an astonishing self-portrait in which the philosopher, out of some complex impulse (Léon Roth warns us against "oversimplifying" the point), pictures himself as Masaniello; and Spinoza can be seen wearing the young fisherman's attire as in the first stormy days of the Neapolitan *rivoluzione*! John Locke, *Two Treatises of Government* (1689) par. 79. Johann Colero, *Das Leben des Bened. von Spinoza* (1733), pp. 37-38. Léon Roth, *Spinoza* (1929), p. 11. Benedetto Croce, *Storia del Regno di Napoli* (1925), p. 36.

[25] *Apologs, or Fables Mythologized* (1643). *An Italian Perspective* (1647), *A Nocturnal Progress* (1645), in *Several Treatises*, pp. 174, 191-192, 295, 330-331.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of which were already in circulation on the day of his execution in Whitehall (30 January 1649).[26] His sacred duty had been "to preserve", but (as it became posthumously known, with much retrospective poignancy) "at least I looked for such moderate desires of due reformation of what was indeed amiss in church and state as might still preserve the foundation and essentials of government in both, not shake and quite overthrow either of them without any regard to the laws in force. . . ."

These royal concessions were too little and too tragically late; he was not to be the only ill-starred monarch who seized at the prospect of liberalisation when events had already outrun the opportunities for expedient compromise. Nor was it, I suspect, that there was here a serious change of mind or heart about the principle of social amelioration. It was rather a shrewd and sensitive shift in verbal tactics, and Dr John Gauden, ghost-writing here for the King,[27] turned with much stylistic élan to that basic semantic strategy of every establishment under radical attack: We are all reformers now. "I had formerly declared to sober and moderate minds", Dr Gauden has the King say, "how desirous I was to give all just content when I agreed to so many bills, which had been enough to secure and satisfy all, if some men's hydropic insatiableness had not learned to thirst the more by how much more they drank, whom no fountain of royal bounty was able to overcome, so resolved they seemed either utterly to exhaust it or barbarously to obstruct it. . . ."

Indeed this is the eternal illusion of rulers destroyed by revolutionary extremism: that they had offered enough, and even more than enough.

> No man can be more forward than myself to carry on all due reformations with mature judgment and a good conscience in what things I shall, after impartial advice, be by God's word and right reason convinced to be amiss. I have offered more than ever the fullest, freest and wisest Parliaments did desire.

Where he failed in the actual political crises of the day, by default and deviousness or by disastrous policy, he now tried to make good in reminiscence. History was past politics, rewritten. The differences among the embattled factions may have been great, but "I was willing to condescend as far as reason, honour, and conscience would give me leave. . . ."

> I was willing to condescend so far to the settling of them as might have given fair satisfaction to all men whom faction, covetousness, or superstition had not engaged more than any true zeal, charity, or love of reformation.

It is difficult to tell how much was genuine royal conviction and how much a propagandist's excess. In the shadow of death the ruler dramatically emerges as a proud reformer, a convinced instrument of glorious change and progress: it is almost too much. "No glory is more to be envied", according to the *Eikon Basilike*, "than that of due reforming either church or state, when deformities are such that the perturbation and novelty are not likely to exceed the benefit of reforming. . . ." The King adds: "I should be glad to see it done. . . ." And he confesses that he was "well pleased with this Parliament's first intentions to reform what the indulgence of times and corruption of manners might have depraved. . . ."

IT WOULD BE DECISIVE in any definitive historical evaluation to match these words against the actual happenings of those excited years: once again, how much of the defence was reasonable and how much rationalisation? I can only content myself here with something less than ultimate judgment on the mélange of fact and fiction, and confine the analysis to those constituent psychological and semantic elements which make up the framework of every ideological apologia. It is a structure of sentiment and language which, alas, holds together coherently, irrespective of

[26] *Eikon Basilike: The Portraiture of His Sacred Majesty in His Solitudes and Sufferings* (1649; ed. Knachel, 1966). All my quotations are from this edition published for the Folger Shakespeare Library. See also: Francis F. Madan, *A New Bibliography of the Eikon Basilike* (1950), and H. R. Trevor-Roper, "Eikon Basilike: The Problem of the King's Book", in *Historical Essays* (1957), pp. 211-220.

[27] The authorship of the *Eikon Basilike* is a problem to which vast scholarly attention has been paid, ever since John Milton charged (with, at the time, almost no evidence) that the work attributed to the late King was a "forgery". The consensus of specialist opinion today, as summed up by Philip A. Knachel of the Folger Library (*Eikon Basilike*, p. xxxii), is: ". . . *Eikon Basilike*, though actually written by Dr John Gauden, was based on a core of material which the King had himself composed—and Gauden's manuscript was read and corrected by the King before going to press".

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its relationship to factors of truth and sincerity. Historians will always differ about the complicated realities and whether the Civil War and the Puritan Revolution were inevitable and justified or not.[28] The patterns of ideological explanation would appear to be of a simpler nature. The true believer in things as they are either goes down to defeat in defiance, or with some courage and much casuistry revises his principles in order to survive. Charles Stuart understood the dilemma. In one of the most revealing sentences in the *Eikon Basilike*, the King confessed: "It is some skill in play to know when a game is lost; better fairly to go over than to contest in vain." From the point of view of the essential principles of conservatism and liberalism, or of reform and revolution, the King here was "going over". It gains an additional measure of melancholic profundity from its being a posthumous movement.

> So various are all human affairs and so necessitous may the state of princes be that their greatest danger may be in their supposed safety and their safety in their supposed danger.

As it happened Charles' supposed danger was also his real danger; there was no safety anywhere, surely not in belated exercises in tactical rhetoric; and doubtless he knew this all too bitterly. "Some remedies are worse than the disease and some comforters more miserable than misery itself. . . ."

In the end (and it was literally the end) neither the King's personal desperation nor Dr Gauden's literary strategy could prevent the simple essence of traditional power politics from burning through. Charles had known early on how dangerous and incompatible were those dissenting zealots who claimed to speak in the name of the public good and happiness and sought to transform the kingdom into a "new Utopia of Religion and Government". This was closer to the true political illumination of his life: ". . . the devil of rebellion doth commonly turn himself into an angel of reformation and the old serpent can pretend new lights . . . ." All the rest was tactics and casuistry; and there is a touch of personal sadness and spiritual confusion about the final spectacle in which the "Necessitous" danger forced a Divine Monarch himself into such a devilish and serpentine pretence of new lights. . . .

> Let nothing seem little or despicable to you in matters which concern religion and the church's peace, so as to neglect a speedy reforming and effectual suppressing errors and schisms: which seem at first but as a handbreadth, by seditious spirits as by strong winds, are soon made to cover and darken the whole heaven.

Where, then, was the "glory" of reform? Wasn't it all "condescension"? Clearly we are dealing here not with a strategy of change, but a diversionary tactic (and an ineffectual one at that) for the preservation and consolidation of the existing order. In telling support of this there is Clarendon's frank comment about the King's "concessions"—". . . which his late majesty yielded unto with much less cheerfulness than he walked to the scaffold, and upon the promise of many powerful men then in the Parliament that he should not be obliged to accomplish that agreement. . . ."[29]

THE AUTHORITY AND POWER of a sacred establishment was being challenged by the insolent forces of utopia and revolution. To reform as quickly, and as little, as possible might have been to divert. To resist, if at times flexibly, was to fulfil duty, honour, and necessity: but always in the shadow of an elemental fear that to extend a hand is to endanger a royal crown: to give a finger would be to lose an arm, and more.

---

[28] Thus, against the historical version which sees in the "Puritan revolution" a necessary and decisive stage of capitalism, "the rise of the bourgeoisie", and general modernisation, Professor Trevor-Roper has argued: "Socially, as politically, the Revolution had been a failure, and the history of England after 1660 was a continuation of its history before 1640. The Interregnum was merely an untidy interruption. The only permanent changes were a few constitutional changes that could have been, and sometimes had been, achieved by peaceful legislation, and certainly did not require civil war, revolution and military dictatorship. . . ." H. R. Trevor-Roper, "The Social Causes of the Great Rebellion", in *Historical Essays*, p. 204.

For a sharp critique of the errors and contradictions of Christopher Hill's efforts at a Marxian interpretation, see also Charles Wilson, "Economics and Politics in the 17th Century", in *Economic History and the Historian* (1969), pp. 1-21.

[29] Clarendon, *History of the Rebellion*, vol. VI, p. 180.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Unstable Centre

THE DOGMA OF THE INERT sovereign absolute was formulated with characteristic extremism by Thomas Hobbes in his *Leviathan* (1651):

> . . . And to descend to particulars, the people are to be taught, first, that they ought not to be in love with any form of government they see in their neighbouring nations, more than with their own, nor, whatsoever present prosperity they behold in nations that are otherwise governed than they, to desire change. For the prosperity of a people ruled by an aristocrat, or democratical assembly, cometh not from aristocracy, nor from democracy, but from the obedience and concord of the subjects: nor do the people flourish in a monarchy because one man has the right to rule them, but because they obey him. Take away in any kind of state, the obedience, and consequently the concord of the people, and they shall not only not flourish, but in short time be dissolved. And they that go about by disobedience, to do no more than reform the commonwealth, shall find they do thereby destroy it; like the foolish daughters of Peleus, in the fable; which desiring to renew the youth of their decrepit father, did by the counsel of Medes, cut him in pieces, and boil him, together with strange herbs, but made not of him a new man. This desire of change is like the breach of the first of God's commandments . . .

There were those, among the contemporary readers of Hobbes' *Leviathan*, who thought this tended to reflect the loyalism of the scholarly monarchist who was for many years part of the Stuart court in French exile. There were also those who suspected that it was an opportunistic justification for the aggrandised power of the Lord General, the political price in fact (as Clarendon charged, recalling Hobbes' remark: "I have a mind to go home") for his unmolested return to England. Or did he have two masters in mind when he wrote:

> . . . how great a fault it is, to speak evil of the sovereign representative whether one man, or an assembly of men; or to argue and dispute his power; or any way to use his name irreverently, whereby he may be brought into contempt with his people, and their obedience, in which the safety of the commonwealth consisteth, slackened.

Constitutionalists could not but think him a reactionary apologist for arbitrary, changeless, and decrepit tyranny; yet his abstract theories, so rigorously reasoned and still so full of "Utopian fancy", were considered by orthodox royalists to be a dangerous piece of intellectual subversion.

In times when a social order is in a process of bewildering change, any incursion of innovating ideology, from whichever militant quarter, is taken to be a species of radical incendiarism. One of Hobbes' contemporary readers felt that such artificial theorems of government would only "put all to fire and flame". In a striking epigram that would suit all the ages of utopia and revolution, a 17th-century critic wrote: "*New statesmen promise golden mountains.*" Old statesmen feared even worse: for what was being upset was not only the social but the cosmic order itself; Hobbes was "positive for Copernicus" and in his views of time and earthly motion "would have the earth itself turned upside down in nature. . . ." Unmoved and uncompromising, Hobbes ranged himself loftily against all those doubters who objected that there could be no "principles of reason" to support such an adventurous exercise in absolute theory:

> . . . Wherein they argue as ill, as if the savage people of America, should deny there were any grounds, or principles of reason, so to build a house, as to last as long as the materials, because they never yet saw any so well built . . . so, long time after men have begun to constitute commonwealths, imperfect and apt to relapse into disorder, there may principles of reason be found out, by industrious meditation, to make their constitution, excepting by external violence, everlasting.

America? Perhaps it was there that one could find "a fit place" for the experiment in everlasting political perfection, and his ironical adversary could not leave off recommending that Hobbes "should have the sole privilege of setting up his form of government in America, as being calculated and fitted for that Meridian. . . . And if it prosper there, then have the liberty to transplant it hither; who knoweth (if there could but be some means devised to make them understand his language), whether the Americans might not chuse him for their Sovereign? . . ."

For the time being, however, some of Hobbes' less spirited critics held up to him an alternative of moderate improvements, even if "insensibly and little by little". Flourishing the pragmatical superiority of the working politician for the political theorist, Clarendon suggested that Hobbes try and learn a few real things by turning from his "solitary cogitations" and taking a practical place in Parliament. There he could learn, slowly, like some mason's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apprentice, to build with his hands; and here we are back again to the language of homely similes. What could have been more galling for the linguistic philosopher who (not being above a fiery analogy himself) considered metaphors to be like "*ignes fatui*" and had relegated them curtly to the realm of "senseless and ambiguous words"? "Reasoning upon them", Hobbes said, "is wandering amongst innumerable absurdities . . .". Perhaps Clarendon knew what he was doing when he offered him an old trusty of an architectural metaphor:

> It is a very hard matter for an architect in state and policy, who doth despise all precedents, and will not observe any rules of practice, to make such a model of government as will be in any degree pleasant to the governor or the governed, or secure for either.[30]

In any event, the spirit of Hobbes' principle of authoritarian inflexibility, whomever it tended to serve, could only discourage the frame of mind in which change and reform would ever be taken to be timely, practical, or believable. Somewhere in the panic and disarray of the Stuart circle, among the moves and moods of Clarendon and Hobbes and even the King himself, that ancient benevolent maxim of "condescent by grace"—by which rulers constantly improved the condition of their subjects, thus making for prosperity and contentment through harmonious rearrangements—was scuttled. The one principle which it was death to compromise was, namely, the principle of compromise.

THERE IS A PERENNIAL DRAMA HERE in the temperamental human conflict over the evaluation of the cues of basic self-interest and personal *amour-propre,* and the timing of prudent conciliation or principled steadfastness; and it will never be played out in any one version deemed to be wise, sound, correct, and supported by the putative maxims of experience or the alleged lessons of the past. Reform between reaction and revolution resides at an inevitably unstable centre, at which point—even if it could hold—the tragic pressures of "passionate intensity" from the combined extremes of the best and the worst are inescapable.

In one of the King's final prayers—the lines were actually Sir Philip Sidney's, taken (as Milton wickedly pointed out) from the pagan *Arcadia*—there is the last, vain hope: "... Let calamity be the exercise, but not the overthrow, of my virtue. O let not their prevailing power be to my destruction. . . ." In Howell's royal epitaph there remained only the grave, pious, mid-revolutionary regret:

> *So falls that stately cedar, while it stood*
> *That was the only glory of the wood.*
> *Great Charles, thou earthly god,*
> *celestial man. . . .*[31]

[30] Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan, or the Matter, Forme and Power of a Commonwealth Ecclesiastical and Civil* (1651; ed. Oakeshott, 1945), pp. 28-30, 220-222. John Bowle, *Hobbes and His Critics* (1951), pp. 90-98, 120, 169, 185.

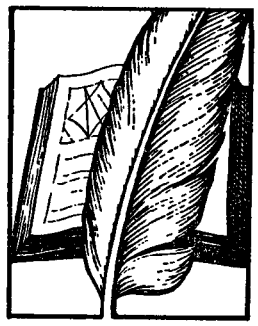
[31] *Eikon Basilike,* pp. 184, 195.

The Astronomer's Fall

Enough star-gazing! it's high time
I saw the garden for a change;—
But long sight, hardship of the old,
Has snatched those blossoms from my range.

Edward Lowbury

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Column

IN RECENT YEARS we have become accustomed to seeing, as in some mystic vision, the face of Christ appearing wherever we go, among the crowds in the street, at dinner parties and football matches, in the underground, at love-ins and sit-ins, university lectures, the dentist's waiting-room. Christ was everywhere; one could hardly turn one's head without catching a glimpse of that tragic countenance, the long hair, the curling side-locks, the bearded mouth and cheeks. The Christ of Byzantine icons, the Christ of Giotto, the Christ of Leonardo, of Mantegna, of Holman Hunt; he came in all shapes and sizes, in every form in which he has ever presented himself to men's imagination, mostly in flowing robes and sandals, or in jeans and T-shirts, but sometimes also in dinner jackets and business suits, presenting himself to us with the same insistence as the gentleman who advertises Scotch Whisky in American magazines. I have been into pubs and seen half-a-dozen of him at one glance, happily drinking beer in the four-ale bar and discussing the latest pop festival.

Of course, one understands that this was not really Him. It was merely an effect, one thought, of some curious quirk of youthful fashion, a literally superficial phenomenon, a by-product of the sartorial and tonsorial revolution which has changed the face of the Western world in recent years. Of course there were some observers, like the Warden of All Souls, who professed to believe that a change of face also implied something deeper, that the sudden appearance of so many Jesus figures meant that the Galilean really had conquered at last in the hearts of the young and, in the image of the crucified hippy, had become a symbol for their deepest longings. But this, one felt, was to take the matter rather too seriously. If we were to believe that every fashionable mutation implied some kind of spiritual conversion, one would also have to accept that the heart of the young had become a kind of battlefield in which not only Jesus but Lord Kitchener and Mr Fish struggled for ascendancy.

And yet, it appears, we may have been wrong, and those beards and side-curls portended something more than a purely facial Imitation of Christ, even though they might go together with hash and LSD and all the other keys to unlock the artificial paradises of the young. For after so many prophets to whom the young have given their devotion during the last decade, after the Maos and the Guevaras and Marcuses and Timothy Learys, it seems that this year it is Jesus who has come out on top, and that all the hippies and drop-outs who took their hair styles from him were in fact modern John the Baptists, feeding on locusts and wild honey while they prepared the way for the coming of the Messiah.

Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ,
Who are you? What have you sacrificed?
Jesus Christ Superstar
Do you think you're what they say you are?

This lyric is from *Jesus Christ Superstar*, the rock opera which, as a successor to *Hair*, has been enjoying a sensational success on Broadway this summer, while off Broadway *Godspell*, which ends with a modern version of the Crucifixion and a renewed promise of resurrection, has enjoyed a similar triumph.

BUT IT IS NOT ONLY in the theatre that Jesus has staged so unexpected a come-back. Throughout the United States, groups of young people have sprung up, many spontaneously but others under the patronage of the churches, composed of those who have transcended the ecstasies of drugs and sex in order to surrender to the even greater thrill of coming to Jesus; and the American language itself, as ever hospitable to every new sensation, is already having to adapt itself to accommodate their experience. According to *Time* magazine, the new rebel cry of the young is *Jesus is coming!* —and on Hollywood Boulevard, on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, in Dallas, in Detroit, in Wichita, "Jesusfreaks" are testifying to the power of the Lord. Strip joints have been converted into "Christian night-clubs", "Jesus-rock" has captured the hot-spots where once the Beatles sang, and in the streets of the cities the "Jesus-sign", with the index finger raised towards heaven, points out to pedestrians the way to salvation. Young paralytics are carried to mass baptism in the Pacific at Corona del Mar; Pentecostal hippies receive the gift of tongues, in the form of glossolalia, a kind of babble of baby talk which attests the presence of the Lord. The Bible has displaced the underground press and Hermann Hesse as prescribed reading for drop-outs, and is only equalled in popularity by *The Cross and the Switchblade,*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by David Wilkerson, an account of the conversion of Teenage Ganglord Nicky Cruz, of which 6,000,000 copies have been sold; and a screen version has been made starring Pat Boone as the author.

NOT THAT CONVERSION COMES easily. The way to salvation led, in one typical case, through marijuana and compulsive television viewing through LSD, Eastern religions, and Bible reading to listening to hot gospeller Ted Wise at Sproul Plaza in Berkeley. It is a progress which might well deter even the most determined pilgrim. And the danger of backsliding is also present; a girl convert kept a stock of marijuana in hand in case of need but when the moment of temptation came she "flushed it down the john in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." For as a leader of the Jesusfreaks has said: "You can use drugs after Jesus, but you won't need them."

ARE SUCH PHENOMENA to be taken seriously, even portentously, as *Time* does, with its rather pathetic attempt to extract some kind of sense out of the theology of the Jesus-people? If at all, then surely as one more symptom of the almost total confusion of values which prevails in the United States at the present time and shows itself, not unnaturally, at its most acute in the minds of the young. Perhaps a future historian will note that *Jesus is coming!* became the new battle cry of the Republic in the year of the devaluation of the dollar, which marked the end of an age in which almost every American dream had been confounded. He will surely also note that Jesusfreaking, unlike previous manifestations of youthful dissent or revolt, is an activity in which the old can indulge as enthusiastically as the young, and responds to that strong strain of religious revivalism which has been a characteristic of life in the Republic since the days of Cotton Mather. Even though a Christian underground newspaper may describe Jesus as "a typical hippy type—long hair, beard, robe, sandals. Hangs around slum areas, few rich friends, often sneaks into the desert," He is still officially worshipped in the temples of the money changers; and a freak who brought Jesus home with him is likely to receive a better welcome from his parents than if he brings pot or acid or a bedmate. Perhaps, in the end, Jesus will bridge the gulf between the generations in America. After all, there is really nothing to prevent President Nixon, especially in view of next year's presidential election, from suddenly proclaiming himself a Jesusfreak. On Election Day, every vote counts.

SO FAR, HOWEVER, Jesus seems to have had His eye chiefly on the United States; perhaps He felt that it was there He was needed most. In this country we have received a harbinger of the new movement in the person of the Reverend Arthur Blessitt, minister of Sunset Strip, Hollywood, who at this moment, with his wife and four children, a wooden cross, a guitar and a tambourine, is engaged on a Jesus march through Britain. But so far at least his campaign does not seem to have achieved any notable conversions, and one cannot help being doubtful about his reception in Belfast where at the moment Jesusfreaks of all denominations are chiefly occupied in their time-honoured pastime of cutting each other's throats. One would like to think that possibly a meeting between Mr Blessitt and an old and tried Jesusfreak, the Reverend Ian Paisley, might prove a powerful means of grace in war-torn Ulster. In London some of the converts he has left behind seem to be alarming Church of England guardians. As the Rev. Kenneth Leach, vicar of St. Anne's, Soho, has said:

> They are potentially harmful because the movement is basically escapist, intolerant and unintelligent. . . . They are concerned with individual piety and have chosen a form of irrational hysteria, which seems to incorporate the worst features of the hippy scene and the American evangelical movement.

Yet not very far from Soho a very native note was struck on behalf of the new orthodox revival in the so-called "Festival of Light". Patrick O'Donovan reported the good news on the front page of *The Observer* (26 Sept.):

> The Festival of Light, designed to dam—or at least to protest against—the flood of moral pollution in Britain, ended in London last evening. . . .
>
> About 60,000 people took part in it and though clearly devoted and moved, they were astonishingly exactly the same sort of people who make up any contemporary demonstration.
>
> They were young and happy. They were in the uniform of the young. Many wore sweat shirts emblazoned with the flaming motif of the Festival. Some had "Jesus" embroidered on their leather jackets. They carried placards that proclaimed: "We love Jesus" and other words to that effect. And they completely filled Trafalgar Square. But without reading their signs and symbols there was no way of telling what they were there for by their faces, age or clothing. . . .
>
> The mood of the crowd was American fundamentalist protestant. They shouted "Amen" and "Hallelujah" even at Malcolm Muggeridge. They

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> jumped to the sounds of the Salvation Army Band that played hymns and they seemed to know all the words of "Onward Christian Soldiers". . . .
>
> The young people sang and saluted by holding up one arm and pointing a finger at the sky, which is the gesture of the Jesus movement in the United States. Some, however, held up both arms in a Mosaic gesture that is now an acceptable form of praying with the young.

ON THE CONTINENT Jesus appears to have been relatively inactive. In Germany, however, young people seem to be suffering a form of conversion which has some interesting parallels with the experiences of their contemporaries in the United States. Just as, there, *Time* finds it worthwhile to devote a long and detailed cover story to the "Jesus revolution", so its German counterpart *Spiegel* devotes an equally lengthy article to the German youth movement's "flight from society" in the summer of 1971. Only in Germany it is not Jesus, but Nature, who calls the young, gathering them to her maternal breast in an embrace which excludes all those political, social, intellectual and sexual troubles which have agitated them so much in recent years, singing them to sleep in a womb that has never been penetrated by the evils of post-industrial society.

And just as, in the United States, Jesus calls His children away from sex and hash and psychedelic visions, so in Germany Nature summons hers from the world of hippy's delights, to learn the pastoral virtues of the simple life on the land, where every prospect pleases and only economic man is vile. Agricultural labour, handicrafts, the primitive services required by a rural economy, the simple pleasures of an uncorrupted peasantry are the true cure for the bad dreams that have haunted the mind of German youth; and on the land they would recover the primal innocence of those who live close to Nature, eat Nature's food and breathe an air unpolluted by the smog of the cities. Away with those sex- and drug-induced hallucinations of imminent revolution and a totally reconstructed society!

In Germany, as in the United States, the way of salvation is to be found in small, self-supporting groups and communities who have forsworn the world, the flesh and the devil. According to *Spiegel* these new Cistercians are welcomed by the rural population among which they settle. Their rustic neighbours regard with an affectionate tolerance, as for wayward children, their eccentricities of dress and behaviour, their eager enthusiasm for the idiocy of village life, their endeavour to create a niche for themselves in the rural interstices of a capitalist economy. In this, perhaps, one can see the same kind of relief as that of respectable American parents who find that they have on their hands, instead of a sex- or drug-inebriated hippy, a gentle Jesus whose conversion has at least something in common with their own staider variety of religion.

TO BE SURE, Germany has seen all this before, in the return to nature practised by the pre-Nazi German youth movement, the *Wandervögel*, who happily wandered hand-in-hand-through the length and breadth of Germany, singing German folk songs and celebrating the pagan rites of their Nordic ancestors, clinging to the bosom of Nature and rejecting with contempt the bourgeois values of an ossified and stratified society. Many Germans still alive today may be tempted to see in this new return to Nature a repetition of the ecstasies and enthusiasms of their own youth and to rejoice in the fact that, in a new guise, the *Wandervögel* are on the march again.

But few, one would imagine, remembering the unhappy end of the *Wandervögel*, and the ease with which Hitler transformed them into Storm-troops, can be free from doubt whether this renewed flight from society is an entirely healthy phenomenon. No doubt it is a relief if students cease from rioting and children renounce promiscuity and drugs. Yet one can reasonably wonder whether either Jesusfreaking or Nature love-ins will in the long run prove an adequate substitute; whether indeed they will not prove to be simply another narcotic designed to provide an escape from, not a cure for, the evils by which the young feel themselves to be oppressed.

For what both the Jesus Revolution and the flight into Nature have in common is a particular kind of mindlessness which implicitly accepts that there are no rational solutions to the evils and problems of our times, indeed comes close to saying that reason itself is at the root of them. One is tempted to write, not mindlessness, but simple silliness, which, as Aldous Huxley reminded us in *The Devils of Loudun*, comes high among the vices. It leads its devotees into a voluntary surrender of the mind to other powers, which are held to be beneficent, but since they necessarily work in ways which are mysterious, it is faith alone which makes us think them so. In fact, if we were to judge from history, we should have much more reason to mistrust them than to believe in them. *R*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Presents of mind

Yes, a year's subscription to ENCOUNTER is the perfect answer to the Christmas gift problem. Not only do you give your friends twelve months of solid intellectual pleasure, but you save yourself a host of chores—crowded shopping, parcel-packing and posting. Once you have sent us your order, we look after everything, including a gift announcement card and the cost of postage to wherever your friends may be . . .

Save 25% on Christmas gift subscriptions

What is more, our special rates for these Christmas gifts save you up to 25% of the usual price! All we ask is that you should not include any friends who, as far as you know, are already buying ENCOUNTER regularly. And please note that these reduced rates are not intended for the renewal of previous gifts or for your own subscription. You will find an order form overleaf. It will help us greatly to have your instructions well before Christmas.

Offer closes on 10th Jan., 1972

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTMAS GIFT ORDER FORM

REDUCED RATES FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS

Gift subscriptions will start with the January 1972 issue, posted shortly before Christmas. Time permitting, a specially designed card announcing your gift will reach the recipient by Christmas day. This special offer, which is not intended for your own subscription or the renewal of previous gifts, closes on January 10th, 1972.

YOUR NAME

My name and address are as follows:

YOUR GIFTS

Please enter Christmas gift subscriptions for the following:
BLOCK LETTERS THROUGHOUT PLEASE

Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Sign Gift Card from.....

Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Sign Gift Card from.....

Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Sign Gift Card from.....

Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Sign Gift Card from.....

Extra gifts can be ordered on a separate sheet of paper

PAYMENT

Enclose payment with this form

The cost of each subscription is £3.0.0 or $10.50 by surface mail. A subscription air-speeded to the U.S.A. or Canada costs $12.00 (please mark order "AIR" if this is required). Dollar cheques, sterling cheques and postal orders, can be accepted; if you can only pay separately by money order or bank transfer, please give details of the arrangements you have made. A receipt will not be sent unless requested.

Encounter · 59 St. Martin's Lane · London WC2 · England

NOV.

To avoid damaging your magazine cut out along this line

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bellow & Herzog

By Gabriel Josipovici

THERE'S A LOT OF MOVEMENT in Saul Bellow's *Herzog*, but the only action is a botched action: Herzog's failure to carry out his plan and kill his former wife Madeleine and her lover Valentine Gersbach. Anguished Herzog rushes from New York to the peace of Vineyard Haven and his friend Libbie but he's no sooner there than he decides to fly back to the capital. He spends the day in his apartment and the night with his current mistress; but the next day he's off again, to Chicago this time and his murderous mission. Instead of murder, however, he is involved in a minor traffic accident and hauled off to the police station for illegal possession of firearms. Bailed out by his brother, he ends up where we have first found him, in his vast decaying house in the middle of the Berkshires.

It is not, however, all this flurry of meaningless activity that gives the book its sense of continuous turmoil. That comes from the ceaseless inner activity which grips Herzog and of which the external movement is merely a symptom. The greater part of the novel is taken up with Herzog by himself, writing compulsive letters to his friends, his enemies, the newspapers, politicians, "and at last to the dead, his own obscure dead and finally the famous dead." Sometimes the letters are only scribbled on odd bits of paper and promptly forgotten; most of the time they never get put on to paper at all. But though they seem to burst out of him wildly, spontaneously, and often peter out after no more than a sentence and nearly always before the end, a clear and consistent position does emerge from them, a position whose defining characteristic is that it cannot be reduced to any purely abstract statement, but which relates at almost every point to Herzog's own troubled life. To understand the novel we need to understand what this position is.

Like that of Swift in *A Tale of a Tub*, it can be expressed diagrammatically as the rejection of two false extremes. These Herzog calls "crisis ethics" and "potato love" respectively. Like Swift too, Herzog goes behind the labels that people and movements give themselves and brings out the essential similarity between many apparently disparate phenomena. And like Swift he believes that extremes meet and that crisis ethics and potato love are only facets of one attitude to both man and history. What meaning then do the terms have for him?

"Dear Doctor Professor Heidegger", writes Herzog, "I should like to know what you mean by the expression 'the fall into the quotidian.' When did this fall occur? Where were we standing when it happened?" The question is of course, rhetorical, but the ploy is the same as Swift's: by making concrete what his opponents keep at the level of metaphor he shocks us into an awareness of the implications of their position. He himself answers his questions later on, when he writes:

> Very tired of the modern form of historicism which sees in this civilisation the defeat of the best hopes of Western religion and thought, what Heidegger calls the second Fall of Man into the quotidian or ordinary. No philosopher knows what the ordinary is, has not fallen into it deeply enough.

Nor is it simply German existentialism which is dominated by this idea. Herzog sees in it a Christian, and especially a Protestant view of history, one which regards "the present moment always as some crisis, some fall from classical greatness, some corruption or evil to be saved from." This idea has taken hold of modern man because it seems to be a way of saving him from himself and his daily responsibilities:

> Everybody was in the act. "History" gave everyone a free ride. The very Himmelsteins, who had never even read a book of metaphysics,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> were touting the void as if it were so much saleable real estate. This little demon was impregnated with modern ideas, and one in particular excited his terrible little heart: you must sacrifice your poor, squawking, niggardly individuality . . . to historical necessity. And to truth.

And what is truth? "Truth is true only as it brings down more disgrace and dreariness upon human beings, so that if it shows anything except evil it is illusion, and not truth." Facts are what's nasty, the rest is just idealism. The only way to get away from facts then is through ecstasy, through achieving an "inspired condition":

> This is thought to be attainable only in the negative and is so pursued in philosophy and literature as well as in sexual experience, or with the aid of narcotics, or in "philosophical", "gratuitous" crime and similar paths of horror. (It never seems to occur to such "criminals" that to behave with decency to another human being might also be "gratuitous".)

But all this, Herzog argues, all this talk of crisis and inspiration, is only a projection into history of private fantasies; they are ideas put out by intellectuals who long for the death of the intellect, something that will free them from the burden of daily living:

> Civilised individuals hate and resent the civilisation that makes their lives possible. What they love is an imaginary human situation invented by their own genius and which they believe is the only true and the only human reality.

We must get it out of our heads that this is a doomed time; such talk is merely irresponsible, and is likely to lead to a loss of nerve which will bring about just such a doom:

> Are all the traditions used up, the beliefs done for, the consciousness of the masses not yet ready for the next development? Is this the full crisis of dissolution? . . . Old Proudhon's visions of darkness and evil can't be passed over. But we mustn't forget how quickly the visions of genius become the canned goods of the intellectuals. The canned sauerkraut of Spengler's "Prussian Socialism", the commonplaces of the Wasteland outlook, the cheap mental stimulants of Alienation, the cant and rant of pipsqueaks about Inauthenticity and Forlornness. I can't accept this foolish dreariness. We are talking about the whole life of mankind. The subject is too great, too deep for such weakness, cowardice. . . . A merely aesthetic critique of modern history! After the wars and mass killings!

It is time, argues Herzog, covering sheet after sheet with his desperate letters, it is time we stopped talking about human nature being this or that or the other thing. Total explanations are a delusion, the desire to see everything in terms of simple antitheses a sign of paranoia.

BUT IS IT POSSIBLE to see life in any other way? Herzog discovers that the people who talk most about the "hard facts" of life are really the most sentimental, the believers in what he calls, talking of Eisenhower, "potato love": "The general won because he expressed low-grade universal potato love." But this too is a delusion, a form of self-pity, the wish to get rid of one's responsibilities by merging with the mass, the universal. Yet this merging is what Rousseau preached, and its appeal is enormous. Herzog is under no delusion about the power of words and ideas: "He took seriously Heinrich Heine's belief that the words of Rousseau had turned into the bloody machinery of Robespierre, that Kant and Fichte were deadlier than armies."

WHAT IS COMMON to both the believers in crisis ethics and the believers in potato love is the notion that the world can be changed by a *fiat*, that if we will it hard enough we will find that our wishes and the reality of the world will coincide. It springs from the desperate need to shed the responsibility we are born with, a need which finds its ironic epigraph in what Tante Taube tells Herzog about making love with her first husband: "Kaplitzkyalehoshalom took care on everything. I didn't even looked." And yet the Romantics—for Herzog is in no doubt that if this is a Christian, and in particular a Protestant, movement, then it is with Romanticism that it gained its full momentum—the Romantics cannot so easily be refuted. For what model have we got to put in the place of the one they offer us? Herzog sympathises with T. E. Hulme's rejection of Romanticism, but he cannot agree with his solution of the problem:

> He wanted things to be clear, dry, spare, pure, cool, and hard. With this I think we can all sympathise. I too am repelled by the "dampness", as he called it, and the swarming of Romantic feelings. I see what a villain Rousseau was, and how degenerate. . . . But I do not see what we can answer when he says : "Je sens mon coeur et je connais les hommes." . . . Hulme's followers made sterility their truth, confession their impotence. This was their passion.

The men Herzog admires are not the conservatives, who want to preserve at all costs, for he sees that this too is a falsification of the reality of the world in the interests of a private wish. No. It is men like Montaigne and Pascal, politicians like Adlai Stevenson and Martin Luther King, who do not shy away from

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the complexity and uniqueness of every situation by opting for a single clear-cut solution, but on the contrary try to face and understand and control, knowing that their work will take a long time, that it will require patience above all things, and that it will constantly be undermined by extremists. They accept man as he is, try to keep close to the ins and outs of his thoughts and feelings. They accept a personal responsibility for history, a responsibility, notes Herzog, rooted in both Testaments. And they are always beaten by the idealists.

IT IS BY SUCH IDEALISTS, all talking the same language of "truth" and "hard facts," but all driven on only by the need to fulfil their private desires, that Herzog is surrounded. These people derive their power from the fact that for them life is simple. They know the score. And they know Herzog better than he knows himself. There is the psychiatrist, Dr Edvig; and Sandor Himmelstein, the lawyer—"I know this isn't easy for you to hear, but I better say it. Guys at our time of life must face facts. . . . I know about suffering—we're on the same identical network." Above all, of course, there is Madeleine, Herzog's former wife, and her lover Gersbach, his former friend. "She brought ideology into my life," Herzog recognises, at the end of the book. "Something to do with catastrophe." For she and Gersbach never have enough of talking about Truth, though neither is very interested in the details of daily life:

> Dealing with Valentine was like dealing with a king. . . . He appropriated all the emotions about him, as if by divine or spiritual right. . . He was a big man, too big for anything but the truth.

What is important for Valentine Gersbach is the *intensity* of an experience, not its content. This intensity, this physical glow which seems to guarantee the genuineness of his emotion, goes into everything he does, whether it's talking about Buber on television or advising Herzog about the nature of life. And the same is true of Madeleine:

> Before Soloviev, she had talked of no one but Joseph de Maistre. And before de Maistre—Herzog made up the list—the French Revolution, Eleanor of Aquitaine, Schliemann's excavations at Troy, extrasensory perception, then tarot cards, then Christian Science, before that, Mirabeau; or was it mystery novels (Josephine Tey), or science fiction (Isaac Asimov)? The intensity was always high.

Excessive rationality, the inability to bear criticism, to accept ambiguity, the desire to assert oneself continuously—all these are paranoic traits, Herzog is convinced, and all can be found in Madeleine. How can he leave his children in the charge of people like her and Gersbach?

YET ARE THEY unique? The whole of Western society seems to have acquired these traits, and Herzog, in the course of his wild letters, finds its roots in such things as the notion of outward composure in Calvinist societies, where each man, fearful of damnation, has to *behave* as one of the elect in order to convince himself that he *is* one; in the fear of an increasingly mechanised world; in Rousseauistic notions of pity. There is no lack of evidence for the historically minded. But it is also there in the present, facing him, and Herzog doesn't know how to fight it. Even his current mistress, Ramona, beautiful, exciting Ramona, whom Herzog likes so much, is convinced that she understands Herzog's *real* needs better than he does himself:

> To listen to Ramona, it was all very simple. She said she understood his needs better than he, and she might well be right. . . . She told Herzog that he was a better man than he knew—a deep man, beautiful (he could not help wincing when she said this), but sad, unable to take what his heart really desired, a man tempted by God, longing for grace, but escaping headlong from his salvation. . . .

The difficulty with such arguments is that Herzog is perfectly well aware that they might all be true. Because he does not know what he *really* is, he cannot counter such assertions with any of his own, only with vague unease at such a formulation of the problem. Nor is it only Ramona who could be right. All of them—Madeleine, Gersbach, Edvig, Himmelstein—they might be right too, he might indeed be all that they say he is. Who is to say if they are wrong? Certainly not Herzog. And yet deep down inside him there remains the stubborn conviction that they *are* in some obscure way wrong, every one of them, including Ramona. The book, which charts his partial recovery from a mental breakdown, also shows his growing awareness of the nature of his own inarticulate attitudes and beliefs. He may not have the answers to the confident assertions of those who surround him, but that is perhaps a kind of strength, even if it makes him more vulnerable to their initial attacks. For one thing, he recognises very well the propensity within himself to fall for this kind of argument:

> It's about time I stopped labouring with this curse—I think, I figure things out. I see exactly

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what I should avoid. Then, all of a sudden, I'm in bed with that very thing, and making love to it. As with Madeleine. She seems to have filled a special need.

But even as he says this he knows he will labour under the curse all his life, that there will always be moments when he cries out under his breath, as he does earlier to Ramona: "Marry me! Be my wife! End my troubles!"—only to be immediately "staggered by his rashness, his weakness, and by the characteristic nature of such an outburst, for he saw how very neurotic and typical it was." Knowing this, though, he is determined not to be a victim, not to indulge in bitter self-criticism. He is what he is—why always be looking for a motive? His duty is to live. To be sane and to live and to look after his children.

HIS SELF-AWARENESS does not stop with the recognition of his own general desire to give up, be safe, not to have to make decisions. He realises too that just at this time he is in the grip of a particular violence, that these letters, this way of talking are not the actions of a normal man. And, recognising it, he can take steps to fight it, can even see that his own failure all along the line might not mean that his opponents are right but simply that he was confused and inadequate to the task. What he must avoid at all costs is imposing his own pattern on reality, trying to get at the essence of people and slotting them into pigeon-holes in his mind. For man is always more complex than any of the models we create to explain him, be they Freudian, Jungian, Marxian, Thomist, or anything else. It may be, Herzog comes to see, that he cannot counter the image of himself that other people have, as being essentially this or that, simply because he has no essence, he is not reducible in this way.

The episode of Lucas Asphalter and his monkey is an essential element in this self-discovery. Asphalter, Herzog's old friend with whom he goes to stay when he returns to Chicago with the object of killing Gersbach, recounts how, after the death of his pet monkey, he felt he had no more to live for, and, on the advice of a psycho-analyst, tried to follow the prescriptions of the Hungarian analyst, Tina Zokóly. These consist in such spiritual exercises as imagining your own death: you pretend you are already dead and try to conjure up the coffin and attendant paraphernalia. Asphalter, however, finds that with him this doesn't work. His mind keeps shifting from the scene of his death to the image of his enormously fat old aunt being carried down a ladder from one of the top windows of the building in which she lived when it caught fire, or to that of the whores who used to play baseball in the street outside the flophouse where they worked in between times. Asphalter recounts his failure to his friend in despair, but Herzog interrupts him excitedly:

> "Don't feel so bad, Luke. Now listen to me. Maybe I can tell you something about this. At least I can tell you how I see it. A man may say, 'From now on I'm going to speak the truth'. But the truth hears him and runs away and hides before he's even done speaking. There is something funny about the human condition, and civilised intelligence makes fun of its own ideas. This Tina Zokóly has got to be kidding, too."
>
> "I don't think so."
>
> "Then it's the old *memento mori*, the monk's skull on the table, brought up to date. And what good is that? It all goes back to those German existentialists who tell you how good dread is for you, how it saves you from distraction and gives you your freedom and makes you authentic. God is no more. But Death is. That's their story. And we live in a hedonistic world in which happiness is set up on a mechanical model. All you have to do is open your fly and grasp happiness. And so these other theorists introduce the tension of guilt and dread as a corrective. But human life is far subtler than any of its models, even these ingenious German models. Do we need to study *theories* of fear and anguish? This Tina Zokóly is a nonsensical woman. She tells you to practise overkill on yourself, and your intelligence answers her with wit."

Wit is the element that won't be captured, the individual response of a man trying hard to lose his individuality. It is grotesque, but reminds him that man is always something else, over and above any description of him that we can give. It is consciousness of this that leads Herzog at last to say (in his mind) to Madeleine and Gersbach: "Excuse me, therefore, sir and madam, but I reject your definitions of me."

BUT IT IS THIS TOO that stops Herzog from murdering Gersbach. As he looks through his own bathroom window and watches the man bathing his little daughter he is forced to realise that Gersbach is decent after all, perhaps even kind, according to his lights. Herzog, aware how much his condemnation of his former wife and her lover may be the result of his own uncontrollable emotions, understands in that brief moment that he could never kill. Especially not this man. Killing him is one more role

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into which he has tried to slip—a role and not himself. Leave the roles to the movies, creators of myths. He steps down from the window and goes his way.

Something, however, must happen. All that pent-up emotion has to find an outlet. Typically, what happens is both farcical and banal, another victory of reality over any of its models. Herzog, taking out his little daughter for a drive the next day, is involved in an absurd car accident. No one is seriously hurt, but he is shaken by it, and especially by the confrontation at the police station with the furious Madeleine. How could he act like this, and show himself in this light to his daughter? Can she ever forgive him?

And yet the accident finally brings him down to earth "from his strange spiralling flight of the last few days." He can no longer run away from himself, he is, at last, up against the wall. Because, for all his talk of the ordinariness of life being the important thing and how one must be what one is and ask no questions, the whirlwind activity of those last few days did represent a flight from himself, from reality. Exactly like George Hoberly, Ramona's discarded lover, who tries to reawaken her sympathies by acts of deliberate self-destruction, Herzog has attempted to force from life an answer to the question: What am I? What am I really? The accident and its aftermath serve to free him from this compulsion. In a sense he bangs into reality. Not hard, but hard enough to remind him of what might have happened—like the blow the Green Knight delivers to Gawain, "nikking his neck." Herzog sees now how difficult it is to eradicate the notion of crisis from our minds, how we all unconsciously long for some one event that will change things irrevocably and tell us how from then on we are to lead our lives.

But now, back in his crumbling house in the heart of the countryside, he realises that "I have wanted to be cared for. I devoutly hoped Emerich would find me sick. But I have no intention of doing that—I am responsible, responsible to reason. . . . Responsible to the children." And, realising this, he finds a kind of peace:

> Why must I be such a throb-hearted character? . . . But I am. I am, and you can't teach old dogs. Myself is thus and so, and will continue thus and so. And why fight it? . . . Must play the instrument I've got.

Now at last he can answer Rousseau. True, the only kind of knowledge we can have is what the heart feels, and yet "My face too blind, my mind too limited, my instincts too narrow." We must not generalise from our own hearts, just learn to be content with them. And so, at the end, "I am pretty well satisfied to be, to be just as it is willed, and for as long as I may remain in occupancy."

THUS THE LETTERS come to an end. Herzog has no more messages for anyone. And the novel too ends, leaving him there in his decaying mansion, waiting for Ramona—another mistake?—to arrive. The letters were a symptom of his illness, but it is they who helped him through it. Like Hamlet he deliberately exaggerated his condition, "as if by staggering he could recover his balance . . . or by admitting a bit of madness could recover his senses." The others, Madeleine, Gersbach, Sandor Himmelstein, George Hoberly, are the really sick ones, because they do not know they are sick, imagine they are well: "It's possible to see that a man like Hoberly by falling apart intends to bear witness to the failure of individual existence. He proves it *can't work*."

Their madness lies in imagining that they are sane, reasonable, *animal rationalis* instead of only *animal rationis capax*. This is the other side to their insistence on Truth and their desperate desire to label, define, organise, their inability to live with paradox or ambiguity—with wit. Herzog, recognising the infinite complexity of the human psyche, will not judge someone like Madeleine's mother Tennie:

> Tennie took off her elaborate glasses, now making no effort to disguise her weeping. Her face, her nose reddened, and her eyes, shaped to make what seemed to Moses a crooked appeal, darkened blindly with tears. There was a measure of hypocrisy and calculation in Tennie's method, but behind this, again, was real feeling for her daughter and her husband; and behind this real feeling there was something still more meaningful and sombre. Herzog was all too well aware of the layers upon layers of reality —loathsomeness, arrogance, deceit, and then—God help us all—truth, as well.

Nor, in the end, will he judge Madeleine either. Judgment had best be left to God. He's got enough to do making sense of his own life to try and make sense of those of other people too. Because Herzog is so aware of the infinite regress of consciousness, he remains far saner than all the people who surround him, with their constant search for the one essential truth, the one revealing motive.

Yet if his weakness is his strength, his strength is also his weakness. If he is open to details, careful not to force the multitude of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

facts into a private mould, the very profusion of these facts, details, overwhelms him. He looks at everything as if he was seeing it for the first time, but the very sharpness of his perceptions is a sign of his instability: "A rat chewed into a package of bread, leaving the shape of its body in the layer of slices. Herzog ate the other half of the loaf spread with jam. He could share with rats too." The childhood memories, the physical details he notes in everything, all threaten to submerge him—"at first there was no pattern to the notes he made." It is all very well saying "foo" to all categories, but if one has responsibilities there is an urgent need to organise one's life. Herzog's follies and errors come as much from his unwillingness or inability to categorise as from his wish to force matters to a head. Reading Geraldine Portnoy's letter, in which she tells him how Gersbach is treating his children, he finds the handwriting keeps getting in the way of the meaning. He can see so many sides to every question that in the end he is inhibited from acting at all. He is aware that all reasoning is rationalised instinct, that Shapiro dribbling at the mouth as Madeleine serves up the food is as much a part of the picture as Shapiro's apocalyptic ideas. But it might be better for him to be a little less aware of such things. It is as though he is too close to the world to be able to make sense of it. Others are too far but he is too close.

THIS BEING SO IT IS EASY TO SEE that the book, while charting his recovery from breakdown, simultaneously describes the final failure of his intellectual ambitions. It is clear by the end that Herzog will never write the sequel to his book on *Romanticism and Christianity*. The material is there, he's been lugging it around for years, but the will to put it together seems to be absent. No amount of letters is going to make up for that. Herzog knows—and it hurts him to acknowledge it—that to imagine he will write that book is to indulge in a Utopian dream.

BUT THE REASON FOR THIS FAILURE is surely clear to us, if not to him. Were he to write the book he would himself be guilty of just the thing that he condemns in others: he would be setting up a model, albeit a highly sophisticated one, and saying: *this* is what man is like, this is what history *is*, this, ultimately, is what man is. As with the young Marcel Proust and his literary ambitions, it is more than a failure of the will which keeps him from his task. It is the unconscious recognition that to give shape to the feelings of the heart is to falsify the experience, that intellectual history, no matter how subtle, must always leave out more than it puts in. No volume in the history of ideas can do justice to Herzog's insight into the infinite regress of human self-awareness. If, as soon as I say: "This is what I am", a part of me immediately dissociates itself from the definition, then what is required is a form that will convey the living person behind every speech and every gesture. What is required, in other words, is not history, but fiction, for only fiction can present the speaker as well as the words he speaks, can register the afterthought as well as the thought, and the afterthought to the afterthought, and the unspoken commentary on that.

Thus Saul Bellow's *Herzog* emerges as the work which Herzog, the fictional hero of that book, found it impossible to write.

All Herzog is able to do is battle with his demons and let the future look after itself. But Bellow, through his fiction, has been able to articulate the variety and richness of the world without being overwhelmed by it and without on the other hand imposing upon it the rigid categorisation of the traditional novelist who only includes as much of the world as is necessary for his plot. Bellow has in fact succeeded in constructing a work which is an attack on the structuring activity of the mind; in conveying a sense of the infinite mystery of human beings in a book which is a critique of the traditional link between motive and action; in keeping close to the twists and turns of a man's thoughts and feelings without either putting him in a straitjacket of theory or allowing the book to fall apart in chaos. He has done all this because his book is not called *Saul Bellow* but *Herzog*.

THE NAME MOSES ELKANAH HERZOG is to be found in James Joyce's own novel, *Ulysses*. By making use of it Bellow makes it clear from the start that he is writing fiction, not fact, much as Defoe, by using ordinary English names, tried to persuade his readers that he was writing fact and not fiction. But what is fact? Who am I? Who is Bellow?

What is certain is that while writing *Herzog* he is Herzog and yet not Herzog, since he is always clear that he is the creator of Herzog. In his most recent novel *Mr Sammler's Planet*, (1970) Bellow writes ironically of Marx's vision of the proletarian revolution

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

needing no historical models and comments on the colourful variety of present-day Americans:

> They sought originality. They were obviously derivative. . . . Better . . . to accept the inevitability of imitation and then to imitate good things. The ancients had this right. Greatness without models? Inconceivable. One could not be satisfied with the symbols.

Thus, had he written directly about himself, he would have fallen into the trap of either sentiment or prophecy, have been either a Gersbach or a Shapiro. Writing fiction, he frees himself from the dead weight of his own personality. "That suffering hero" Herzog writes of himself, and, having written it, knows that he is more than that since he has just formulated the description. And Bellow, formulating the formulator, creates himself as he writes. Creates us too if we follow Herzog and do not try to reduce the novel, as Madeleine and the others tried to reduce him, to a single meaning, an essence.

A piece of fiction is like a man: to ask what it means and expect an answer is to destroy it. But, unlike a man, it has the power to stay alive forever. Or as long, at least, as there are people to read it.

Litmus People

Nobody loves Jews.
Southerners call us niggers-
turned-inside-out, and
Blacks call us the-oppressor-
honky-liberal-kike-pigs,
and Capitalists
call us commies, and the Reds
call us zionist-
imperialist-bourgeois-
capitalists, and Christians
call us the earthy
(euphemism for sex-mad-
rapists . . . damned, of course)
and what the Arabs call us, well,
they've mastered unprintables.

Nobody loves us.
If God hadn't chosen us
no one would have. Some-
how we don't exactly bring
the sweetest out of people.
I'd almost suspect
the world was right if I thought
its words eternal.

Oops! arrogantly
I forgot the master charge:
arrogance . . . of a
parasite whose servile smile
hides Count Dracula behind.
Ah, well. If the world
prefers to live B-Movies
how dispute its taste?
What can one do with pagans
who never met a real Lord?

Richard E. Sherwin

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE

Post-Imperial Blues

By John Weightman

I HAVE ALWAYS HOPED that some day I would wholeheartedly like and admire a play by John Osborne and, during the opening scene of *West of Suez*, I thought the time had come at last. The play begins in the garden of a villa in the West Indies. A man is glumly reading the air-mail edition of *The Times*, and a woman, who later turns out to be his wife, is lounging restlessly about, smoking and snarling, as only Miss Jill Bennett knows how to smoke and snarl, that is, as if her dissatisfaction with things in general had to be exhaled in vapour and words to prevent an explosion. They are a vaguely unhappy couple, gnawing at each other in the vacuity of a Christmas holiday in the sun, and speculating about the other members of the family party. The dialogue is sharp, elliptical and up-to-date; the outspokenness, which Mr Osborne helped to introduce with *Look Back in Anger*, has been carried much further since then, so that he himself is now able to profit from the example of his successors. The scene also has a philosophical dimension, because the husband is a scientist, a pathologist, who is keen enough on his work but is aware that science is only something he has found to do to while away the time. The uneasiness in the air is compounded of a number of things: the boredom of an idyllic, sub-tropical setting that ought to be perfect but that one cannot live up to; the position of white residents or visitors in an ex-colonial island; the tensions within the family which may cause the party to disintegrate; and the general mystery of existence which settles like a thundercloud over lots of households during holiday time.

Mr Osborne has been credited by the reviewers with Chekhovian ambitions, and indeed this opening part of *West of Suez* has about it something of the expectant symbolic air of *The Cherry Orchard* or, to mention an early Chekhovian imitation, Shaw's *Heartbreak House*. There is the bringing together of a group of people under the same roof or in the same garden to express a collective mood at a given moment in time. There is the same feeling that the family microcosm is meant to convey a larger truth; just as Ranyevskaya and her cherry orchard represent the beautiful fecklessness of the doomed Russia, or Captain Shotover's ship-like house is the vessel of England about to face the storms and explosions of a European war, so these people assembled west of Suez are clearly intended to be saying something about the present state of English civilisation. Perhaps Mr Osborne has written the representative play of his maturity, as *Look Back in Anger* was the representative play of his youth; perhaps he has progressed from individual resentment and emotional confusion to a more general and objective statement.

WELL, IN A SENSE he has, but the statement remains so muddled and the play is so poorly constructed that, after the opening scene, I suffered a tremendous sense of let-down. If one did not know that this was the umpteenth play of a practised playwright, one might suspect that it was another promising piece by a relative beginner who had managed his first act but did not quite know how to go on from there. For instance, the interesting pathologist, who seems to be setting the tone of the play, fades into the background during the rest of the action, and only re-emerges at the end to utter a final comment which is out of keeping with his original mentality. Another character, an American called Harry, pads in and out uttering a word or two, and somebody darkly remarks that he is a dying man, and that is all there is to him. Thinking back over the play, one wonders if he did not previously have a larger part which was so much cut in rehearsal that he was accidentally deprived of his identity. Or perhaps Mr Osborne is echoing Chekhovian inconsequentiality. But the non-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sequiturs in Chekhov are all apparent rather than real. It is obvious that the billiards-playing uncle or the gherkin-eating German governess, who have no direct part in the action of *The Cherry Orchard*, exist strongly not only as eccentric individuals but also as representative types; in fact, they are almost too straightforwardly symbolic for modern tastes. Only in the Theatre of the Absurd do we get purely contingent characters, but there is no sign that Mr Osborne is trying to take a leaf out of the Absurd book. It is true that any character who walks on to the stage can be referred to as a dying man; our lowest common denominator is that we are all dying. However, Mr Osborne's structural technique is traditional, so that the lack of balance in the character arrangement is bound to appear as a clumsiness, not as an artistic expression of the great inconsequentiality of life.

AFTER A WHILE it becomes clear that *West of Suez* is basically the usual Osborne piece, with a big self-loving, self-hating character rampaging at the centre, and still not quite sure what he is rampaging about. In this instance, he is presented as a famous, elderly writer, Wyatt Gillman, on a visit to his eldest married daughter, Robin, who lives on the island with her retired Brigadier husband. Three other daughters are also present on holiday: Frederica, the dissatisfied one we saw in the first act; Evangie, an unfulfilled spinster career-girl; and Mary, happily married to a poor schoolmaster with a lower-class Scottish accent. Gillman's father was a colonial administrator, who supported his son until he made his name as a writer, so that the girls were born in various different places east of Suez, where their grandfather happened to be stationed. At one point, they all reminisce significantly about the folk-lore of Empire. So, *West of Suez* is post-imperial, whereas *The Cherry Orchard* was pre-revolutionary and *Heartbreak House* pre-war. The situation at the villa is a kind of degradation of the old Empire: the Brigadier himself does the shopping and cooking and makes home-brewed wine with the help of one sulky native servant; the family contains a *mésalliance* that would have been impossible in imperial times. The social contacts are also tawdry: another writer of best-sellers, domiciled on the island—an old queen, as he terms himself; a wildly homosexual Scottish hairdresser; a secretary hanger-on; an American hippy who has wandered in; and brash American tourists who invade the island in search of souvenirs.

This motley crew are flotsam and jetsam; they are not a carefully chosen cross-section of social types, like the people in *The Cherry Orchard* or *Heartbreak House*. It might be argued that Mr Osborne is showing the messiness of present-day English society. Fifty years ago, the action of a play could have been set in some Government House east of Suez, and it could have had an organised Kiplingesque, or Maugham- or Forster-like, or even Orwellian quality. But the Suez Canal is significantly closed, as if the Empire had been strangled, and the best place to reminisce about the East is probably in the West, among the nondescripts of the Bahamas.

I can appreciate this point. Although I was brought up in the Labour Party, I now realise that all during my pre-war youth I had an ingrained feeling that England was a base to be started from and returned to, but not a place to be lived in all the time. I never got any further than France, as it happened, but the idea of the Suez Canal was important to me and I cannot become reconciled to the fact that the world can go on functioning with the canal closed. So I can see in myself a naïve, imperialist sensibility, in spite of having been trained in anti-imperialism. Something comparable seems to survive in Mr Osborne, although he is so much younger. Lurking behind the play is a nostalgia for the time when, we may suppose, the English were English, there was a pattern and people knew their places. The old queen is allowed to make a sentimental little speech about the pain of watching the withdrawal of colonial power; Frederica does the freezing-English-lady bit with the American tourists; Gillman himself, in giving an interview to the local press, behaves rather like a wounded imperial bull being baited by a member of the lesser breeds who think their past sufferings give them a right to moral complacency. In fact, he is not unlike Mr Heath at the last Commonwealth Conference. This does not square with Mr Osborne's emotional treatment of the Suez Campaign in *The Entertainer*, but one cannot demand consistency from one play to another.

THE TROUBLE IS that although *West of Suez* seems to have this general content, in addition to a certain amount of psychological observation, the points are not brought clearly into focus, and one doesn't really know where one is. The aesthetic pattern is not fused with the social implications, as in *The Cherry Orchard* or *Heartbreak House*. After Act I, the play turns into a vehicle for the customary,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

central Osbornian character, who comes out this time as a rather puzzled old curmudgeon. Ralph Richardson gives him a kind of deceptive, teddy-bear cuddliness, which helps us through the evening, but even he cannot conceal the incoherence and sterility of the part. If Wyatt is the self-centred, attitudinising person he seems to be, why are the others rather in awe of him, and why has he attracted the devotion of his male secretary? It is assumed that his books are good, but there is no indication of their quality or subject-matter. Now it is true that some elderly writers or artists are like husks from which all the substance has been expressed, and one could imagine a play about the contrast between the elderly shell and the living works, which have remained more vital than their author. But this is not a theme of *West of Suez*. In fact, Wyatt is not specifically a writer, like the obnoxious characters in *The Seagull* and *Uncle Vanya*. He could be anything, a stockbroker, an old schoolmaster or a faded *rentier*, pottering about and relieving his feelings about this and that in conversation, as other people write letters to the *Times*. He is a remnant of the old England, but not a particularly intelligent, or public-spirited, or sensitive one. He has a telling passage in which he speaks of being inhabited by an intense and inexplicable irritation. This is no doubt Mr Osborne's own fury, which has been expressed in many different forms, but it is like steam escaping through flaws in the structure, instead of being converted wholly into aesthetic energy to drive the artistic engine forward. One cannot accept the play wholly as a play; one hears Mr Osborne's nagging voice in the background.

The development of the plot reinforces this impression of uncertain control. In a good play, it is obvious that the author is behind each character in turn to show the comic or tragic inevitability of human nature. But in this play, only the minor tensions—that is, the bickering within the family party—are real. The structure purports to depend on the discrepancy between, on the one hand, the group in the villa and, on the other, three alien forms of mentality: the American tourists, a visiting, anarchistic hippy, and the coloured natives.

The tourists provide comic relief through being so crass, bumbling and un-English; Harry, the almost non-existent American who is part of the villa set, says the British are unfair to them, and perhaps he is in the play only to make that remark. But the fact remains that the joke depends on the anti-American snobbishness of the British. I suppose there are no lower-class English tourists in the Bahamas for them to score off, as there would be in the Mediterranean. In any case, for reasons I haven't room to expatiate on, anti-working-class snobbery is not possible in England at the moment. The old-fashioned *Punch*-like joke can only be made at the expense of Americans, and it comes off on its own level.

BUT THE OTHER TWO sources of tension are completely phoney. The hippy, who has been brought in by the homosexual hairdresser, moons around saying nothing and then, at the end of a dinner-party, bursts into a wild denunciation of the assembled company, if the term denunciation can be applied to what is little more than a litany based on the two commonest four-letter words. This is meant to be a dramatic highlight, but it is quite unprepared for and it makes no sense. It is a random occurrence, because the hippy has no character from which his attitude emerges, and the people he is attacking are not representative enough to be blamed. A hippy might attack a nondescript holiday party in this way in real life, but an accident is not a dramatic event.

The hostility of the natives is intended to lead up to the climax: the coloured servant behaves sulkily, the woman interviewer from the local newspaper has a nasty edge to her voice, and finally two uniformed natives rush through the villa firing guns and kill Wyatt, whether accidentally or intentionally it is impossible to say. But what is the point of all this? There is no colonial war in progress, since the British authorities have left the island, and there has been no mention of civil war. This happening is again either a pure accident that no playwright can reasonably use, like the falling of a thunderbolt, or it is a clumsy adaptation of the idea that "the natives are restless tonight" in order to bring the play to an end. What the French call "*le mot de la fin*," is supplied by the pathologist, who comes out of eclipse to kneel down by Wyatt's body and say solemnly (if I heard aright): "They have shot the fox". This was not intended as a black joke, or at least no one seemed to take it as such. What should the natives have done? Chased Wyatt with a pack of hounds until he was honourably devoured? One has a wild vision of a lot of black gentlemen in hunting scarlet careering across the country-side in pursuit of a bushy-tailed Governor-General, or Viceroy, or Colonel's Lady.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Puritan's Strip-tease

"Let the music rage.
Utterly beat those drums.
Be generous with those cymbals when
Maria pivots on her naked toes
and with lascivious tongue in cheek
flicks the brassière from her chest
to taunt us with her mammae twain."

A nice pair of tits, Mr Pym!

"She doesn't stop there. You'll hear the lechers
(in their agony) cry for more reductions.
Play on, maestro!
Dance, near-naked lady, dance!
Let her wiggle and wriggle her rosy hips
till her sequined panties drift to the floor
and shimmer there like spilt champagne."

O spare me, Mr Pym!

"Come back, stark lady,
and start again from skin,"
roars Mr Pym.
"Technicians, swathe this nude
in God's white light,
and goad her, sinful drummers,
into holier ecstacies
where rose-pink flesh
falls off like petals in the wind.

How gaily her shining bones revolve
in her silky sockets,"
croons Mr Pym.
"Her ribs form a dancing silver tree,
her arms are flashes of lightning,
her legs are lances in battle,
her skull a shaken collecting-tin!"

You drive her too far, Mr Pym!

"Gouge your drums, drummers,
and gut your guitars,"
bawls Mr Pym.
"Amplify, amplify,
the lady's osseous charms begin to bore us!

Now watch how her skeleton crumbles
into silver dust that swirls and whirls
in the spot-light's hand
like a swarm of bees.
She dances well, our Maria,
she dances into truth.
Which conquers all," says Mr Pym.
"At peace, my son?
Then let us give thanks."

David Gill

Aurora: Gulf of St Lawrence

Already the low shore, the
Outermost context, drowns;
The sensuous receptors
Tune out locality, distance.
From the highest deck even the ship's
Blurred tons settle deeper in darkness.
Till there's only this flattened, stressed
Dome, with its writhings of white.
Merest phenomena:
A single mind and light.

Far from the screaming mirrors
(Sweats, secrets and pursuits
Where a sea licks the sand
And spits into the wind,
Or cadences tinkle and crash
At death or at citron hair . . .)
Simplicity burnt white
Is all that's here.
But who can ride the light?

Not even colour. Form?
No flame-fronds, no shatter-planes.
—Ions, simplest of particles,
Stream, white and silent,
From a radiant in the zenith:
Bursts of non-human art, tight
In the lines of the magnetic
Field. . . . What grasps the light?

Knowledge? But that's the self
Or one of its sharp moods. What
Point in the streaming sky
Can lock it into circuit?
What long, faint, intermitted
Star, in a spray of lightning?
What thread, what edge of light?

From the dark behind the word then,
Cooler, extremer flame
Strikes through all senses and sentience
Till the great deeps focus right,
Matching the mind's tangles
To a rigour of the random light.

Robert Conquest

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from Germany

Günter Grass, or Dragon Hunting

WHEN GÜNTER GRASS had finished writing a play as well as a novel on the same subject, finished helping Willy Brandt win the *Bundestag* elections and become Chancellor of the Federal Republic, finished arbitrating a feud among the personnel of the Frankfurt Theater *Städtische Bühnen* and looking into development aid for Tanzania, he looked around and decided to write a regular column for a newspaper. He picked the Munich *Süddeutsche Zeitung*. It is the best written liberal paper in Germany, is published in the *SPD*-run capital of a *CDU*-run *Land* and is read nationally; it is a paper that could well be compared to the *Manchester Guardian* in its good old days. Unaccustomed to American ways of journalism the editors were loath to syndicate the column to other papers (although several did apply); they did, however, allow *Der Abend* of West Berlin to run it on the same or the following day.

The column, which appears fortnightly, was a success, but not more than a mild one. People had grown accustomed to Günter Grass dabbling in day-to-day politics. He had already asked in print for two *Bundeskanzler* to resign (which they ultimately did, but not necessarily as a consequence of his asking). He had published his election speeches of 1965 and 1969 in paper-back form (and in hard cover) and contributed his royalties to the *SPD* election fund. He had raised his voice against the evils of neo-Nazi reaction and the perils of the New Left. To be sure, for a vast German bourgeois public he still was a doubtful and frightening figure: the mustachioed gypsy who emerged from some sinister Slavic swamp outside his native city of Danzig, a Pied Piper luring an ever-growing readership away by his quasi-sordid, semi-pornographic, goose-pimply novels about hunchbacks, shepherd dogs, and strangely smelling impish teenagers. To the young Leftists, on the other hand, he had gradually become a real *Stein des Anstosses*, somebody who tried to get in their way, rebuke them, make them think and if need be consider everything all over again. He had ingratiated himself only with a small group of middle-of-the-roaders, the new leaders of the Social Democracy, the most "sensible" people in journalism, radio and television. All the truly leftish intellectuals liked him less and less. They were only waiting for something sensational to happen that would mark a final parting of the ways. And this event did not fail to materialise.

RETURNING FROM SCHLESWIG where again he had tried to help the *SPD* win an election (without success, this time), Günter Grass wrote down what a fellow campaigner, Joachim Vogel, Mayor of Munich, must have told him over a beer and a *Schnaps* in some country inn. The renowned Municipal Theatre of Munich, the *Kammerspiele*, had brought out a play by a fairly subversive East German author, Wolf Biermann, called *Der Dra-Dra*, based on Yevgeni Schwarz's Russian play *The Dragon*. Biermann's allegorical drama fires away at the Ruling Class as such—whatever its origin, creed, or colour. No wonder that Biermann (who is already being ostracised in East Berlin for other cultural misdemeanours) could not get it performed on his own home ground. In transporting it to Munich he took great pains to make it understood that it was unmistakably directed against the Powers That Be in whatever place it was performed. For obvious reasons, but also as a matter of conviction, he did not want to see it acted out in Munich as an anti-DDR play. The young and ebulliently leftish crowd of the Munich *Kammerspiele* did all they could to comply. And one morning their *Dramaturg*, Heinar Kipphardt, himself a well-known playwright (*The Oppenheimer Case*), walked into the office of *Intendant* August Everding to show him the proofs of the elaborately printed little programme to be sold to the *Dra-Dra* audience. It contained two pages of portraits under the caption: "*These are the Dragons* [i.e. the people we should get rid of]!" The several rows of photographs included a Cabinet Minister, the head of the Christian Social Party, the Mayor of Munich, *et al.* Apparently the boss shook his head in doubt, whereupon Heinar Kipphardt mumbled something like: "I thought it wouldn't work either", and both decided to drop the idea. However, they published a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little line at the bottom of the two blank pages saying that unfortunately for legal reasons they had been obliged to forego something that had originally struck them as a very good idea indeed.

A theatre is a gossipy place, and a municipal theatre even more so. So there is nothing extraordinary about the fact that Mayor Vogel got to know very early on that some irreverent characters had seriously considered running his friendly face in the *Programmheft* together with a number of other bigwigs in politics, finance etc., as prime targets for the bullets of some vague new utopian régime that might some day replace the ramshackle establishment of the Free State of Bavaria or the Federal Republic. What Vogel, who had just won a spectacular fight against the unruly Left inside the Munich *SPD*, must have thought of the story we can only guess. Apparently he thought it worth retelling to Grass, who thought it interesting enough to retell it in print. It appeared in his column in the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* accompanied by pretty strong words of vituperation and exhortation. Grass called the pictorial line-up of condemned office-holders an "*Abschuss-Liste*" (*i.e.*, a list of people to be shot), a term metaphorically used in political and business circles for the candidates of some imminent purge. And he accused the *Kammerspiele* crew of witch-hunting and all sorts of sinister machinations that had hitherto mainly been employed by Germany's political Right.

EVEN IF ONE shares entirely Grass's aversion to the irresponsible would-be storm-troopers of the New Left, one must blame him for a fundamental mistake. He should not have chosen for such a weighty charge an event that actually did not take place. They never printed those pictures after all, although by regretting in so many words not being able to do so, they made no bones about their original intentions. A second mistake Grass made—probably unknowingly—was to attack in the person of Heinar Kipphardt a very vulnerable figure. Kipphardt's contract with the Munich *Kammerspiele* had come up for renewal at the end of the season, and as he had abrogated it himself, in order to push through some technical amendment, it was simply not renewed by the municipal authorities who (as well as the business director of the *Kammerspiele)* were frankly hostile anyway. They were in the agreeable position of not having to sack him but of letting him go, formally speaking, at his own request.

Heinar Kipphardt's friends, personal and ideological, shouted and screamed. The noise

H·E·B

The World of Shakespeare and his Contemporaries

Maurice Hussey

This superbly produced book illustrates the setting and background of some of the best known plays of Shakespeare, Marlowe and Ben Jonson. The magnificent illustrations, in some cases available for the first time, bring to life the period for the modern reader.

£3·50 paperback **£1·50**

The Degradation of the Academic Dogma

Robert A. Nisbet

A devastating account of the death of the "idea of the university" in the western hemisphere at the hands of the ' Campus entrepreneurs".

£2·50

Orthodox Consensus and Radical Alternative

Dick Atkinson

A frontal attack on the mainstream of "determinist" sociological thought and a powerfully argued alternative from one of the most controversial figures in British Sociology.

£3·75

The Politics of Unreason: Right-Wing Extremism in America 1790–1970

Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab

A study of the right-wing extremist fringe in the U.S. from early days of the Know-Nothings and the Ku Klux Klan to McCarthy and Wallace.

Heinemann Educational Books
48 Charles Street, London W1X 8AH

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resounded from the banks of the Isar to the estuary of the Elbe, where the Hamburg weekly *Die Zeit* watches carefully over the political and cultural integrity of the German intellectual Left in every conceivable respect, from Hash consumption to Germanic studies. *Die Zeit* dedicated no less than four of its Sunday-paper-size pages to the Grass-*Kammerspiele* altercation. Many of the German dailies took the matter up, mostly in an anti-Grassish mood; and then the Springer Press, once attacked by Grass, came to his rescue—particularly after a widely reported incident at the Berlin *Schaubühne am Halleschen Ufer.*

This theatre, a collectively run enterprise of distinctively radical slant, enjoys the annual privilege of a two-million D-Mark subvention from the West Berlin government and has already come under fire in the city's parliament. It happens to be not only left but also extremely good, and has just staged a two-evening production of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* which won the unanimous acclaim of press and public. The small but devoted company has gone to enormous trouble to produce this 19th-century classic, completely restyling the theatre itself by using the floor of the auditorium as a stage and erecting rectangular scaffoldings around it to seat the audience. When Günter Grass and his wife came one night to see the play, taking their places in the cramped and uncomfortable seats, they observed to their alarm three members of the cast marching towards them. They shouted some well-prepared invective at Grass, calling him "the lackey of the Establishment", a "hireling" who would write whatever was being asked of him to the detriment of Justice and the Good Cause. The Grass couple, a captive audience if ever there was one, could scarcely budge from their narrow seats, much less walk out and slam the door as they might have done in any normally arranged theatre. So there Grass remained, hovering over the critics, perched like a hen in a chicken coop. He was even in a favourable position to hurl back a few words of counter-attack. Many in the audience had been heard to shout "*Grass raus!*"; others came to shake his hand during the intermission. Both Grass and his wife made a point of staying until the very end of the performance; it took more than a little quiet courage.

The *Schaubühne* incident made quite a few people reconsider the whole affair and come round to Grass's side. It once more revealed the primitive ruthlessness of the *Neue Linke*, the inhumane rudeness with which university teachers had been denounced at their lecterns as nincompoops, pigs, or sexual cop-outs. Yet the pro-Kipphardt, anti-Grass movement grew and spread from city to city. The number of German actors and directors that pledged their word never again to work for the Kipphardt-less *Kammerspiele* mounted day after day. Many playwrights and theatrical publishers took a solemn oath never to have their plays performed by the *Kammerspiele*, if Kipphardt was not reinstated. Obviously it never occurred to them that in a similar crisis no state-run theatre in the Federal Republic would have acted differently, and that there is as yet no government anywhere that would relish being depicted as the target of revolutionaries in the very *Programmheft* that it puts out at its own expense, for a theatre that it runs at even greater expense.

AS IS WELL KNOWN, the flourishing theatre of Germany—the envy of Great Britain, France, Italy and particularly the United States—is entirely due to the taxpayer's benevolence. Hundreds of millions of D-Marks went into the post-war reconstruction of all those *Staatstheater* and *Stadttheater*, vestiges of 18th-century or 19th-century monarchial or civic pride and opulence; and hundreds of millions more are spent annually for their upkeep. Their finances are run by more or less inspired government officials; their repertoire is selected by more or less enlightened state-selected *Intendanten.* The latter love to think of themselves as "completely independent"; the moment they adhere to some extremist political view and try to expound it on their stages they will, of course, find out that they are not. They might also discover one day that the wonderful patience manifested by a low-brow population for their high-brow ventures is suddenly gone. It is part of Germany's present-day *Kulturfetischismus* that people will allow the music, the painting and sculpture, the theatre for which they pay heavily (not by their entrance-fees but by their taxes) to go way over their heads. But will they do so forever? And is it really a very formidable menace if a coterie of *avant-garde* playwrights or directors threatens for some reason or other not to work any longer for the theatre of Frankfurt or Düsseldorf? The citizens of Frankfurt or Düsseldorf can do very well without them. It may also be that they, in turn, can do equally well without the citizenry. But can they do without the money that has up to now flown liberally into their pockets thanks to the listless magnanimity of the taxpayer and the well-meaning but often befuddled judgment of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kulturbeamte that have directed its flow? Like so many other members of the pseudo-revolutionary Left, the politically "advanced" theatrical community have started to bite the hand that feeds them. What if it is actually withdrawn?

ONE OTHER THING that has emerged very clearly from the Grass-Kipphardt affair is the exact border-line of the great gap in German public opinion. Whoever would have put it somewhere between *CDU* and *SDP*, between Capitalism and Socialism, between Restoration and Renewal, will have to reconsider. Rather, it runs right across the Social Democratic Party, separating the vast majority of its Right-wingers and middle-of-the-roaders from the small if vociferous group on the Left represented by the "*Jusos*" (*Jungsozialisten, i.e.*, members under 35 years of age). To the left of these we find the whole fauna of the *APO* (Extra-Parliamentary Opposition) and the numerous splinter groups gravitating around the outspoken Stalinists and Maoists. *CDU* and *SPD* members or sympathisers may well differ considerably on a whole host of political issues; but their attitude towards the country and its political life is far more similar than anything to be found beyond the borderline could be. There still is, of course, a lunatic fringe of extremists on the Right; but it can safely be said that the conservative upper class looks at it with the same disgust as a trade-unionist or an *SPD* functionary does.

Among Germany's intellectuals, including those with a very limited interest in politics as such, it has since Willy Brandt's accession to power in Bonn become less and less fashionable to have anything to do with the Social Democratic Party. "It is no longer chic to like the *SPD*," complains the young Berlin historian, Arnulf Baring. The estrangement, like most others, is not the fault of one partner alone: in many ways and particularly in the field of *Kulturpolitik* the hard-boiled professionals of the *SPD* have done their utmost to frighten most intelligent people away. Some of this new aversion to the *SPD* lies at the bottom of the whole Grass-Kipphardt affair.

Günter Grass, as I have already suggested, has not only displeased the chauvinist right-wingers that still hate to give up one inch of Eastern soil, but also the well-behaved middle class that would rather forget about old brown-shirts than go along with "*die Roten*", by which they paradoxically understand the not-very-Marxist Social Democrats. Thus did a subversive Grass become the "*Buhmann*" of a

Science in court

Lexicology, 'the science of the derivation and signification of words', is nowhere better demonstrated than in **Webster's Third New International Dictionary** and nowhere more vital than in the great courts of law. The *International* is the product of thirty years of research into English word usage and every supreme court in the United States—federal and state—uses it as a basic source of reference. You should, too.
1966 Copyright Printing, with addenda. 450,000 entries. 3,000 explanatory drawings, 20 colour plates. In 1-vol or 2-vol style. *£30 net*

'The kind of basic dictionary that every literate home should have'—Marghanita Laski's persuasive argument in favour of **Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary**, a direct abridgement of the *International*.
1969 Copyright Printing. 130,000 entries. 1,800 explanatory drawings. £3·50 net, or thumb-indexed style, £4·20 net.

Webster's New Dictionary of Synonyms is far richer than any thesaurus and includes quotations from the works of 3,300 classical and modern authors to illustrate fine shades of difference in meaning. *942 pages. £5·75 net*

Webster's Geographical Dictionary has 40,000 place names and natural features and all the information about them most likely to be needed.
1969 Edition. 1,300 pages. 151 maps. £6 net

Webster's Biographical Dictionary summarises the lives and achievements of 40,000 people from all countries and all walks of life. *1970 Edition. 1,700 pages.* *£6 net*

Prospectuses from G BELL & SONS
6 Portugal Street London WC2A 2HL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conservative and right-of-centre Germany. That he deliberately chose to become *persona non grata* with a sizeable sector of the population—and succeeded—is quite a feat. It suggests that in spite of all his electioneering he has never trimmed, followed, compromised.

Has success spoiled Günter Grass? Some of his less fortunate literary contemporaries seem quite convinced of it. They belittle him for "growing fat", for living in West Berlin (with its many amenities, including tax privileges) and for earning millions of D-Marks in royalties. They ask him to choose between a literary and a political career. After all, a good writer can only produce one "*J'accuse*" —not a whole string of articles and speeches— without doing some harm to his deathless prose. Although Grass will not hear of it, some of his political writing is alas much inferior to his fiction. Must a famous man of letters in the political arena necessarily develop an over-inflated ego and a distorted view of the rest of the universe? This is the accusation of several of Grass's critics. For his friends and supporters, he is (as one of them said to me the other day) that extremely rare case—rarer in Germany than anywhere else—of "a poet with a political temper who stays within the limits of the possible . . . " Small wonder that he has made so many enemies in his native land—it should surprise nobody that a man of energy and reason should be hated by all the utopians, the fanatical and the naïve and the ignorant alike.

Hellmut Jaesrich

London Notebook

The Innocence of Oz

Members of the Jury, those of you who are familiar with history may have heard of the Greek philosopher Socrates. Socrates also stood trial and his trial resulted in his death. And the charge on his indictment was that he had corrupted the morals of young persons. And the reason he was so charged, was his unfortunate habit of continually asking why. And we who defend in this case believe that we do so in the interests of everyone, whatever age or sex or class or education, to question and to ask, why.

JOHN MORTIMER, Q.C.,
opening for the Defence

THE SOCRATIC PARALLEL, applied to the *Oz* trial which I recently attended, is offensive to history, to due proportion and plain fact. If Socrates was tried for asking "why" too often, *Oz* was not; it was tried for the answers it gave, not for the doubts it held. It is true that Athenian society was a place where Socrates had his enemies, and these probably had their own, unstated real reasons to do Socrates dirt, among which were undoubtedly that ageing paedophile's habits of mind; but they also had a perfectly good *ostensible* reason and it was for that reason that he was duly convicted. No doubt about it, *Oz* too has its enemies, and these have their covert motivations for thinking that *Oz 28*, the "Schoolkids' Issue", overstepped certain well-known limits; but again, *Oz* gave good and reasonable cause for the defence of those limits to be invoked by the society. The *Apology* shows clearly that while Socrates knew that by the standards of his society he was a dead man, thereby understanding the validity under law of his trial, his best defence was a clear, honest and truthful account of his life and philosophy, which he could claim as mitigation of his offence. He failed and died. Neither *Oz* nor the Defence was as reasonable: they challenged the law and defended with half-truth. They lost, but neither the defendants nor *Oz* died. I don't think for an instant that the Oz trial was a defence of my right to question; it was a trial of the right to abuse with impunity. A *cause célèbre* it may be, a noble cause it was not. The way in which it brought discredit on all parties to the judgment is the burden of this report.

KEITH BOTSFORD *is an American novelist living in London. He contributed an article entitled "Child's Play" to the July* ENCOUNTER.

We are not interested in convicting Oz *because it may have corrupted one or two mentally ill or depraved people.*
If a woman takes off her clothes on a crowded

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beach we think that indecent in this country. We just don't do that sort of thing. . . . Similarly if we behold athletes with their beautiful lithesome bodies and they are so scantily dressed that one can see their private parts, we say that this is indecent.

(In the summing up of Judge Michael Argyle, Q.C.)

THERE WERE four reasonable arguments by which a magazine such as *Oz 28* could be defended—that the laws under which it was charged were obscure, prejudicial to a free press, difficult of interpretation, and unenforceable in a way compatible with equity—that the charges against *Oz 28* were on grounds such that, if prosecution for such offences were fair, *Oz* was less liable than many other offenders (or at least no *more* liable) and, given the history of such prosecutions under the various Acts, there was reason to believe that *Oz* had been singled out for prosecution for reasons other than exclusively those stated in the charges—that the material in *Oz 28* was not either *prima facie* indecent or obscene, or (in the opinion of expert witnesses) of a nature such as to corrupt or deprave the young, to whom anyway the issue was not specifically addressed—finally, that there was redeeming merit in *Oz* and that that which might *appear* indecent or obscene was in fact legitimate satire used against the ills of society on behalf of a justifiable "Alternative Society".

It took five-and-a-half weeks for these arguments to be explored and for three not-so-young men to be convicted on the lesser four of the five original counts and sentenced, variously, to fifteen, twelve and nine months, plus fines and costs of something more than £2,000. The sentences were variously described as "savage", a "blunder", "swampy ground for a liberal society" and a "turning point in the struggle between those who wish to uphold moral standards and those who seek to destroy morality."

The energy of the press in its editorial reaction had not been matched by the extent or accuracy of its coverage of the actual trial itself. On most days I attended the trial, only one or two wearied reporters did the actual "covering", and they had either weak bladders or prodigious appetites, for they seemed to find it difficult to sit there for more than a few minutes at a time. Of course, reporters of crime are like sports reporters: what happens counts for less than the result. On the last days of the trial, for instance, the situation was different. Not a seat to be had. Outside the Number Two Court at Old Bailey were, myself, included, a dozen or more: indignant correspondents for highly-serious Swiss papers, a girl who took ads for the *Kensington Post*, an alcoholic American reporter, a clutch of frilly young barristers —none of us could get in. For entry, it transpired, wasn't in the hands of the Court; the Police were in charge. I spoke to a succession of fatherly sergeants: "Not a chance, laddy, haven't you heard there were threats of a bomb?"

I'm afraid, therefore, that your reporter got the tedium without the climax; but it was still worth it to be able to tell my grandchildren that I was present at a trial which, if in the end it produced a result which in legal history will tip the balance with all the specific gravity of a pair of tiny mouse-turds, was still, for solemnity, largesse with time, old-fashioned courtesy, archaic niceties, tradition and ceremony, worthy of the trial of civilisation itself.

BUT TEDIUM is the right word. Day after day of John Mortimer, robed and wigged, looking like a half-stuffed laundry-bag, asking the same obvious questions, getting the desired answers and then seeing them shot down with unassailable logic and a fine sense of how a *jury* might view the defence's arguments by a twinkly-eyed, leprechaunish prosecutor named Leary; of T-shirted defendants in the box, obsequious ushers, posies on the bench, and a procession of natty, nervous witnesses; of Judge Argyle whom Mr Tony Palmer (on whose useful transcript of the trial, supplemented by my own notes, I base my citations) says spent most of his time reading the London *A-to-Z*, but who in my view played the judge's part in the best Old Bailey tradition, with relish and as it ought to be played. Where John Mortimer was affable and Leary spry and Richard Neville passionate and the witnesses, in the main, lemming-like in their suicidal desire to prove themselves publicly incompetent, Judge Argyle was almost unfailingly patient and courteous: except, of course, when some higher moral imperative obviously made this unnatural to him.

He would break, for instance, when he literally could not *believe* what a witness said ("Let me be sure I understand, do you really mean that . . ."?); when he wanted the Royal Family or the clergy left out of it; when a point needed clarification ("How did the witness define 'promiscuity'?" As more than three partners in six months. "Ah."); when Mr Michael Duane said that it was "obscene that apparently mentally deranged people should bring the whole process of law to bear on

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this schoolboy prank", an attack on the law and the utter appropriateness of what went on in his courtroom that Judge Argyle responded to merely by making sure that he had the witness's statement down in his ledger *verbatim*; or when provoked by the unlawyer-like reasoning and method of Mr Neville (who defended himself with deference and as if he himself had firm aspirations to silk) which seemed merely to disappoint him. On all counts he would obviously have preferred to deal, in his court, only with professional lawyers, clerks, wig-makers and, if possible, professional criminals.

BUT TO THE HEART of the matter. The lines of possible defence I have listed were not dealt with, in court, in such a way that the lines of demarcation between them were clearly drawn. The Crown harped on sex by reiteration, the Defence adopted whatever arguments came to hand. In the first instance, however, what ruined the Defence was not so much the case made by the Prosecution (or the indictment passed *in absentia* by the Establishment and British society) as the fact that, whatever the virtues or faults of the Obscene Publications Act of 1959, that Act, as it now stands and is likely to be interpreted by a solid middle-class jury of nine men and two women in the precincts of the Old Bailey, meant a verdict of guilty was a foregone conclusion. Whether or not this should be so, I will return to later.

Thus the first and most obvious line of defence—to argue that *Oz 28* was *not* obscene—was undone by the Defence's choice of tactics. The defendants' task was to convince the jury and the court (not public opinion) that:

> What *Oz* purveyed was the normal stuff of which kids' lives are made today;
>
> That contemporary definitions of the permissible had been so greatly extended in recent years that under present standards *Oz* was no less acceptable than the *Times;*
>
> That the young would not react to *Oz* in the way the Crown had to prove in order to make good their charge;
>
> That where *Oz*'s readership did take *Oz* into account (for most readers, the Defence contended, didn't read with care) they were not likely to be depraved or corrupted thereby, because they wouldn't understand it and hence it would have no effect on them; and
>
> That, if they were affected, it would be in such a way as to be repelled by what they read or saw and the final effect on them would be *moral* rather than otherwise.

To make these points, Mr Mortimer and his colleagues called one witness after another. Some were the old war-horses of all liberal campaigns. Some, like the comedian, Marty Feldman, were fresh recruits to the Theatre of the Absurd. But most were decent professional people who sincerely believed one or more of the arguments listed above, about which, without any doubt, valid points could have been made. Alas, in a court of law, such testimony, to be of any use, would have had to satisfy three requirements. First, that it be able to stand up against skilful cross-examination; second, that it be clear, authoritative and memorable and offered by a witness of obvious impartiality and experience; and third, that it be offered in such form as would prove palatable to a jury who presumably listened with the average British distaste for any excess, sexual, political, or otherwise.

On all these counts the witnesses were, in the main, a disaster.

—Mr de Bono, why is Rupert the Bear equipped with a large organ?
—What size do you think would be natural?
—Well forgive me, but you musn't ask counsel questions.

STELLA FISHER
SERVES
LITERARY AGENTS
PUBLISHERS & AUTHORS
WITH THE BEST STAFF

Graduates, editorial assistants, language secretaries, in fact every grade of office staff (and really good temps—we test ours) are recruited speedily and reasonably through Stella Fisher.

Plays, novels and scripts expertly typed on the premises—our only address

STELLA FISHER BUREAU
436 Strand, London WC2
01-836: 6644

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many of the witnesses Mr Leary could make to look like fools; some he made to appear malevolent wasters of the court's time and the jury's patience. If a witness said that she had "considerable confidence in the natural morality of children", couldn't counsel easily ask why only "considerable"? If the Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford could argue that "the movement of which this magazine forms a part takes as its end, to increase the role that morality plays in public and private behaviour . . . certainly, one of the messages of this movement is to encourage a greater role for morality in our daily life," did this not tend to make a jury wonder how some men had reached such eminence? Could the issue of *Oz* they had before them, in common sense, be taken as tending to morality? And what about the expertise of Feliks Topolski? "So, as you define art", asked Mr Leary, "it can comprehend anything from Mickey Mouse to Rembrandt?" "Indeed yes." Indeed yes, with such capacities for Expert Definition, *anything* could be art, and the jury must have felt greatly assisted. If a witness said the Crown was wrong to deal with *Oz* word for word, because only adults lent that sort of credence to individual words, was she not liable to be asked if the words in *Oz* were not indeed *written* word for word? And would she not expect her words to be taken seriously? Faced with such platitudes of modern enlightenment as "A relationship is always fun", hardly the juror's sense of his own daily life, could the witness be taken at his word? And how might the court react to a woman who left the box only wishing that the word "cunt" could be used a *little* more tenderly? No, most parents do not say "fuck" to their young children. No, you couldn't argue sexual prophylaxis when considering Rupert Bear, at least not along Coronation Street.

WHEN THEY WERE NOT full of their own jargon and self-righteousness, when they were not lecturing the court from the heights of their own superiority, the defence witnesses often seemed little more than casual allies of the defendants, and the jury must often have thought they belonged in the dock with the defendants. Whatever their titles, they had obviously been soiled by what they worked with: this doctor and that hot-panted girl with drug-addicts, those shrinks with the sexually maladjusted, those musical and literary critics with a language as nearly incoherent as *Oz* itself.

But supposing they had been perfect, could *Oz*, that flimsy 48-page collation of juvenile obsessionality, really support such a superstructure of expertise? Obviously not. At the end of the trial, Mr Mortimer and his defendants lay buried under the sheer debris of a misfired overkill.

OF COURSE THERE WAS ANOTHER WAY to defend *Oz*. Three snappy witnesses; an admission that pornography, obscenity, permissiveness and other such terms were beyond interpretation or definition by the best minds; a call to the jury to decide quite simply whether what these young men wanted and set out to do was to "deprave and corrupt" or whether, in fact, they were not, in their habitual, disingenuous, childish way, "doing their own thing"; to plead that they were as surprised as could be that anyone had taken their efforts so seriously; that if they had offended anyone they were deeply sorry; that they thought, judging from what was commonly peddled in far more depraved form, that with their good intentions they were well within the law. Then to rest one's case quickly and waste no one's time and money.

This was considered by the Defence and rejected. The onus to prove that *all* the Defence

How would you like to satisfy these appetites every day?

These boys are from one of our smaller homes and it is obvious that they have man-size appetites. We have other homes, too, as well as the 'Arethusa', our unique home and school in board ship for over 200 boys.

Most of the children who are cared for in the Shaftesbury Homes and 'Arethusa' come from broken homes or unhappy backgrounds.

Please send a donation to: **The General Secretary, Lt.-Commander A. D. England, R.N.**

Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa"

Patron H. M. The Queen

229 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2 Tel: 01-836 3853

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wanted was "a fair trial" now passes to the Defence. Otherwise it must be assumed that, as much as they claim the Crown prosecuted for unstated reasons, the *way* in which the Defence conducted its case was likewise motivated by *other* considerations.

I MUST TURN to another question: if *Oz 28* was indecent or obscene in the light of the law, or likely to be so taken by a jury, in what *way* was this so? What element of the magazine was offensive? And if it was offensive, was this not (second of the four possible defences) part of the general scene?

Is obscenity in the eye of the beholder? One afternoon as I walked homewards from the Old Bailey and had cause to stop in a near-by Convenience, I found a graffito written on the reverse of my cubicle door; there is, alas! no doubt as to how I read it. It said: ARGYLE SUCKS SOCKS. Was this a misprint? an obscenity? wit? If within a stone's throw of the Old Bailey you can find (or, as the press and *Oz*'s defenders were more wont to say, "within a stone's throw of Marble Arch"). I decided to do a little fieldwork: to put *Oz* in its full context. First *Oz* itself, which readers may not have seen and which it is now difficult to find:

FRONT COVER: two-plus black beauties, miscellaneous fingers and tongues. *pp. 2-3*, group portrait of school-kids who put out issue: fresh-looking lot, no long macs. *pp. 4-5*, class-book biographies of same with exaggerated claims. Zoroastrians, astrologers, drop-outs & self-declared freaks. *p. 6*, guerrilla action against schools, not clearly explained but evidently fun for all. *p. 7*, jail-bait of the month, pin-up of Berti, 15. *pp. 8-9*, continued guerrilla action with cartoons whose balloons include "cunt" and "bollocks". *pp. 10-11*, school atrocities including notorious portrait of schoolmaster and schoolboy post-fellatio (?). *pp. 12-13*, more on schools, Cadet Corps. *pp. 14-15*, exams, sex freedom and Rupert Bear in congress with Gypsy Granny. *pp. 16-17*, cartoon strip: head goes out for grass, finds only junkies and switchblade. *p. 17*, upright sentiment, Kent State v. R. M. Nixon. *pp. 18-19*, high-school revolutionaries, reprint from US. *pp. 20-21*, old EVO fold out, Rehearsing for the Apocalypse, after sex, favourite topic for Underground. *p. 22*, music criticism. *p. 23*, ad. *p. 24*, cartoon strip, fat boy caught by tough whose kid sister is going down on former, during which time she can't blow bubble gum. Between, ads for back numbers. *pp. 26-27*, faits divers and varia, including drugs. *pp. 28-29*, small ads including one for SUCK and Siné cartoons, necrophilic. Masthead. *pp. 30-32*, Letters. *p. 33*, Dr Hippocrates. *p. 34*, illegible, on books I think. *p. 35*, on music. *pp. 36-37*, personals. *pp. 38-39*, about the young and Theodore Roszak, who isn't. *pp. 40-41*, music & books. *p. 42*, report on girls, sex & school. *p. 43*, black power handout. *p. 44*, notices. *pp. 45-46*, questionnaire to send back to computer questionnaires. *p. 47*, fake puzzle-page. BACK COVER: four black girls, one with artificial penis fore, another with piece of Brighton Rock aft.

The Thought of Karl Marx: An Introduction

David McLellan

With his latest work David McLellan has provided the most comprehensive introduction in English to the thought of Karl Marx.

£3·50 Papermac £1·50

Italy since 1945

Elizabeth Wiskemann

This book describes the emergence of Italy from war and civil war as a Republic with a new democratic constitution.

£2·95

Macmillan

SATURDAY. Cast my stone from Marble Arch. Ended in modern boutique leased from Rank & Odious on that corner, expensive emporium of Ann Summers' Sex Supermarket. Entered. Two brisk cheerful girls stand by cash register, overweight with aplomb. Shop crowded. Mixed lot, parti-coloured, all circulating unashamed. Picking up gadgets, squeezing. Blue décor and bright shelving contribute to universal ease. Available on the spot or through mail order: furry *cache-sexes* (substantially reduced but no size 36); usual assortment of condoms. MAKE LOVE IN COLOUR. American next to me breaks cardinal rule of porn shops, talks: *Ya know in Niooyock I wen inna de drugstore an over in the doosh sexion yaknowhat? they had alla flavas you like, you coulda sucked sarspariller, coke. . . .* Continued. Variety of personal massagers, £4.50 down to £1.75 (Hong Kong); VITALGARANT, species of corrugated white rubber coil connected with thin rubber tube to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bulb. NOT A CONTRACEPTIVE BUT AN AID TO INCREASED ERECTION. Wondrous variety of clitoral stimulators: some like sea-urchins attached to a teething-ring, others bristling with feathers from birdless Arabia. Mysterious miniature rubber Henry Moore entitled MIT DIR. HELPS YOU REACH A SIMULTANEOUS ORGASM WITH YOUR PARTNER. But how does it work? Can one ask for demo? Past UNGUENTS AND EHEGLÜCK which PREVENTS PREMATURE ORGASM IN THE MALE. (How?) Note Germano-centrism of the industry, purchased catalogue (15p) with guiltless smile, and passed out into refreshing smut and soot of Edgware Road.

Does obscenity reside in the apparatus of sex? *Oz*, after all, advertised the massager, EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE ONE, and a product called MAGNAPHALL. But what transvestite has encountered difficulty in buying gorgeous lingerie in London? Aren't the British too shy to ask why a beefy six-footer should be buying a 36-C bra? Doesn't Swaine, Adeney Brigg & Sons cater to the carriage trade for whips, crops and switches? *Oz* itself, after all, could hardly be used, even tight-rolled, either for clitoral stimulation or artificial penetration, whether, as my grandmother once modestly said, *a priori* or *a posteriori*.

Might it be then the *occasion* of actual sexual encounter offered by such *Oz* ads as, HI THERE, CONTACT NEW SEXCITING FRIENDS or BI-SEXUAL YOUNG MAN SEEKS. . . ? By local standards, *Oz* surely provides a feeble service: there are the conveniences, the baths, and certain arboured walks on Wimbledon Common.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON. Little sticker on my Chelsea doorway arch urges, HOMOSEXUALS SHOW YOURSELVES. 2.30 Battersea Park. Dressed in masculine leather and sneakers, I bike over. Early. Only miscegenated families enjoying green grass and yellow sun. *Allá hay tres!* I hear. Three Spanish *maricones* have recognised their own kind. Half-hour after appointed time, lawn is sprinkled with congregation of homosexuals, male and female. As the multiracial families remain oblivious, they frolic and stuff green grass down each other's collars. One queen in drag stands, the others sit. Four or five dance. Along the river-walk the men ogle, as does a leggy wench pushing

Maurice

E. M. FORSTER

Finished 1914 Published 1971

Maurice is the story of one man's realisation and fulfilment of homosexuality; this is why Forster felt unable to publish the book in his lifetime. Its major theme is one central to all his novels, that the individual should express and experience the full capacity of his personality: and in *Maurice* will be found Forster's most passionate defence of personal freedom and his most outspoken attack on the notions of consensus morality and established order.

EDWARD ARNOLD £2 net

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pram and insolent baby-blue makeup whom her husband lures off into nearby miniature golf, to try all those little balls and little holes. Ever so peaceful gathering of the tribes.

Returned home, caught a half-hour of BBC's *Eyeless in Gaza:* naked lovers' bodies and a dog dropped from a plane that spatters them with blood.

Curled up with *Sunday Times*, colourful fun for all the family. Behind the sports is an ad for SEALWEAR: made of latex rubber, "Caprice" rubber and rubber taffeta, for "rain, sports, leisure and pleasure wear." Turn to the *Sunday Times Magazine*. "All about Eve." Midge Mackenzie is "very angry about vaginal deodorants," Jane Arden never uses contraceptives, just as Germaine Greer doesn't brush her teeth. "If you put your head in the average Englishman's lap you'll probably suffocate," she goes on: and what child won't want to know what she was doing there, inhaling all that "sweat and stale tobacco"? Then she too has a thing about her parts, for what happens to them is "what happens to your feet when you wear galoshes all day."

MONDAY AFTERNOON: *X* and a *For Members Only* films. Only the club film was true-blue. Breast-fondling, nipples brown, thick as yo-yos. *X*-film's excitement limited to suspender belts and stockings.

Continued along Praed St., prying up cellophane wrappers on *Cunts and Grunts, The Whipping Post, Kinky Komics.* Sign said: *PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH VOLUMES. THIS IS IN THE INTEREST OF HYGIENE.* Felt myself at the heart of hard-core porn. Compared to which *Oz* offered only an advantage of price: 20p *vs.* seldom less than two quid. Brisk trade in exchanges. This kind of sex appears to be one vast lending library.

What particular *element* in *Oz* warranted its successful prosecution? And, if any did, what distinguished *Oz*'s use of that element from its ready availability as part of the London scene? I am forced to conclude that it must have been the *whole* of *Oz* which merited this judicial axing: the whole being, so far as Regina *v.* Richard Neville *et al.* was concerned, greater in offence than the sum of its parts.

NOW WHY SHOULD this be so? Obviously because the innocence of children was involved; and we know that not merely the Law, but perhaps our very natures are especially protective of the young. Innocence, which a child symbolises, is taken to be superior to wisdom or knowledge, which we know to be a special consolation of age. And that innocence is, in the young, essentially a moral purity: moral purity having come to mean, by our own unmystical times, and through the influence of the Protestant Christian ethic, principally *sexual* purity. Most people, it was declared in the Old Bailey (and in the correspondence columns of *The Times*), made love in the dark and alone; the "fucking in the streets" which *Oz* is supposed to have advocated was immodest and hence against natural inclination. Now children, being unable or inexpert, were (or should be) both modest and chaste; it is the assault on this modesty and chastity which would appear to be the awful crime.

Certainly "modesty" (which he terms "privacy") is what Irving Kristol is arguing about in his *Daily Mail* debate with Peter Hall, the Royal Shakespearean who holds that "our age is more balanced and more sensible on moral matters than any in recorded history." According to Kristol, man is unique and unlike the beasts; from which it follows that the bestial in man should be suppressed. But his uniqueness is not, as you might expect, man's capacity for love, compassion or self-abnegation, his rationality or self-control, but his sense of *privacy*. The abolition of that privacy, to which pornography contributes, is a step along the road to the final Counter-Revolution which will "permit us to dispense with any kind of ordered relations between the sexes."

Now, even granted that such "ordered relations" do exist (except in surviving social forms such as marriage which constantly break down), is it possible to argue that privacy can best be preserved by suppression? The domain of pornography is sex, the most universally interesting of domains, and the rage of our time is the public act in quick and easy communication. Even if it were a good thing, is it possible to suppress, on behalf of privacy, that which has already become so *public*? But perhaps, then, what Kristol (and the Court) has in mind, is not so much the preservation of modesty as a struggle to maintain some sense of the virtue of *purity*?

To be pure is to remain "unadulterated". Unadulterated by dirt, or unadulterated by knowledge? The Kristols see the vice of the dirt, the Halls the virtue of the knowledge.

> The pick-axing of this magazine is nothing less than political censorship. . . . *Oz* is the only magazine in this country to consistently and constructively analyse the tension between the freak/drop-out community and the militant left, and to struggle to develop a theory from such antagonism. We see fun, flippancy, guiltless sex

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> and the permanent strike of dropping-out as part of a new emerging community. We appreciate that *Oz* antics are often adventuristic, escapist, dilettantish, narcissistic and juvenile; but we are congenitally incapable of facing such a solemn fun-free future, cutting cane beneath some spartan banner of liberation—we want only to play with our toys, not own them.
>
> (VYVYAN BERGER, Crown witness, and one of the teen-age "kids" responsible for *Oz 28*)

Oz was not being tried as hard-core porn. That was admitted. And if it wasn't being tried for that (and others weren't), then the reason lay presumably in a generational and political attack on all aspects of the so-called "Permissive Society" and *Oz*, as one of the pillars of this society, its most-widely read journal and, more important, most widely-accepted organ among the young, was selected as a target because the *real* target was "a whole generation" and its whole political attitude of nonconformity, irreverence, and support for the "Alternative Society."

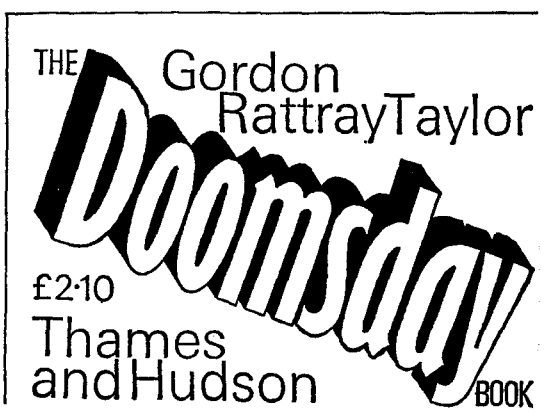
With *Oz 28* as evidence, not even the most eloquent counsel could have made this argument wash. Not in that courtroom, not with those jurors, not in England. The defendants weren't any kind of alternative society. Like it or not, they belonged to this society, to the same society as Judge Argyle and the jurors. No one stands outside society just on his own say-so. (A few can't help it: through some inherent fault such as madness or imbecility, or through some grievous but harmless eccentricity such as being the first man to cross the Atlantic on a pogo-stick.) To be outside meant being *outside*, not inside pretending you were outside (or overground pretending you were underground). The law and the courts existed to remind individuals that there were, within a given society, limits they could not exceed. They couldn't argue that they were beyond the jurisdiction of this society. The court might deem they were beyond the pale, jail-bait, potential deportees, but *by gad sir*! these young men seemed to *think* they could command, from their peripheral positions of relative idleness, doubtful lives and morals, as much thought, as much consequence, as much majesty as society can summon in its own defence! Off with them!

So the jury must have thought. For, even admitting that the chief aim in putting out *Oz 28* had been to advocate an alternative society, even granting Neville and his juvenile friends high ideals and purity of heart, even accepting their claim that they only sought to challenge the received ideas of the present society, even supposing that they were truly (as all self-appointed messiahs and pied pipers believe) the acknowledged representatives of the New and the Future, what *sort* of an alternative were they offering? Was *Oz* their evidence for this advocacy?

Could *Oz* be taken as a satirical journal, designed to undermine conventional views through the castigation of present ills, and prepare us all for a brave new world? Could this be said of the sexual antics of Rupert Bear and Gypsy Granny? Was the better world represented by the unbagged, pipe-puffing, moustachioed schoolmaster who, giant engine in hand, stood there goosing the be-capped and presumably semen-vomiting schoolboy? Well, Feliks Topolski had said it was drawn by a very gifted person, and Lionel Hayward, a consultant psychologist, thought the message of the cartoon was "to criticise the lack of dissemination of sexual education."

No, not only was this line of defence absurd, it was also clear the Defence did not, *could* not expect the jury to swallow that line. Nor were the defendants so obviously naive that, expecting to be taken seriously in arguing for their alternative society in court, they should not be taken seriously in putting out *Oz 28*. Were they "only kidding", or did they stand for something? What was the positive good they offered? Play-power? The regenerative force of infantilism? Sexual freedom? Love? No, as Richard Neville said, "You don't hear so much about love nowadays, because the alternative society has become more practical and political." *Oz 28*, then, was practical politics?

The least serious indictment of the innocents of *Oz*, of Neville *et al.*, that one can make is that they have spent and are spending their lives, charm, and high spirits in doing what is trivial. If they don't think *Oz 28* and the long trial spent on it was trivial but serious, then they are simply ignorant to the point of innocence: blind and deaf to the meanings of the words they use and their implications.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

However, one cannot sue a man for triviality, nor for infantilism.

A MORE EARNEST CHARGE is to be laid at the door of all concerned in the sorry business. None of them emerged with credit and that which they in their various ways discredited was something of real value, the ordinary civilised processes of legality. No one who heard or read Judge Argyle's summing-up will believe that he sat in the case as an impartial arbiter interested solely in the truth and the clarification of the law for the benefit of the jury. He clearly believed beforehand, and proved by his sentencing, that the defendants' rights were secondary to an abstract notion of deterrence. The Press, which failed to examine in detail the day-to-day implications of the evidence presented and rushed in with vague generalisations based on the oldest, most tried-and-true prejudices of their respective social and political interests, can hardly be said to have helped clarify a debate which, in other circumstances, could have been valuable. The London Police, who had by-passed 27 previous numbers of *Oz*, none of them radically varying from the 28th, who had had complaints about previous issues but had waited until this occasion to act, who allowed, within a stone's throw of wherever you like, other "indecencies" to be peddled unprosecuted, hardly helped burnish their images as unbiased protectors of the public weal. The Witnesses contributed to making a mockery of the machinery painstakingly built up over the years whereby "expert opinion" may be called in to assist judge and jury in their deliberations. And the Defence, by insisting, against logic, common sense and good legal tactics, on the *importance* and universal implications of their case, by *using* the law and its processes to their own unstated (and quite unsocratic) aims, while they may have helped one cause—the revision of an unworkable and unenforceable obscenity statute—were possibly guilty of doing their clients in and setting a poor precedent for future defences of press freedom.

But if all erred, some erred more than others. I find it particularly dismaying that Mr Neville and his co-defendants should have wallowed in so much self-deception. They are not, though they may believe themselves to be, simply "idealistic young men." Nor is *Oz* precisely that libertarian organ of gentleness, love and play-power that they make it out to be. *Oz* is a consumer-society package, a merchandised youth-product in exactly the same sense that Richard Nixon is a conventional silent-majority product, and Ann Summers a cellophane-wrapped sex-product. *Oz* hasn't made the defendants *rich;* the Alternative Society affects, anyway, to look down on money as currency. It made them rich in the new valuta of the pop society: mutual admiration, publicity, instant celebrity. It was ridiculous to watch Neville making himself out to be the Danton of his Revolution; at best he is only its crypto-Marat, the flamboyant publicist of a rising of Know-Nothings who enjoys passing as the young people's friend.

I said the defendants were "innocents." I mean the word in the pejorative sense. They are mental celibates, political virgins, handicapped by intellectual impotence. Of the big and magniloquent words which they trotted out in their defence they know only as much as the prattle of magpies. There is no real virtue in that sort of innocence; there *is* a sort of sinister power. It is not that sort of power which should have allowed them to be condemned to the British penal equivalent of hell: they should have been allowed to languish in the limbo to which they properly belong, a place of neither here nor there, without suffering or joy. Certainly they did not merit being forced on the company of martyrs in heaven.

The real martyrs—they are always, today, the first victims—were: the words we use, which in the Ozzian mouth become meaningless; the mind we need to think with, which *Oz* titillated into dullness; the young on whose behalf *Oz* claimed to speak and whose purity the Crown claimed to safeguard, who were led to believe that *Oz* could or would talk to them *honestly*. This task, which is the least the young merit from us, was sacrificed by *Oz* to the instincts of the mindless *Zeitgeist*, radical chic and pop puerilities. But good grief! as Candy might have said, did we need the Old Bailey to tell us that?

Keith Botsford

THE
IDLER
QUARTERLY

METAPHYSICAL, whimsical, serious but not solemn, this 8-paged newspaper-sized affair contains essays and illustrations concerning the unsophisticated, continuing life.

Write for a specimen copy (incl. three 3p. stamps) to: THE IDLER, The Old Crown, Wheatley, Oxford.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arthur Miller

Between Sartre & Society—*By* RONALD HAYMAN

IF I WERE TRAPPED into defining the salient differences between Arthur Miller's approach to the drama and Beckett's or Pinter's, I might point to Miller's solidly carpentered structures, the clear outlines he draws around characters and incidents and his repudiation of the ambiguity in which they thrive; but probably the most fundamental differences of all are his social commitment and his concern to analyse in terms of *process*, to ask how something came to be the way it is. In *All My Sons*, *Death of a Salesman*, *The Crucible* and *The Price* the characters have committed themselves to courses of action which have their roots in the past: the plays cannot move forwards without moving backwards to dig them up. Once excavated, the moments from the past are made to exist as if they have been preserved in amber. Victor's description of his mother's reaction to the news of her husband's bankruptcy is as vivid as anything else in *The Price*:

> It was right on this couch. She was all dressed up—for some affair, I think. Her hair was piled up, and long earrings? And he had his tuxedo on . . . and made us all sit down; and he told us it was all gone. And she vomited. All over his arms. His hands. Just kept on vomiting, like thirty-five years coming up. And he sat there. Stinking like a sewer. And a look came onto his face. I'd never seen a man look like that. He was sitting there, letting it dry on his hands.

For neither Beckett nor Pinter is there any question of resurrecting the past like this. It no longer exists. Vladimir and Estragon find it almost impossible to remember what happened as long ago as yesterday. Objective recollection is unthinkable because the subject itself changes from day to day. As Beckett says in his book on Proust, "We are other, no longer what we were before the calamity of yesterday." Pinter has said that a character who can present no convincing information as to his past experience is as legitimate as one who can. His own characters are notoriously unreliable when they talk about the past. Memory blends with fantasy and both blend with a subversive desire to mislead the other characters and the audience. In *The Collection* even the basic question of whether Bill and Stella ever made love together becomes unanswerable and irrelevant, and in *Old Times*, as in the one-act plays *Landscape* and *Silence* and the sketch *Night*, the disparities between the characters' memories of the experiences they have shared become a major part of the conflict between them.

Miller's drama now looks old-fashioned both in its assumption that the past does not undergo any chemical change in the memory and in the related assumption that it is possible to make meaningful statements about casual connections between one event and another. *Avant-garde* art, like quantum mechanics, has questioned the possibility of isolating anything as the cause of anything else. Robbe-Grillet has said that chronological time distorts our experience because it "forces events into a pattern of causality and imposes an unjustifiable logic on them." Like so much of what Robbe-Grillet has said, this has its roots in Sartre and Camus. In *L'Etranger*, as Sartre pointed out, Camus deliberately suppressed all causal links between the sentences. It is this which so often gives an appearance of absurdity to a totally unexceptional series of incidents.

A GOOD CASE could be made for calling Miller the most Sartrean of living dramatists, and while it would be oversimplifying things to argue that his social commitment has forced him into an old-fashioned method of story-telling, it is clear that it is almost impossible for a playwright to make statements about society except in terms of cause and effect, and that Adamov and Arrabal, for instance, have been pulled damagingly in different directions by social commitment on the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one hand and formal experiment on the other.

Essentially a social playwright, Miller has always used his characters to make statements about society, though he has done this in different ways. In *All My Sons* the mainspring of the conflict between Joe Keller and his son Chris is the difference between the degrees of their commitment to society. Chris feels the same sort of responsibility towards the whole of humanity that Joe feels only towards his family. As Miller has put it, Joe's trouble is "that his cast of mind cannot admit that he personally has any viable connection with his world, his universe or his society." In showing him that his past behaviour in selling cracked cylinder heads to the Army Air Force has driven one of his sons to suicide and the other to hating him, the action of the play forces him to the admission that the other men whose deaths he caused were "all my sons."

Though Joe Keller's asocial attitude is given its dramatic correlative in a glaringly unscrupulous piece of behaviour, the idealism of Chris's attitude was only viable in the immediate post-war period. The statement that the next play, *Death of a Salesman*, makes about society is not based on the conflict between two attitudes to it but on a hero who is both representative of the whole society and victim of a self-alienation forced on him by its pressures. Because it is oriented to commercial success he can no longer be a useful member of it when he is no longer successful as a salesman. Since the insurance company will pay more for his death than he can earn by staying alive, it is logical for him to kill himself. By suggesting that it values the life of the individual human being less than it values business efficiency, Miller was implicitly condemning the whole society. And by taking a standpoint, as he now had, outside it, he was of course making it more difficult for himself to write social plays.

IN CLASSICAL GREEK SOCIETY, as he has said in his essay *On Social Plays*, all drama was social and tended towards a prescription of how men should live in relationship with each other. The members of the *polis* were not strangers to each other and it was inconceivable that any individual could prosper unless they all did. "In every dramatic hero there is the idea of the Greek people, their fate, their will and their destiny . . . the tragic victory consisted in demonstrating that the *polis*—the whole people—had discovered some aspect of the Grand Design which also was the right way to live together." With this he contrasts American drama from O'Neill onwards.

> The single theme to which our most ambitious plays can be reduced is frustration. . . . The image is that of the individual scratching away at a wall beyond which stands society, his fellow men. . . . To think of an individual fulfilling his subjective needs through social action, to think of him living most completely when he lives most socially, to think of him as doing this, not as a social worker acting out of conscientious motives, but naturally, without guilt or sense of oddness—this is difficult for us to imagine.

The Crucible is a play which both gives a picture of 17th-century Salem society and comments on McCarthyism, which at the time of writing was an obviously dangerous political evil; it also contains his first "heroic questioner"—a man who stands out against society's values and attitudes, in effect testing himself by the strength of his stand, at the same time as testing society by the strength of his challenge to it. As a liberal humanist Miller's John Proctor is directly descended from Chris Keller, but he is more like a tragic hero because the play's action drives him to the point where death is the only alternative to forfeiting his identity by siding with a murderous society. What Miller (in his 1958 Introduction to the *Collected Plays*) described as "probably the single most powerful influence on my way of writing" was the necessity

> if one is to reflect reality, not only to depict why a man does what he does, or why he nearly didn't do it, but why he cannot simply walk away and say to hell with it. . . . I take it that if one could know enough about a human being one could discover some conflict, some value, some challenge, however minor or major, which he cannot find it in himself to walk away from or turn his back on. The structure of these plays, in this respect, is to the end that such a conflict be discovered and clarified.

This is very Sartrean. "*Le secret d'un homme*," according to his essay on Paris under the Occupation in *Situations III*, "*c'est la limite même de sa liberté, c'est son pouvoir de résistance aux supplices et à la mort.*" (A man's secret, the very frontier of his freedom, is his power of resistance to torture and death.)

Sartre no longer has the same belief in liberty that he had at the time of writing *Les Mouches* and *Huis-clos*. "Whatever the conditions and wherever the site," he wrote in a prefatory note to a collection of his early plays, "a man is always free to choose to be a traitor or not." This may have been true for a Frenchman involved in the Resistance, but in *Le Diable et le Bon Dieu* Sartre made a conscious effort to repudiate his earlier viewpoint by creating

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'The greatest achievement in lexicography which has ever been accomplished.'

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

The Oxford English Dictionary, unrivalled in its accuracy and comprehensiveness, is the supreme authority on the usage and history of English words. It is the nucleus of any serious library, and the arbiter in any difference of opinion on the English language. But its price, £90, has put its thirteen volumes and 16,570 pages beyond the reach of many libraries and most private buyers.

THE COMPACT EDITION OF THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY —AT £28

Now this great dictionary has been reduced micrographically, to two volumes and 4,134 pages. The new **Compact Edition** offers the complete text of the **O.E.D.**, for less than a third of the cost of the thirteen volume set. It is supplied in a sturdy blue cloth box, with a reading-glass.

The **O.E.D.** is the parent work of the smaller Oxford dictionaries, generally regarded as the most authoritative works of their kind.

The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary
One volume £7·50, *with thumb index* £8·50
Two volumes £8 ,*with thumb index* £9·50

The Concise Oxford Dictionary
£1·50, *with thumb index* £2·50

The Pocket Oxford Dictionary £1·05

The Little Oxford Dictionary 65p

The Oxford Illustrated Dictionary £3·50

There are many more Oxford dictionaries and reference books — among them **The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations**, £3; **A Dictionary of Modern English Usage**, £1·60; **The Oxford Companions to Music**, £5·25; **Art**, £6, and **English Literature**, £2·75. You can see an extensive range in major bookshops everywhere — or write to The Publisher (JF), Oxford University Press, 37 Dover Street, London W.1 for our 16-page brochure, *Oxford Reference Books*.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a character, Heinrich, who is so conditioned by his situation that he does not have the freedom of choice to commit himself either to the Church, which has betrayed the poor, or to the poor, who have abandoned the Church.

Though Sartre was 34 when the war broke out and Miller only 24, they both started to think of heroism in terms of the war. The real hero of *All My Sons* is not Chris but his dead brother Larry, who has already crashed his plane deliberately when the play starts. For Sartre the hero was the man who could hold out against torture. In depriving the French of their freedom, the Occupation gave them a freedom of a different sort: to submit or not to submit. After the liberation this illusion of liberty vanished and the effects of conditioning became apparent again, though Sartre still refused to exculpate the individual from complicity in the social forces that were working on him. As he put it in a recent interview with the *New Left Review* (No. 58):

> The idea which I have never ceased to develop is that in the end one is always responsible for what is made of one. Even if one can do nothing else besides assume this responsibility. For I believe that a man can always make something out of what is made of him. This is the limit I would today accord to freedom: the small movement which makes of a totally conditioned social being someone who does not render back completely what his conditioning has given him.

This is strikingly close to the attempt at a balance between determinism and free will which ends Miller's introduction to the *Collected Plays*:

> If there is one unseen goal toward which every play in this book strives, it is that very discovery and its proof—that we are made and yet are more than what made us.

As a thinker Miller is a long way behind Sartre, and Miller's own plays are not even on the same intellectual level as what he has written about them. Lionel Trilling has explained the lack of emotional power in contemporary American prose literature by pointing to the intellectual weakness of the writers. Plays and novels do not need to have what he calls "intellectual capital of their own" but (as he says) the work of O'Neill and Thomas Wolfe is only of limited interest because they "don't owe a sufficient debt of ideas to anyone." The inadequacy of O'Neill's mind shows in his "crude, dull notion of the unconscious and his merely elementary grasp of Freud's ideas about sex." With Thomas Wolfe there is a "disproportion between the energy of his utterance and his power of mind." Certainly Miller's mind is better than O'Neill's, but his plays do not always do justice to it.

At his best, as in *Death of a Salesman*, he is more subtle than he is capable of being when writing or talking discursively, but it is curious that this is his only play (apart from the very inferior *After the Fall*) in which a complete departure from chronological sequence protects him from any suggestion of one-to-one correlations between cause and effect. He was aware of the advantages of writing "in direct opposition to the method of *All My Sons*—a method one might call linear or eventual in that one fact or incident creates the necessity for the next. The *Salesman* image was from the beginning absorbed with the concept that nothing in life comes 'next'; everything exists together and at the same time within us; there is no past to be 'brought forward' in a human being; he is his past at every moment and the present is merely that which his past is capable of noticing and smelling and reacting to." But this flash of insight did not prevent Miller from returning to linear methods in his subsequent plays, simplifying motives and falsifying sequences.

His avoidance of intellectual heroes has made it even more difficult for him to articulate his own ideas. Writing *The Crucible* he felt that "the historical moment seemed to give me the poetic right to create people of higher self-awareness than the contemporary scene affords." But the contemporary scene affords people who are very much more self-aware than the ones he chooses. Returning to modern times in *A View from the Bridge* he lumbered himself with a hero who was so unselfconscious and so inarticulate that a choric lawyer had to be introduced to explain the significance of what was going on. *After the Fall* went to the opposite extreme with a hero who flooded the play with self-explanation where only a gentle irrigation was needed. *Incident at Vichy* also suffered from a surfeit of exposition: Von Berg and Leduc are both attitudes dressed up as men. In *The Price* Miller tries to get the best of both worlds by taking as his hero a policeman who had once had potential as an intellectual but had opted against developing it. But because his decision to join the police was taken 28 years before the action of the play, it is hard to bring it into focus.

Without focusing particularly on the realities of the salesman's life, Miller had made Willie Loman quite acceptable as a salesman. Eddie in *A View from the Bridge* is slightly less real

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as a longshoreman, though real enough, but it is hard to believe in Victor as a policeman, in spite of the trouble Miller takes to bring in references to his uniform, to his only making 19 arrests in 28 years, to his keeping his nose clean by working mainly at the airports. The information we are fed about his life as a policeman does not really give us the flavour of his day-to-day existence, and we never learn enough about the tensions he must have set up inside himself by denying his own nature for 28 years.

In some ways *The Price* is a continuation of the line Miller sketched in *All My Sons* and *Death of a Salesman.* Victor is the same sort of humane idealist as Chris and the conflict between the two brothers in *The Price,* like the conflict between father and son in *All My Sons,* is basically a conflict between two social attitudes. Walter, the surgeon, has played the field for what he can make out of it, working tax fiddles, cultivating rich patients and empire-building with nursing homes. "There's money in the aged, you know." Victor is incapable of living like this. As Walter tells him, "The difference is that you haven't hurt other people to defend yourself . . . you simply tried to make yourself useful." In terms of plot, the nodal point in the relationship between them is located in the sequence in which Walter, whose breakdown has been caused partly by guilt, tries to help his brother to secure a more advantageous foothold in society. But the offer is refused because it involves cheating of the kind Victor has consistently, if not quite heroically, avoided. In fact the blueprint of the "heroic questioner" is clearly discernible in the background.

The real villain of the piece is not Walter but the old father who died 16 years previously. Victor's whole life would have been different if only the old man had either offered to pay for his education out of the 4,000 dollars he still had hoarded away, or at least passed on the telephone message that Walter was willing to pay for it. Though the climax afforded by this revelation is skilfully prepared and effectively phased, it inevitably flaws the play that the prime mover behind the action is a man we never meet. And two of the points which Miller is at pains to establish are prevented from emerging forcefully enough to make the necessary mark on the audience. One of them is hidden among the foliage of Victor's first long conversation with Solomon: he explains that the reason his father could

MARY McCARTHY

BIRDS OF AMERICA

"*. . . painfully funny authenticity . . . some of the funniest scenes she has ever written . . . This is an enormously enjoyable, intelligent, civilised novel* Times Literary Supplement

. . . a series of brilliant comic set-pieces . . . an exhilarating book Philip French, Times

Mary McCarthy's most successful book since her autobiographical 'Memories of a Catholic Girlhood' . . . a wholly charming novel, astringent and funny and true Nina Bawden, Daily Telegraph"

£1·75

Weidenfeld Nicolson
5 Winsley St London W1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not recover from the crash of 1929 was that he believed in the system and accepted responsibility for it. "He thought it was his fault, I guess." This is a Sartrean point, made so casually as almost to be thrown away.

THE OTHER KEY POINT comes in a more prominent position, at the climax of the final quarrel between Victor and Walter, but it, too, is largely wasted by being made too conversationally, without being substantiated dramatically. Victor admits that it is not altogether a surprise to him that the old man still had money. The real reason he stuck by his father was that he couldn't help it.

> You're brought up to believe in one another, you're filled full of that crap—you can't help trying to keep it going, that's all.

But Walter, the less honest of the two brothers, is more honest in his assessment of the past:

> Were we really brought up to believe in one another? We were brought up to succeed, weren't we? Why else would he respect me so and not you?

As in *Death of a Salesman*, the family is being used as a microcosm of a success-oriented and materialistic society.

> Was there ever any love here? When he needed her, she vomited. And when you needed him, he laughed. What was unbearable was not that it all fell apart, it was that there was never anything here. . . . There was no love in this house. There was no loyalty. There was nothing here but a straight financial arrangement.

It is a clever piece of plotting to have Victor's wife, Esther, protesting against the discomforts of the poverty he has inflicted on her, and pressuring him to accept Walter's offer. In effect she is trying to undermine everything his life has stood for and repeating in the present tense the relationship that previously existed between her parents-in-law. But this adroit structuring does not compensate for the fact that so much of the main action can only be dredged up from the past through conversation.

Another factor which seems to be preventing Miller from looking critically enough at his own work is that the unconscious subject of the play is not quite in line with the ostensible subject. His obsession with the theme of love between father and son was working advantageously in *Death of a Salesman* because the form, with its complex intercalation of past and present, could absorb all the neurotic energy produced by this dynamo and convert it into dramatic tension. In *The Crucible* the father figure is split. The evil judge mass-producing death sentences under cover of religious

THOMAS HARDY
J I M Stewart
The author gives a lucid evaluation of Hardy's work and traces its evolution from traditional beginnings to the development of Hardy's own idiosyncratic style.—"*Lively and penetrating*"—DAILY TELEGRAPH
£2·50

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF SAMUEL JOHNSON
Christopher Hibbert
In this absorbing account of Johnson's life and work, the author has drawn upon every known contemporary source to provide the most minutely detailed portrait to have appeared since Boswell's.
Illustrated.
£3·75

TWO IN ONE
Stevie Smith
This collection is a reprint of SELECTED POEMS and THE FROG PRINCE in one volume and with the exception of a posthumous volume to be published in the Spring of 1972, contains the majority of the poems by which Stevie Smith would wish to be remembered. Illustrated with the author's original drawings.
cased £2·50 paper £1·25

Longman

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

piety is like a bloodthirsty patriarch sacrificing a whole tribe of Isaacs, while the love that Proctor feels and refuses to admit towards Abigail has an unmistakably paternal and incestuous flavour.[1]

In *A View from the Bridge* the son is again translated into a girl—not a daughter but a niece—and Eddie, though hardly a heroic questioner of society, is heroic at least in refusing to deny the incestuous passion that grips him, and he destroys himself by letting himself be "wholly known."

With *The Price* we return to a world in which the father is presented as a father and the sons as sons, while the ultimate revelation of the emotional climax is that there was no real love in the home when the sons were growing up. This is a perfectly legitimate subject, but it is hard to harness the personal and social themes to the same dramatic drive; and it is impossible to escape the conclusion that for a play which is going to ride a neurotic hobby-horse, loose structures like Tennessee Williams's are more accommodating than tight structures like Arthur Miller's.

Before he wrote *After the Fall* the reason he gave for not returning to a method which blended past and present was that it would be "false to a more integrated—or less disintegrating—personality" than Willie Loman's "to write as if past and present are so openly and so vocally intertwined in the mind." This is a highly questionable assumption. The intertwining is always there in the mind and it is arguably one of the main functions of the kind of play Miller has been writing to render it as open and vocal as possible. We can only hope that the failure of *After the Fall* does not discourage him from returning to this method.

[1] In the first printed version of the play there is a suggestion that this love triggers off the ensuing evil, but the suppression of the scene between the two of them could be a sign that Miller did not feel fully in control of this side of the story.

Alban Berg

An Index to Vienna—By PETER PORTER

THIS BOOK[1] is as absorbing as a first-rate autobiography, and offers a fascinating run of incidental annotations on the lives and music of the Second Viennese School. To get the most from it, you should know not only the major compositions of Mahler, Schönberg, Webern and Berg himself, but those of Zemlinsky and Krenek among the Schönberg circle and (rarer for the Anglo-Saxon reader) works by such other Viennese composers as Schreker, Schmidt, and Korngold. Richard Strauss and Pfitzner are just over the horizon. Perhaps more important to an understanding of Berg's artistic ideals than anyone but Schönberg is Karl Kraus, the polemicist of *Die Fackel*, who is quoted often in the course of these letters. In the background and always coming forward is Alma Mahler, the composer's widow, wife to Gropius and Werfel and companion of Kokoschka, whose Viennese salon received and processed two generations of men of genius.

Just running your finger down the index is enough to fix in your mind the Vienna of the Watershed—that crux of Europe from which came so many doctrines, artistic innovations, and life-styles which changed the world. The best known can be branded and listed—Zionism, Anti-Semitism, Serial Composition, Psycho-analysis, Linguistic Philosophy. But the true Vienna is more elusive and more conservative, and Berg was deeply Viennese. At heart, his letters are filled with a moving naivety, which does not contradict his considerable intellectual power as evinced in his critical pieces in defence of Schönberg. They can be read for their humanity and social minutiae, whether you have the musical knowledge to follow Berg's references or not. Also, Mr Grun's footnotes and identifications, though short, are thorough.

Berg is revealed as a man of uncompromising seriousness and nobility of mind. Among all the Austrian diminutives, there is nothing mawkish or self-deluding. Berg reminds me of another great Austrian innovator—Wittgenstein. Both men were deeply ethical and loved the past. Loyalty to truth and "the darkness of the times" pushed them out into new worlds. Berg was the luckier—he could also devote himself to his passion for his wife. The fact that we have here only his letters to her and not the rest of his correspondence is not so one-sided as it

[1] *Alban Berg: Letters to His Wife.* Edited, translated and annotated by BERNARD GRUN. Faber & Faber, £4.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might seem. He always wrote to her about his music and the various matters he pursued with Schönberg, but he did so in unpretentious, domestic tones. Stravinsky said of Schönberg's own letters, "the most refreshingly unliterary I have read." Berg's are more than this; they recreate down to the last detail his day-to-day life, they never ring false in any way.

In her ragged autobiography, Alma Mahler remarks that Berg's wife Helene was the daughter of the ageing Emperor Franz Josef and a little basket-weaver's girl, fifty years his junior, whom he met by chance in the park of Schönbrunn on one of his morning walks. Vienna was said to be full of such Imperial engenderings but there is nothing in Mr Grun's notes or in the early letters to support the idea. In fact, the Nahowski family was reluctant to let Helene marry Berg, partly because he had no profession other than music and was severely asthmatic, but also because of their disapproval of a Bohemian streak in the Bergs. Alma Mahler writes that Alban and Helene were strikingly beautiful but that they came of degenerate and overbred families. One of Berg's most curious early letters was sent to Helene's father rebutting charges against his character and defending his family's reputation. His sister, Smaragda, was lesbian and lived openly with another woman (it's odd therefore to learn from a much later letter written while he was at work on *Lulu* that he had no feeling for the character of the Countess Geschwitz, Lulu's lesbian lover). In his letter of self-vindication, which Herr Nahowski never read, Berg wrote:

> I consider it as little a disgrace to bear the name of Berg as to bear the name of many people *you* are quite happy to associate with. By the way, we were still addressed as "Baron" until about a century ago, until my grandfather was sensible enough to renounce the title as superflous nonsense. Like you, we have in our circle high civil servants, judges, officers, industrialists, business men; we have relatives in Germany who own factories and cars. But I have also a brother who married a poor girl, and a sister whose abnormal condition and lesbian inclination is her family's desperate sorrow. . . . I know that this letter, in which I speak so much of myself and my affairs, and therefore seems full of self-praise, may leave an unpleasant impression; but I cannot help it—I felt obliged to shake off the dirt which has been flung at me for the past three years. I hope this . . . will have proved to you [that] the unbreakable bond between Helene and myself gives me the right and the power to consider myself engaged to her, and to overcome every obstacle put in our way.

The Berg family had inherited property in Vienna and Alban had to spend time managing it. They did not become hard up until after the First World War, during the Austrian inflation, though the composer seems always to have been in some financial difficulty.

The first hundred or so letters to Helene are among the most fascinating accounts of a courtship in existence, almost up to Dorothy Osborne's standard. Berg was close to despair as he plotted to be near Helene at summer resorts in Styria and Carinthia, to take her to concerts and the opera and win over her family to the idea of his marrying her. He loved her intensely and could not bear to be parted from her. One characteristic note dating from 1911 is short enough to quote in full.

> I followed you with my eyes as you walked along the street, until you vanished. . . . Then I worked out your progress: now the *Pfersch* [*Pfirsich*, German for peach, one of his pet names for Helene] has crossed the canal, now she's just by the station, now she's going up the stairs, she's got one hand on the rail, one foot a step up. Now she's going half-way up, taking a breather, going on to the top. The ticket collector looks at your ticket, you step on to the platform, the train arrives, and you get on to it. And I am still standing in the window, watching the train crawl across the bridge. But just as I hope to catch one more glimpse of you, another train comes in, blotting everything out. Then I feel how lonely I have suddenly become. Oh, return my glorious and incomparable one.

Her dedication to him was just as total. She wrote on the eve of their wedding:

> Gladly and of my own free will I give up everything that made my girlhood so full of beauty, hope and happiness—my modest "art". I quench my own flame, and shall only exist for and through you. Now we shall be together forever.

We owe this correspondence to their inescapable separations — before marriage through parental opposition, and after marriage on Berg's many journeys to attend performances of his works or to be a juror for the I.S.C.M. (once this took him to London and Cambridge). Helene, too, was often away taking cures at various spa towns or getting their country houses ready. There are some substantial and unfortunate gaps—for instance, very few letters for 1912 and 1913 or between 1923 and 1925, and his fascinating description of the preparations for the *première* of *Wozzeck* under Kleiber in 1925 stops just short of the performance itself, when Helene joins him in Berlin. Many of his preoccupations might seem trivial if you are looking for generalisations about music or some species of Teutonic profundity. Berg wrote about his health, about what he had eaten (food is a constant topic, even after

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the wartime shortages ceased), about their canary and their Ford car, and he relished describing his encounters with all sorts of people on trains, in hotels, and at village garages. He was a true bourgeois, for all his aristocratic appearance, but such men make the best artists. No amount of surface detail can mask his intense idealism and his absolute refusal to compromise. The last letter Berg wrote, four weeks before his death, sums up his lifelong devotion to his wife in a quiet and almost valedictory way.

> Just so that you get one more letter from me, my *Pferscherl*, I'll give it to Frau Zoy, as she's just going off to the post office. I worked on the score for about two more hours, had a splendid supper (remains), listened to Mozart's *Requiem*, and slept well. (No pressure on my chest.) This morning early to work, the weather is dull, no mist. The lake is flowing in the wrong direction! Looks to me as if the weather is getting worse. A thousand kisses from
>
> *the Flea*

Nevertheless, we read the letters now because Berg was a great composer, and there are very few of them which don't mention music in some way or other. Behind Berg's thinking on music, and a constant shadow over even his private correspondence, was the figure of Schönberg. Berg never escaped this pupil-master relationship, even if his Quartet Op. 3 was the last work submitted to Schönberg during composition. The letters make it plain that, while Berg's admiration for Schönberg was near to idolatry, he suffered greatly from his teacher's arrogance and paranoia and even found that Schönberg's presence acted as an inhibition on his own work. When writing *Wozzeck*, he begged Helene not to let Schönberg know, since he would demand a ruling hand in its composition. He was frightened that official anti-Semitism would drive Schönberg from Mattsee in the Salzkammergut back to Vienna and so interfere with *Wozzeck*. Berg was even occasionally anti-Semitic in his own remarks, once suggesting that Breitkopf & Härtel would offer better terms than the (Jewish) Universal Edition—but this can have sprung only from his attitude to Schönberg. His admiration for Schönberg's music was total—next to Mahler's, he loved it best. He pays extravagant tributes to the D Minor Quartet, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and *Gurrelieder* (for which he wrote an analytical guide); yet, when Schönberg and Webern fell out, he had little difficulty in accepting Webern's account of the disagreement, rather than Schönberg's. In one letter he said that Schönberg made faithfulness to him hard, but when *Wozzeck* was finished, he wrote that all the credit be-

IRIS MURDOCH
An Accidental Man
The story of a man who struggles to survive through the destruction of others. Powerful, but funny, combines inventiveness and narrative skill supremely well. Her biggest, and probably her best novel.
£2·00

V. S. PRITCHETT
Midnight Oil
As funny, honest and compassionate as *A Cab at the Door*. In this second volume of autobiography Pritchett is equipping himself for writing—in Paris, Ireland, Spain, and Tennessee.
£2·25

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER
The Innocent and The Guilty
From her biography of T. H. White, acclaimed as a masterpiece, Miss Townsend Warner returns, in her new book, to the short story in which she displays once again what Elizabeth Jennings has called her 'awareness of all the possibilities of a character or a situation, swiftness in reaching a conclusion'.
£1·90

BETTY ASKWITH
Two Victorian Families
A great deal of new material is contained in these two essays in which Betty Askwith brilliantly recreates the family world of the Stracheys and the Bensons.
Illustrated/£3·00

Chatto & Windus

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JORGE LUIS BORGES
THE ALEPH
And Other Stories 1933-69
Edited and translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni in collaboration with the author
'Magnificent book . . . an artistic totality . . . with the maker essentially present in the made, and fresh bricks constantly being added to the infinite labyrinth. The speed and movement of these deceptively lazy narratives is quite remarkable.' NEW STATESMAN
£2.40

HERMANN HESSE
KLINGSOR'S LAST SUMMER
Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston
A collection of three novellas published for the first time in Britain. 'These are masterpieces, beautiful, moving and full of human truth.' NEW STATESMAN. About *Klingsor's Last Summer:* 'A marvellous story, as alive and spinning with colour as a canvas by Van Gogh. It rages along, a cosmic hymn to life.' DAILY TELEGRAPH *£1.95*

MALCOLM LOWRY
OCTOBER FERRY TO GABRIOLA
'A remarkable book . . . at the end you are in no doubt about Lowry's genius.' SUNDAY TIMES. 'His writing has such poetic force, such pungency of humour and allusion, that one is borne along . . . like a sailing boat with a fair wind abeam.' DAILY TELEGRAPH. 'The work of a man with a streak of genius.' GUARDIAN *£2.25*

JONATHAN CAPE

longed to three people—his mother whose financial help gave him time to write, Helene who inspired him, and Schönberg who taught him how to compose.

The ambiguity of their relationship was Freudian. Although Schönberg created the Second Viennese School in his own likeness, there seems to have been little equality in it. Neither Berg nor Webern was allowed to shift from discipleship. In a letter of 1923, Berg told Helene that Schönberg "wants to show me all his secrets in his new works". This is the only reference in nearly 500 letters to the celebrated system of composition with twelve notes which Schönberg pioneered. It is somewhat surprising that Berg was seldom technical in his letters, since his wife was a trained musician. One suspects that all the theoretical side of music, besides being a reminder of his ferocious father-figure, Schönberg, was also too far removed from the intense idealism of their love. Opinions, gossip, everyday worries were no profanation, but the mechanical operation of the spirit which Schönberg presided over might have been. In public disputes, Berg was always loyal to Schönberg and intolerant of rival schools of composition. "Trash" is his usual word for contemporaries outside their Viennese circle, though it is pleasant to discover (at least while he is writing to his wife) that Berg admitted to liking pieces by Richard Strauss, Stravinsky, and even Puccini. The serious enemies always remained in Vienna. Perhaps, despite his ambiguity towards the city, Berg took nowhere else quite seriously. His reaction to the warm reception Schönberg got at the start of his American exile was characteristic. He could see beneath the surface and commiserated with his friend at being cut off from his homeland and his native tongue. But if Berg was too great a man to be an opportunist, he was no extremist either. In an early letter he wrote that it was harder for his generation to appreciate the old than it was for the older generation to get on with the new and modern. Such insight is not very widespread today.

READING BERG'S LETTERS, especially those from the tragic end of his life, is an unmistakable emotional experience. It took me back more than twenty years to my first encounter with his music. I had bought Louis Krasner's recording of the Violin Concerto on 78s and played it to incredulous friends in provincial Australia. They thought I was mad and Berg even more so. I suppose things were more sophisticated in England, though I doubt in a healthy way. Within ten years, I heard smart young

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men here calling Berg "the Puccini of the Twelve-Note School." I went to the first English performance of *Wozzeck* at Covent Garden and got to know the work in many other performances elsewhere. When I saw *Lulu* in Vienna in 1963, I was amazed to discover that the opera was virtually unknown in its natal city. Later, I pondered the mixture of numerology and necromancy which commentators used to bring Berg back into favour with advanced taste (the Chamber Concerto, since it is the most arcane of his works, gets the most praise, and the Violin Concerto the least). I now regard *Lulu* as his masterpiece: a Viennese conversation piece, almost a post-Freud *Rosenkavalier*. None of this matters in the age of the Scratch Orchestra and Musica Elletronica Viva, but it may serve to remind way-out composers how far the public (or at least one struggling part of it) is still lagging behind. The truth is that Berg was a completely "musical" composer and is ready for his status as a classic. In literature the word "classic" means unread; in music, it implies love. These remarkable letters will reinforce the love we feel for Berg's music as well as our respect for him as a man. They should also help us understand that music better.

Children's Hour

By D. J. Enright

THE BRAVE INFANT of Saguntum celebrated in Jonson's ode, being half out of his mother's womb, looked at what was around him and hastily went back:

As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

The children in *Stepney Words*[1] seem to have acquired a sense of life's miseries rather early too, but they are more resigned, the poetic licence of the infant of Saguntum is not for the likes of them. One of them wonders whether the world outside is bright or dull:

I will not be able to get back into the womb if it is dull.
It is just a chance I will have to take,

while another tells himself,

The security of the womb is no longer mine.
I must look for something else to see me through my first strange, lonely years.

After birth comes loneliness, boredom and perhaps plain unwantedness:

It's the same every night.
Me dad's on the booze
Me mum's watching tele. . . .

But there are cheerful interludes, the simple enjoyment of swinging to and fro, of getting sunburnt in the holidays, of watching kittens and pigeons, and the less straightforward pleasure of watching other animals (who sometimes remind you of man). There is a skilful contemporary ballad which begins,

Ten little football fans
Making rude signs,
One swore at a policeman
Then there were nine,

and keeps it up right to the end:

One little football fan
Glad his team had won,
Argued with some other fans
Then there were none.

There is a quite complexly touching poem about a boy saved from drowning by someone whose kitten he was trying to rescue, and an oddly striking poem about a lonely dustman whose "only truthful friends are the rubbish":

Everyday my friends are thrown into the streets and put into iron cages,
And they rely on me to take them out of a dreadful, dirty and awkward world of horror.
Then along comes a different world.
It's a dust-cart.
Then once more my friends rush against me and I throw them into a world of darkness.
But now we are on strike, I see my friends wherever I go.

Most of the children don't think much of Stepney, but one girl likes the place without being able to give reasons: "*Everything in Stepney has its disadvantages/But I like it.*" And—for more wisdom than is comfortable to observe comes out of the mouth of these babes—living in Stepney at least makes one's memories of Wapping shine brightly. It's not so very unnatural that no one should like school, but one child does describe a good school, whether real or imaginary, where there are

[1] *A Collection of Poetry by Stepney Children aged 11 to 15 years.* Reality Press, c/o 20 Princelet Street, London E.1. 30p.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No rules,
Just a pleasant, quiet atmosphere between parents, teachers, and us, the children.

The other common topics are sombre, and they don't have to be searched out:

we knock down houses
and we build car parks
Why don't we build houses?

And more longingly:

I live in old flats . . .
I wish I could make into a brand new home
with a drive way that never ends
and doors were as big as the house itself
with a door knocker that no one would touch because
they thought it was too valuable, the house would
have two swimming pools of course olympic size.

Pakistanis lament their lot, abroad and at home, and a white child utters the final word on the subject of colour:

It's not his fault
he's black.
Nor is it our fault
we're white.

There is only one poem about war ("*Men's bodies lie rotting in the hot Egyptian sun,/And at home all mothers are wondering if it is their son*"), which is not surprising in children of this age, especially since they live on a battlefield of their own. Then the wheel comes full circle, and they write about old age, when the loneliness of childhood, the isolation and lack of understanding, return. It is as if the children find in talking about old people a less embarrassing way of talking about themselves: "*I am old and frightened/in this darkened world . . .*" But at least the old have their memories, ambiguous as these may be, and some of them win a sort of respect for their obstinate independence, the freedom of their eccentricity—there's no slick talk about "doing one's own thing" in this book!—and one child holds out for them a vague hope of a kind rare here:

He is old and his time probably up
It can't be put back,
Maybe in some other time and place
Time won't matter anymore.

IS THE SELECTION of poems unbalanced? For our peace of mind we must hope so, or else tell ourselves that a sad tale's always been best for poetry. But what is inescapably painful, and frightening, about these laconic verses, and finally most impressive, is the children's clear-sightedness, their unwavering gaze—or, at any rate, the total absence of illusions. Not for them, or not for long, the escape into fantasy:

Fantasy is so unreal
But it's nice to dream.
Fact puts the truth to you
so it's quite cruel.

People escape to fields of fantasy
because they can't face the truth
but, never mind, the time will come
for them to see the facts . . .

And their attitude to drugs is regretful and admonitory, not at all permissive. Their lack of enthusiasm has a simple, pragmatic and valid reason—drugs don't work. "Gale is dead":

In prison now she hears girls talk
About drugs
And the way life would look
She thought it sounded better . . .

While another girl writes, of the needle, the jab in the arm,

Reality is going, the fantasy world
Is appearing in their eyes
The dream of how they want the world to be
Will come to them soon.

But their world is seen in a haze of dreams,
It would never, never be true
But when you've tried to escape once,
You will have to escape over
over
over
again.

Stoicism is difficult to take in children, for we like to think of it as a hard-earned adult virtue, even when we remember how we needed to call on it, or were driven into it, in our own childhood. Yet it may be that, after the experiences of school, nothing in later life can seem so very bad—unless you are a blackie, an unmarried mother, a blind man, a soldier, or a lonely old person.

THESE ARE BLEAK LITTLE VERSES, utterly uncaring of the attractions of form or stylistic invention and equally devoid of fashionable gimmickry, plainly explicit and yet never noisy. Still wondering whether the collection was unbalanced, the choice tendentious, I compared them with finalists of the same age group in the 1970 *Daily Mirror* Children's Literary Competition. These latter poems were markedly more sophisticated in thought, feeling and technique, more "modernistic", more romantic, more fanciful, more humorous, more self-interested; they ranged more widely in subject-matter, there were more "nature poems" among them, and also more references to formal war. Yet they too evidenced the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same concerns, if not in such concentration, the same personal and social discontents, secular rather than divine. And they often hit harder than the Stepney children, as if their authors had more hope of setting things to rights, as if their expectations were a size or two larger perhaps. This, from a 15-year-old girl:

Why are you crying, child?
No one will listen.
On your starved, hungry cheeks
Two teardrops glisten.
We do not care for you—
Run child away!
Why should we think of you?
Don't spoil today.

Think of the cheques we sent
(Second-class post)
That will mean food for them
Needing it most.
You only live nearby:
You can't be poor . . .
There's always the dole for you
If nothing more.

Come to the Church, my child.
We'll give you prayers—
Then when you die you can
Know that God cares.
We won't perform his job—
He does it best.
There's others in need, my child.
Think of the rest! . . .

Another girl, 16 years old, chose a "Stepney" theme but lashed out far more savagely:

Long time ago, too long ago for us to care,
A foolish man said "Love your neighbour,"
How little that man knew.
My neighbour has no frigidaire, no T.V., no new car.
My neighbour's clothes are cast-offs or pinched from God knows where . . .
My neighbour lives in a crowded slum
Shared with rats and lice.
My neighbour can't speak English and her children will not learn.
They're not worth help. Who'd want to know?
My neighbour is a world apart. My neighbour's black.

Besides their smarter finish, the *Daily Mirror* entries are obviously more varied in subject and style. But then, they don't all come from one school, they don't all come from Stepney. Whatever the criteria by which the book was compiled, *Stepney Words* is evenly balanced as far as its somewhat Spartan literary quality goes, and consistent in its standard of clarity and directness. Perhaps the school governors ought to have found consolation in those facts. Otherwise, to make use of Wilfred Owen's words, these poems are to this generation in no sense consolatory.

Leonard Williams
Challenge to Survival
A Philosophy of Evolution
The author of MAN AND MONKEY introduces us to an entirely new conception of the origin and function of man's nature. 'Nobody can read this book without empathising emotionally with something he was not reactive to before. Intellectually he will also have to reconsider any convictions he may have had about behaviour, human or animal.' *From the introduction by Professor C H Waddington* £3·50

Andreas Papandreou
Democracy at Gunpoint
The distinguished statesman, son of the former Greek Premier, takes a concerned and perceptive look at his native land, and assesses why democracy has died in the land that gave it birth. £3·30

Gustav Janouch
Conversations With Kafka
Now published for the first time in its complete form, enlarged, and translated by Goronwy Rees, Janouch's record of their dazzling talks gives a brilliant portrait of Kafka's genius. £2·00

Martin Greenberg
The Terror of Art
Kafka And Modern Literature
'Greenberg is an eminently sensible critic, lucid, unpretentious, observant; this ought to remain the best introductory book for many years.' *Matthew Hodgart, New York Review of Books* £2·25

André Deutsch

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Worsthorne's Myth

ONE COULD SUPPOSE—if one didn't know better—that Mr Worsthorne, judging by his photograph on the dustjacket[1], was once Flight Lieutenant Vorčenski, of Brno, in the Czechoslovak Air Force. He is now exiled by Mr Wilson, to run a chain of washeterias in the West Riding. His air of puzzled, serious, concerned dismay suggests that he still finds it hard to understand the English and the causes of his exile. It was never like this in Brno. And if you find it hard to understand the English, it is hard to understand the Labour Party.

Mr Worsthorne believes that Labour is a violent threat to English history (which for him consists of Agincourt, Charles II in oak trees, Nelson, etc.). But Labour, like the English, *is* patriotic and has no great need to be nationalist; never having had its nationalism threatened, it can be calmly patriotic. Patriotism here has little to do with the musical-comedy side of the monarchy and aristocracy. It has a great deal to do with the National Trust, the Cup Final, and being respected and respectable abroad. The reason why Labour largely won the War, and the peace that followed it, was because its people and policies corresponded to the calm, dull, sensible, unflamboyant but fundamentally self-confident mood of the English—characteristics that still emerge and presumably will continue to do so when the present difficulties are accepted and interpreted.

Labour's achievements are far more considerable than Mr Worsthorne allows. Labour virtually destroyed the Liberals in the early 1920s. It formed a government twice, and the Opposition, till 1940. From 1940 to 1951 it was in office, and was more responsible than Churchill and Eden for the shape of the 1940s. Mr Worsthorne is too determinist. Chance and luck might have brought Labour into office in 1951, 1955, 1957, 1959, and 1970. Throughout its out-of-office periods Labour has been in office locally, especially in London and the North, and it has always seemed near office nationally. Indeed, his doom-laden words apply only, really, to the 1950s, and to a two-year period of despair, 1966-68, when most of this book was (clearly) conceived. I understand how people felt so miserable about politics in 1937, 1938 and 1939, because the despair that the Labour government inspired in me and my friends in 1967 was of the same kind; it would have cost so little to do right, yet they seemed hell-bent on self-destruction. But to argue from this, and from two successive unsuccessful elections in the 1950s, that the Labour Party is inherently incapable of forming a stable government, because of inherent philosophical contradictions, is a big step.

The Wilson government made many mistakes but two were particularly harmful. The first was to safeguard a wrong Exchange Rate for 3½ years, the second was to use Incomes Policy, which is an essential tool in modern economic policy, to hold down the workers' consumption level while resources were switched into exports. Despite these two errors which were easily avoidable, and arose from a reliance on the Bank of England's judgment, Labour almost won the 1970 election, and did win the 1971 local elections. What Mr Worsthorne says is that Labour is a class party; that it is ideologically committed to the ending of capitalism; that socialism would mean a paternalist state, requiring a high degree of self-conscious discipline for success—a mood only evoked by high periods of crisis in which materialism is fed on a steady diet of cheerful tales about Alfred the Great told by a hereditary ruling class. Labour, as a cynical, republican anti-nationalist conspiracy, is unlikely to succeed unless it is led by a Duke.

Some of that—about one per cent—is true. Far more true is it that people join the Labour Party, or give it their support, from mixed motives—family tradition, ambition, idealism, a sense of justice, class loyalty, disgust with Europe, dislike of conservatives—and Labour is a fairly loose coalition of people who broadly agree to let some things go through if their own special thing is allowed as well. That is partly why the trades unionists support law reform, and law reformers support trades unionists. There is, as a result, a series of fairly vague presumptions about life that lead to a series of fairly typical response to problems. Labour people tend to think that the state should intervene in the economy and in society; but their judgment (in my experience) is pragmatic, and not over-related to dogma. They listen tolerantly to, and applaud warmly, a fervent socialist speech; they then go on to apply perfectly sensible and reasonable judgments to highly technical questions, to which they bring, often, a wide range of experience, common sense, and warmth of heart.

[1] *The Socialist Myth.* By PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE. Cassell, £2.75.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is perfectly true, of course, that the Labour Party inherits a very diluted Marxist tradition, though that tradition was mediated through the Fabians and asserted merely, first, that capitalism was inhuman, inefficient, and transitory, and secondly that the social democratic state could be used benevolently to improve the common lot. This thesis, I would still think, broadly corresponds with the facts as the English have known them. What Mr Worsthorne neglects are two things. The first is very important. The Labour Party is extremely English. The English may love a lord, but essentially they have been self-governing, at all levels, for many generations. To assert that good government can only come from a hereditary caste, accustomed to rule, is to ignore virtually all British political history, especially the political history of big towns. It underrates the English obsession with committees, the rules of procedure, good chairmanship, and accepting common decisions, which is what the knack of governing largely consists of. To imagine that a few gentry dredging up good government from their social subconsciousnesses would be an acceptable substitute, or have ever been, is frankly silly.

THE SECOND POINT THAT Mr Worsthorne almost gets right is that the Labour Party, like some Conservatives, has been bemused by the social sciences. It believes in rational enquiry. In so far as it was ever Marxist, it was because Marxism was "scientific." The trouble is that the social sciences are extremely imperfect guides to action. Most of Labour's mistakes have arisen from a belief in expertise, and are a departure from its native common sense. It is this common sense that is missing from Mr Worsthorne's essay, though all can be forgiven a man who says of commercial television:

> In so far as it is influenced by its commercial backers it embodies all the vices of hucksterdom in a more impure form than we have ever seen in this country before—capitalist irresponsibility at its most disgusting—and in so far as it is influenced by its professional operators—producers, and so on—it embodies all the reigning intellectual fashions which are propagated with total disregard for the public good—intellectual irresponsibility at its most odious. . . .

The book is, thus, good fun.

John Vaizey

New from Eyre & Spottiswoode

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

Kathleen & Frank

The story of Isherwood's parents and their times—Bernhardt's Hamlet, the Irish troubles, World War I; it becomes increasingly clear, though, that this book reveals more of Isherwood himself than any of his seemingly autobiographical novels. £4·50

BARRY COLE

The Giver

Can be seen as a political and moral allegory. but above all as an original and witty account of the writer at work. Stephen Blackpool—the "giver"—forays from an empty house into the outside world as an outlaw—first as bank robber or housebreaker; later as a detached rebel in state-occupied territory. £2·50

New from Methuen

KONRAD LORENZ

Studies in Animal and Human Behaviour

Volume II

Translated by Robert Martin

This second volume contains papers which are primarily works of consolidation, rather than pioneering studies. Included, however, are some important developments in the scope of ethology, of which perhaps the most important is the clear demonstration of how useful behaviour patterns can be for considerations of the evolution of animal groups. £4·25

EDITED BY BRUNO BOESCH

German Literature

A Critical Survey

Translated by Ronald Taylor

Instead of being presented as a continuous chronicle of events, successive periods of German literature from Carolingian to modern times are discussed in twelve essays by nine different writers, each section being treated as an entity with its own literary, intellectual and cultural cohesion. £5·00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Disestablishment of Science

On Dr Bronowski's Proposal—By EDWARD SHILS

DR BRONOWSKI'S ARGUMENT [ENCOUNTER, July] goes astray at the very beginning since it rests on the belief that the practice of science has, by an inner necessity, an elevating influence on those who cultivate it. The scientist "belongs to an international community", that is, to a profession which is pursued in many countries and which shares the common culture of a scientific discipline. Because of this, so Dr Bronowski argues, he is morally committed and actually diposed to a certain ethical code; this code regards nationality and attachment to a national society as immoral. The scientist, furthermore, because he is committed to truthfulness in his observations of his data and his reports of his observations to other scientists, is morally committed to and actually disposed to have no sympathy for those who have ends other than truth and who resort to "devices of expediency."

Scientists have, however, fallen from the state of grace to which science had destined them. Why, if science had a naturally elevating effect, have scientists sinned? It is not the eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge which has led to their expulsion from Eden; it is rather their enjoyment of the fruits of the tree of power. So Dr Bronowski would have us believe. But he is not convincing.

DR BRONOWSKI THINKS that scientists have been corrupted by their connections with government, which is exclusively concerned with power. He thinks that scientists could rediscover their inherent integrity if they were guided by conscience which he thinks should never compromise with power—although his argument entails the exercise of power by scientists once they get free of government. Dr Bronowski is justifiably worried by pollution, by nuclear weapons, and by chemical and biological warfare and he leaps from this concern to the conclusion that scientists are corrupt and can only be corrupt as long as they have any links with governments.

While he is justly concerned about scientific work on nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons, and about the polluting consequences of technological invention, he seems to be unaware that these are only a limited part of the total scientific effort, and in some countries they are not even a significant fraction.

Dr Bronowski's proposal for the purgative disestablishment of science is very simple: the government should turn over to the scientists, in a lump sum, the equivalent of what it has been spending on research and development, including, of course, military research and development, without any stipulation at all as to what the money is to be spent for. The government must lay down no conditions, even as general as those governing the expenditures of the National Science Foundation in the United States or the research councils in Great Britain. Not only the choice of fields of research and the distribution of funds among the fields, but the modes and conditions of application of the results of the research are to be decided by the scientists. (He does not say anything about the research and development activities of private industry, but since the latter is much involved with government, its scientists must also be corrupt and hence also in need of purification by disestablishment.)

Dr Bronowski's preoccupation with the injurious applications of scientific research—weapons and pollution—show that he was thinking of *applied*, as well as fundamental, research throughout his article. Furthermore at various places in his article, he refers to "a single grant for *all* research together", "a fund which is to be divided by *all* the scientists in a country", and an "overall review of the *whole field* of scientific research" (my italics—E.S.).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His inclusive references indicate that when he refers to self-disestablishment he implicitly includes scientists working in industrial research. Why does he not mention them directly? Are they beyond redemption? They surely must need saving because they have been involved in a lot of pollution and they have done considerable military research on contract; and they are also very numerous. Are they to be omitted from the "disestablishment of science"? I would like to know what Dr Bronowski thinks about this.

DR BRONOWSKI wishes scientists to declare their complete independence of the tyrant, but he wants the scientists to go on receiving ample and continuous subsidies from taxes collected by the tyrant whose control they seek to escape.[1]

Dr Bronowski clearly intends that the scientists exercise great power over government; he says that since science and technology are indispensable to the conduct of society, the government will be forced to yield to the pressures which the scientists will be able to exert—since "the hidden spring of power is knowledge." Dr Bronowski does not expect scientists to influence government by their exemplary bearing. He expects them to exercise power over government through their recalcitrant insistence on their indispensability.[2]

Scott Nearing, that pure-hearted American radical, after he had been expelled from the Communist Party of the United States and had retired to New England (where he tried to maintain himself as a modest, self-sufficient farmer), once said that cultivating his own garden, and so being beholden to no one, was the only way in which he could make himself independent of the capitalistic system. If scientists do only research which needs no subsidy, they too could always do exactly as they please, regardless of the desires of government. But Dr Bronowski does not recommend to scientists either asceticism or self-support by the sale of their products. Nor does he recommend that scientists do only that inexpensive research which they can do within the resources of their academic salaries and the small supplements which universities can grant them from their regular budgets or which they can support from their own private means—as so many great scientists have done in the past. Dr Bronowski expects scientists to go on doing research on the same grand scale and with the same ample resources which they have had during the period of corrupting association with government, the military, and industry—allowing, of course, for the period of transition to the new régime, which Dr Bronowski admits would bring hardship to those who refuse government support for their research.

MUCH OF WHAT Dr Bronowski complains about applies primarily to the United States, and even there only partially. It probably also applies to the Communist countries, too, but surely does not apply to the Federal German Republic, the Netherlands, or Japan. Since Dr Bronowski's complaints apply mainly to those countries which spend large proportions of their budgets on military research and development, *i.e.*, the United States, the Soviet Union, and perhaps Communist China, he would have done better to make this explicit. But had he done so, his readers would see at once that what he is in effect demanding is the pressure of American scientists for unilateral disarmament by the United States. If that is what he wants, he should say so explicitly, rather than writing in such vague and undifferentiated terms in which all countries are treated as having similar problems of military support of research and similar freedom for scientists to agitate for a boycott of their respective governments.

Dr Bronowski is also perturbed by the anomaly of American science policy from the Second World War until the Mansfield amendment whereby a considerable amount of (but, by no means, most) basic research was supported from the research and development budget of the Department of Defense. The United States is perhaps the only Western country in which this occurred. It did no great harm except to foster an incontinent belief in the limitless expansion of science. It ought to be corrected, and it will be. Mean-

[1] Dr Bronowski should recall that the disestablishment of the church did not just discontinue Caesaropapism. It also entailed the discontinuance of state subsidies to the church, and of the payment of clerical stipends. The churches had to fend for themselves out of the proceeds from the provision of salvationary services, and from such property as remained to them after disestablishment, disendowment, and secularisation. Dr Bronowski wants only the advantages of disestablishment—but not the costs.

[2] Dr Bronowski, rejecting the alternative of a self-financing scientific corporation, says that it would "withdraw science from . . . the social struggle." Against whom is science to struggle? Obviously not "the public" because that awaits the moral leadership of a disestablished science. It must be the government against which the stipendiary science will "struggle."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while, no good can come from alleging that similar situations exist throughout the world of Western science and from proposing remedies even more indefensible than the ailment they would cure.

NOW EVEN IF IT IS WRONG to come out crudely for the rule that he who pays the piper should also call the tune down to the last note, it is unrealistic to think that he who pays will content himself with allowing all the musicians to play whatever tunes please them.[3] He is especially unlikely to remain silent if he is paying a very great deal, and if the pipers are as transparently hostile to him as Dr Bronowski calls upon scientists to be.[4] He might end by putting the Bronowskian pipers on short commons.

Like other scientists who are now engaged in the "anti-science movement," and who so aggrievedly believe that so much of scientific research in the past twenty-five years has been linked to military technology—this is the source of their revulsion against the governmental sponsorship of research—Dr Bronowski believes at the same time that if the money which the goverment would spend on military research were not so spent, it would inevitably be spent on non-military research. He seems to think that there is a fixed quantity of money which a society has to spend on research, regardless of the practical purposes to which the research is ostensibly linked. Governments do not have to spend a fixed proportion of their gross national product on research; and the government of a country where scientists had deliberately and openly announced that they would not cooperate with it would probably not be as forthcoming financially as one whose scientists were more cooperative. The first part of science to suffer would be the basic science which is done in universities, because it is there that the anti-science movement is most audible and because basic science cannot be so easily justified on practical grounds.

But the most unrealistic thing about his programme is that Dr Bronowski thinks that it has a chance of acceptance. One does not have to think that governments are sagacious in order to recognise that they are not all so foolish or so irresponsible as to let entirely out of their hands something which they think is so important and to allow it into the hands of those who explicitly declare themselves inimical to any and all the purposes of the purse-string-holding government.

Does it seem at all likely that powerful governments, which have over the past century increasingly intruded into spheres which were once thought closed to them, would be ready to renounce every kind of control whatsoever over how the funds which they appropriate are spent?

EVEN IF GOVERNMENTS were willing to comply with Dr Bronowski's programme, *should* they do so? It is perfectly reasonable to insist that in basic research, scientists should determine, within the limits of the funds provided, the direction to be taken. This position has been well argued by Professor Michael Polanyi in "The Republic of Science," and many scientists not as liberal as Professor Polanyi agree with him. Indeed, this is the principle which is more or less followed by the systems which support basic research in the United States and in the British research council system. But basic research is only part of the total research effort of a country.[5] Professor Polanyi did not contend that technological or applied research should be governed by the same system of rules; he thought that the "users" should have some voice in stipulating what should be done. The largest part of expenditure on research—even leaving out military research—is devoted to applied or technological research. The research is a means to certain practical ends.

[3] Dr Bronowski does not consider the situation in which he who pays the piper, *i.e.*, government, gives scientists a considerable degree of freedom in deciding which lines of research should be pursued—except to suggest that advisory services to government are corrupting. Would he say this is so about service on the research councils and their committees in Britain or on similar bodies in the United States? He simply says that connection with government is corrupting to scientists.

[4] Dr Bronowski's hostility towards politicians and civil servants is unmistakable. At several points in his essay he says that the scientists should determine the total research programme in consultation with "communal representatives." He obviously means to exclude politicians from these "representatives" of the community. So much for Dr Bronowski's regard for democratic and representative institutions!

[5] This is like that part of the Swiss system to which Professor Bloch refers in his letter (ENCOUNTER, October, p. 93) and from which Dr Bronowski could only derive a baseless gratification. Professor Bloch's account of the Swiss system of support of scientific research is accurate as far as it goes. But it omits the Swiss government's considerable expenditure on research by government departments; it also omits to state that about three-fourths of the total Swiss expenditure on scientific research comes from private industry. The total system for the support of research in Switzerland is, in fact, quite different from that recommended by Dr Bronowski.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is not research as such which is sponsored and supported, but research which is thought likely to contribute to the attainment of those practical ends. If the results of applied research are inapplicable, then there is no argument for its support. On these grounds alone, governments should be justly distrustful of Dr Bronowski's scheme.

In Great Britain it is now thought that there should be closer relations between the government and the research councils on the grounds that expenditure on research must be increasingly justified by the practical benefits of research. Dr Bronowski would not have this; he thinks that the scientists together with some communal representatives (whom he does not specify) should decide what research is needed. Much so-called applied research turns out to be inapplicable because of faulty liaison between the prospective "users" and the research workers. Dr Bronowski does not tell his readers how large amounts of useless applied research could be avoided under his programme. He could have examined the troubled history of some of the Indian national laboratories, which for a long time did applied research without consultation with and without control by the users.

It is certainly difficult enough to do useful applied research, even when there is close contact with those who sponsor it and wish to use its results. It seems very unlikely that scientists, isolated in order to preserve their integrity, would do much that is useful.

QUITE APART FROM the question whether any government would go along with Dr Bronowski's demand for the complete autonomy of all sorts of science, I think that his programme is morally repugnant. Of course, I am all with him in his appreciation of a far-reaching autonomy for scientific research but this does not mean that all of it should be equally autonomous. It should also be said in passing that Dr Bronowski, in his belief that any cooperation with government is corrupting, fails to appreciate the degree of autonomy of scientific research conducted in universities, maintained by funds from government. Scientists in universities and academic scholars generally enjoy a substantial measure of autonomy in certain important spheres because they are also willing to accept the responsibility for going some way to meet certain of the general requirements set by the government and the society. The American state universities, like universities practically everywhere outside the United States which are dependent on government support, have been able to establish and maintain a modicum of academic and scientific freedom by acknowledging a partnership with government and society. They have rendered unto Caesar what Caesar has reasonably claimed in return for being allowed to keep for themselves matters like academic appointments, the content of teaching, the setting and application of standards of accomplishment, the discrimination between truth and untruth, and to a very far-reaching extent the right to choose their problems of research.

The balance is not an easy one, and it is frequently endangered. The dangers come from both sides: from governments which demand from academics what academics and scientists should not have to give them; and from academics and scientists who, like Dr Bronowski, demand from governments what governments do not wish to grant and ought not to grant.

GOVERNMENTS OFTEN DEMAND from academics what it is not legitimate for them to demand, *e.g.*, to have their kinsmen or political partisans appointed to academic posts, to assert that some scientific or scholarly propositions are true and that others are not true, to refuse to allow certain subjects which academics regard as proper subjects to be taught in universities, and to handicap those whose political views are different from their own.

But if some of the demands of government are illegitimate, that does not mean that all of their demands are illegitimate. Governments do have the right to demand that persons capable of carrying on certain learned professions be trained by universities (*e.g.*, medicine, law, engineering, statistics, dentistry, geology, etc.). They have the right to be critical of universities producing too many graduates in subjects for which no employment is available. They are entitled to insist that qualified applicants be admitted to university courses—particularly when they show a corresponding willingness to provide the funds needed for staff, space, and equipment. Only very irresponsible governments would forswear their responsibility to make these demands.

Scientists and academics can avoid humiliation or alienation, and governments can avoid frustration and making fools of themselves, only if both sides observe a compact in which each not only insists on its own rights but also respects the rights of the other and accepts its obligations. Scientists and university teachers are members of society. They have

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

obligations to the truth of science and scholarship, and to the society which supports them. They must pay their own way, even if they do not do it through the market. They have no right to an autonomy which absolves them from all obligations except those imposed by their own consciences or the traditions of their subjects. They owe something to society in return for its support. If they accept money from society and its government, they must be willing to accept the responsibilities which that confers—and not just think that all they need do is to answer to their consciences.

Dr Bronowski wishes to break this compact by exempting scientists from it and by denying to the legitimately constituted government any voice in how the money it appropriates is to be spent.

Dr Bronowski's populistic evasion of the possible charge of "élitism" does not overcome this objection. Repeatedly he makes the point that the "disestablishment of science will compel the body of scientists to assign its own priorities on behalf of the community and with it. . . ." Does he think that the scientists on the governing bodies which administer the "single fund" will be any more scrupulous than scientists have been hitherto in dealing with laymen?

ALTHOUGH Dr Bronowski argues that scientists are corrupted by their direct and indirect cooperation with government, his programme rests on the belief that scientists are the best custodians of the common good. His argument raises two questions at this point. The first is: How can the corrupted scientists become the custodians of the public good? Does corruption wash away simply by changing employers? The second is: Are the "good scientists" necessarily fit custodians of the public good?

Now, scientists are in one very important respect like many other human beings: they are often self-serving, and they are often indifferent to wider obligations. Dr Bronowski himself admits as much. The legal profession believes that respect for the legal profession is a necessity for social well-being. Clergymen think—or at least used to think—that packed churches are necessary conditions of national well-being and salvation. The military believe that vast expenditures on armament are necessary for national well-being. Scientists believe nowadays, as does Dr Bronowski, that vast sums of money for research are necessary for the well-being of their society. Sometimes they mean it. Sometimes they don't. What they certainly mean is that they want the money to do the research that interests them.

Some scientists add to this the belief that they can think better about society than most other persons who think about it. (It must be acknowledged that the competition is not now very severe.) Lord Snow thought that "scientists have the future in their bones." Some of the leading figures in the Pugwash group think that scientists have a method which enables them to think more realistically about international politics than do those persons who do not have such methods.

The fact remains, however, that scientists, even those who are not corrupted by the snares of governmentalised science, are often not very sober in their judgments outside their own particular sphere of research. They are responsive to waves of excited emotion like many other intellectuals and politicians. They have not usually been regardful of the consequences of their actions. They have not had "the future in their bones," at least most of them have not thought any more seriously about the future than most of their contemporaries, and they have not shown a great concern or aptitude for it.

I do not hold this against them. It is after all impossible to foresee the future with any rational certainty, and scientists are not worse in this regard than anyone else. The great merit of scientists is their capacity for enthusiastic and devoted concentration of their intelligence, imagination, and skill on a particular scientific problem. This is one of the sources of their wonderful achievements; but it is not a guarantee of a realistic, comprehensive, and balanced view of the society in which they live.

IT IS ALL VERY WELL TO BLAME other persons for the deeds one has performed and then regretted. It is a fact that many scientists have gone along with the military and the industrialists and the politicians in all countries which have any substantial amount of science. This is not, in my view, such a great sin—certainly not in itself. It is, in any case, undeniable that they have done so. A few, *very* few, have refused the tempting opportunities which this cooperation offered. Another handful have not resisted the temptations until recently; but now they cannot be exceeded in their denunciations of those who have done as they themselves did until recently. These few do not form, constitute, or represent the scientific community in any country; and there is no reason to think that their reluctance—often on good moral grounds—to cooperate with the authorities of their respective

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

countries is correlated with a sound judgment regarding either the course which basic science can most fruitfully follow, or which objects of social and economic policy should have priority in the choice of programmes of applied research. There is no evidence that these qualities or capacities are highly correlated with each other.

The upshot of all this is that scientists, whatever their scientific genius, are really no better than anyone else, and it is obnoxious that they should be put forward as the conscience of mankind, as the sole hope of the future, as the best custodians of the public good. It is especially off-putting to be told this in the very discourse in which the allegation that corruption is widespread among scientists forms a major part of the argument.

MUCH OF BASIC SCIENCE is of concern primarily or almost exclusively to scientists; and in these fields, scientists should be as self-determining as their traditions and their character empower them to be. But other fields of scientific and technological research—sometimes not of the first scientific importance—are of great concern to non-scientists; and it is right that the latter should have some voice in what lines of enquiry are to be pursued with regard to those objects.[6] This does not mean that their views should always be overriding and, indeed, the closer the decision comes to the actual conduct of research, the less should be the weight given to their views.

Scientists, furthermore, can play a great and valuable part in helping to illuminate, inform, and clarify the minds of the non-scientists in these matters. But they should not claim the exclusive right to make the decisions which are the responsibility of the non-scientists. They will, in any case, not be given that right; and even if they are given it, they should not be. Why should the citizenry of a modern society and their elected representatives heed an argument that they turn their destiny over to a body of ex-sinners who claim that they now exceed everyone else in purity? The scientists do not deserve this power—nor, for that matter, do any but a few claim it—either on the grounds of their past performance, or on the strength of the poor arguments which some of them like Dr Bronowski put forward.

The situation of the human race at present, although much better than in the past, is not pleasant. There are many terribly painful problems—the continuous threat of nuclear war, pollution, restless conflict in the advanced countries, tyranny and poverty in communist countries, poverty and misgovernment in underdeveloped countries. Overpopulation is a constant menace which promises to become more menacing. Scientists have contributed to some of these problems. Some of them are the results of the very improvements scientists have helped to bring about. None of these problems is going to be solved very easily, and none of them is capable of a perfect solution. They will certainly not be solved by such morally pretentious but basically petty schemes as Dr Bronowski proposes. The cooperation of scientists, politicians, engineers, administrators, businessmen, labour leaders, social workers, academics, *et al.*, is unavoidable if any progress is to be made. It is of the most profound importance for mankind, and for our national societies, that scientists engage in a continuous dialogue with all these others to try to find some partial solutions to our present difficulties. Such a dialogue would become utterly impossible if scientists try to isolate politicians or to blackmail them. Scientists and politicians are much too interdependent for the former to afford the luxury of the allegations of moral superiority which Dr Bronowski puts forward.

AS FAR AS the extra-scientific activity of the scientists is concerned, much better than an unrealisable, useless, and immoral propaganda for a benevolent theocracy of scientists would be a continuous, tough-minded, many-sided discussion, and a greater civility of action without recrimination, breast-beating proclamations of one's own purity, or denunciations of the iniquity of others. Scientists must try to resist the temptation of self-serving arguments; they must avoid self-righteousness. They must also avoid unilateral declarations of independence. They will never be able to carry them out because the bulk of the scientific community will not support them, and the rest of the society will not have it. Threats of coercion, demands for secession, and moral self-exaltation are no substitutes for calm nerves, rationality, self-discipline, and a sense of responsibility.

[6] Dr Bronowski makes a great deal of the "internationality" of science. He confuses the internationality of scientific communication and the universal validity of the propositions of science with the political attitudes of scientists. Does he know about the *cordon sanitaire* drawn by Western European scientists against German scientists after the First World War? His mention of Peter Kapitza and Igor Tamm obscures the fact that large numbers of Soviet scientists work voluntarily on military research.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stockholm

PARTICIPATING DEMOCRACY: Three youths and three girls who tried to get in naked to watch the "Oh! Calcutta" nude show were thrown out by the producer who said to them: "We don't want any competition from the audience."

UNITED PRESS

London

IT'S IN THE SCRIPT: *You know the nude scene in Othello? You don't? Not surprising. Nobody, not even Shakespeare, seems to have known much about it these past 367 years since the play was written.*

But now the Mermaid Theatre claim textual justification for revealing Desdemona nightieless, naked and dramatically dead upon the stage. Miss Kay Barlow, the actress who was to have played the part, is not convinced. She's left the cast. Good for her. Shakespeare's language will always be more sensuous than any glimpse of full-frontal nudity.

No doubt the Mermaid Theatre's motives are as pure as 'monumental alabaster'! But why stop at Desdemona? Why not have 6ft. 4in. Bruce Purchase, who plays Othello, strip off as well?

"Naked as I am . . ." that's what he says, Act V, Sc. II.

Come on, Bruce, baby, don't be shy . . . it's in the script!

DAILY MAIL

London

STEPHEN MURPHY, the film censor who has succeeded John Trevelyan at the British Film Board, has been touring Soho bookshops trying to get hold of a thoroughly good book on sexual perversion. He starts the censor's job tomorrow but has already sat through roughly 40 films. He now feels his education may be somewhat lacking. "I'm not shocked. Let's say, *surprised*. I used to think I was a man of the world, but it looks as if there are a lot more sexual perversions than I realised."

SUNDAY TIMES

Paris

HOPEFULLY: *I quote from the letter of Mr J. Pime: "President Nixon has, hopefully, begun the needed inquiry into American commerce."*

This use of the word "hopefully", meaning "I hope" or "it is to be hoped", which is becoming more common, seems to stem from America. (I note that Mr Pime writes from New York.)

The fact that there is a German word "hoffentlich" which means exactly "it is to be hoped" (as opposed to "hoffnungsvoll" which means "hopefully" in the accepted English sense) leads me to suppose that this usage is another example of an American idiom born of an attempted literal translation from German, as is the case with the expression "what gives?"

Note that I write from Paris, the home of linguistic pedantry.

THE TIMES

London

SOLUTIONS: In the final of the National Crossword Championship the winner, Mr E. S. Ainley, was the only contestant remaining with perfect puzzle points. It was here that the clue "Urgent, in two words" was perpetrated for "Abram", which elicited execrations and congratulations in about equal scale.

Other clues which received acclaim were "Prepareth to drive, by gum!" for "Teeth" in one of the Manchester puzzles and the only clue which beat the Edinburgh winner, Mr P. R. L. Heath, "Dress for US quarterdeck"; Mr Heath spent some minutes weighing "Slip" against "Suit" and finally put down the former, hoping perhaps that the English quarterdeck was called a slipdeck in America, and failing to spot that an American deck is also a pack of cards, a quarter of which is a suit.

THE TIMES

London

MORAL *values of the Victorian age rather than those of the "swinging sixties" were reflected in sex jokes today, Mr A. M. Shearman, senior lecturer in English at Salford University, told the anthropology section of The British Association.*

He said he had spent years collecting popular stories but had never found any about people enjoying sex. Something always went wrong.

An example which he described as the most "blackly humorous" was of a courting couple having intercourse standing up against an old building.

"A slate falls off the roof and passes directly between the couple, cutting off the tip of the girl's nose and the man's hope of posterity."

The permissive society did not yet seem to have penetrated modern mythology. Modern folk tales reflected less the world of Mick Jagger than that of Dr William Acton, the Victorian medico-moralist of the "masturbation makes you go blind" school.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Malraux' Hero-Worship

YOUR editorial reference to the Malraux-De Gaulle document as "curious" (ENCOUNTER, October) is surely a bit of English understatement. I have just been watching a *WDR* television interview here with André Malraux in which he mainly discussed his new novel about the French Resistance, entitled "*Non.*" He also made some extraordinary confessions.

Apparently he became a Minister in the General's cabinet quite "involuntarily." He was never interested in anything so grubby as politics, only in power and history and destiny. That was why working with de Gaulle was so appealing, for history for him was a kind of drama or theatre —and, in case you are not quite up in your Chinese, he added that Mao Tse-tung has the same viewpoint. Following these cues we immediately move to the grand conclusion that the Chairman and the General were the two greatest actors on the contemporary scene. "From the very first moment General de Gaulle knew: I am France. And from those early days in Yenan, Chairman Mao knew: I am China. . . ."

I wonder how much of German literature Malraux knows, and whether he reads Bert Brecht. One would like to recommend to him a line from one of Brecht's poems—"*Happy is the land that has no need of heroes. . . .*" Or, one would like to add, of hero-worshippers.

HANS-JOACHIM REISS

Cologne

Fairlie & The Times

MAY I say how grateful I was for Mr Henry Fairlie's strong words about *The Times* (London) in his brilliant article on "The Practice of Puffers" (ENCOUNTER, August)? I am one of those poor old transatlantic sentimentalists who still take the *Times* newspaper even here in New York, and if its coverage of English affairs is as ludicrously unreliable as its American correspondence, then one might as well save oneself the trouble. The excerpts from Reich's *Greening of America* were ridiculous, but then there is a piece in the paper every day which must strike a reader here as equally dubious.

In my copy dated 23 August, for example, there is a front-page dispatch by Mr Michael Leapman's, *The Times*' New York correspondent, which reports the death of George Jackson in the attempted San Quentin prison escape. He takes the trouble to tell us early on that "Many radicals and black militants believe the three men [the "Soledad brothers"] to be innocent. . . ." What he fails to tell us is that what these radicals and militants believe to be "innocence" is not—what we would normally infer—that the men were innocent of the murder of a prison guard, but that there can be no criminal guilt attached to a black man who hits back violently at an oppressive, racist society. This is so by ideological definition, and *The Times*' ideological bias these days tends to lose sight of such little facts which explain and clarify. It used to be called reporting the news.

Again, in *The Times* of 3 September, there is a dispatch from New York by Mr Leapman which reports the detention of the IRA leader, Joe Cahill, by the U.S. Immigration authorities. Nowhere in the story, which wastes a lot of space with a brief blow-by-blow account of a trivial "interview" between Cahill and Leapman, is there any indication of the reasons for suspending the visa. The *Daily Telegraph* (London), of that date, explains, as does the *International Herald Tribune* (Paris), that Mr Cahill had omitted to mention that he had a previous conviction for murder and had served a prison sentence: a small matter which makes him quite ineligible for entry to collect funds from Irish Americans willing to subsidise the shooting of British soldiers in Ulster.

It was only four days later—and then by means of a Reuter Agency dispatch (7 September)—that we were told that Cahill had refused to sign a document acknowledging the conviction for murder: he insisted on its being amended to "political activities."

The bias, apparently so distressingly clear, is often amateurishly bungled. Thus, the reader was astonished to read *The Times*' 3-column headline to the effect that the C.N.D.'s "ALDERMASTON MARCHES SWAYED HIGH WHITEHALL SCIENTIFIC OPINION ON NUCLEAR POLICIES," and then to find in the story itself (*Times*, 8 September, p. 4) nary a scrap of evidence to justify it. The next day (Letters, 9 September) the scientist in question rushed to correct the completely erroneous impression. Dr Terence Price's correction pointed out that the marchers "never had any direct influence on policy. The facts were against them." (As Peggy Duff's recent autobiography strongly suggests, the whole C.N.D. campaign was a kind of ideological hedonism—"it was all such good, crusading fun!"—and the pleasure principle gets you nowhere in politics.)

A certain balanced mix in the objectivity—the facts that are reported, the quotations which are selected—comes perforce into the paper when the story happens to be an essential re-write of something that appeared in, say, *Time* or *Newsweek*. Thus, the dispatch from New York on the subject of the "McCarthyism of the Left" which is threatening William Bundy's appointment as the new Editor of *Foreign Affairs* (see *The Times*, 6 Sept., p.7, and *Newsweek*, 6 Sept., p.48), presents both sides of the question. But even here I suspect a little diddling. The *Times* dispatch ends on a flippant note by quoting a characteristic witticism on the Bundy controversy from John

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kenneth Galbraith. But in *Newsweek* the end of the quotation was given, thus respecting the gravity of the public issue involved, namely "Left-McCarthyism"; as Professor Galbraith concluded, "... But I am revolted by the idea of trying to deny somebody a job."

Upton Sinclair in his book *The Brass Check* once proposed giving little disgraceful awards to newspapers for misdemeanours of this kind. Long-suffering readers of *The Times* like myself can hardly wait to see how the brass collection will grow when its correspondents get around to covering the Angela Davis case coming up in California. How reliable *The Times* is on this general subject can be deduced from the comment of its writer on "The Black American Dream", a BBC documentary. He wrote (3 June, p.18):

> "The shooting of James Meredith was an appalling phenomenon, but his death acquired importance far beyond its intrinsic significance when photographs were flashed coast to coast across America."

No such thing happened—no acquisition of "importance," and no coast-to-coast "flashing"—for James Meredith was not killed. His wounds, fortunately, were minor; he is alive and well, and at the moment having regrettable difficulties with the local New York authorities for his alleged rent-gouging practices in Harlem.

ROLAND R. TOWE

New York City

Bacon & Bronowski

FRANCIS BACON, the father of government-supported science, may be accounted the earliest supporter of the intent and concern of Dr Bronowski's proposals in the July ENCOUNTER. He, too, was concerned with significances of science that transcend its value as a source of power for the modern nation-state when in his *New Atlantis* (1626) he had his scientist of the future say:

> "We have consultations, which of the inventions and experiences which we have discovered shall be published, and which not: and take all an oath of secrecy, for the concealing of those which we think fit to keep secret: though some of those we do reveal sometimes to the state, and some not."

ERLING ENG

Lexington, Kentucky

STUDENT SUBSCRIPTION RATES

FULL-TIME students can subscribe to ENCOUNTER at special reduced annual rates. These are: U.K. £3·15; U.S.A. and Canada $10; elsewhere £3·15. Please state place and course of study.

AUTHORS

Kurt Kusenberg's *Gesammelte Erzählungen* was published in 1969 in Hamburg by Rowohlt Verlag. A selection of his stories, including the three in this number, will be published later this year by Chatto & Windus, in a translation by George Bird. Kurt Kusenberg is a well-known German author and literary critic. These are the first pieces of his work to appear in English....

Gabriel Josipovici was born in Nice in 1940, of Russo-Italian, Rumano-Levantine parents. He is at present lecturer in the School of European Studies at Sussex University. He has published two novels, *The Inventory* (Michael Joseph, 1968) and *Words* (Gollancz, October 1971). The essay on *Herzog* forms part of a study of the nature of modern fiction, *The World and the Book*, due out this autumn from Macmillan....

Hellmut Jaesrich was for twenty-three years the co-Editor of the famous German periodical, *Der Monat*. He lives in West Berlin. At present he is a visiting Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of Texas in Austin....

Keith Botsford for many years edited (together with Saul Bellow) an *avant-garde* journal entitled *The Noble Savage*. Among his novels are: *Benvenuto* (1963), and *The March-man* (1965).
Tony Palmer's book, *The Trials of Oz*, to which Keith Botsford refers, was published by Blond & Briggs, 60p....

Cover design by **Colin Banks** and **John Miles.**

MANUSCRIPTS for ENCOUNTER should be sent to 59 St. Martin's Lane, London, WC2 N4JS, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (English stamp) or international reply coupons, otherwise they cannot be returned. For subscription details see page 1.

ENCOUNTER Magazine is published in London by Encounter Ltd. (59 St. Martin's Lane, London WC2 N4JS).

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY WATMOUGHS LIMITED, IDLE, BRADFORD; AND LONDON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The facts that matter:

Political Stability

Economic Prosperity

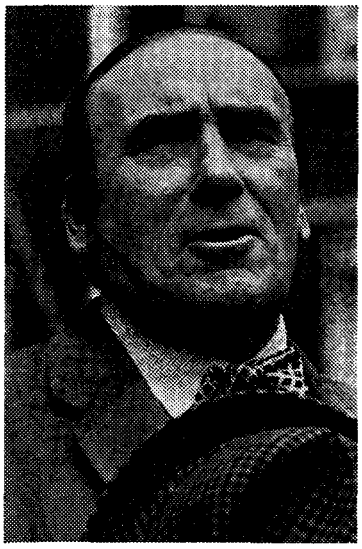
Social Responsibility

THE FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY
A DEPENDABLE PARTNER

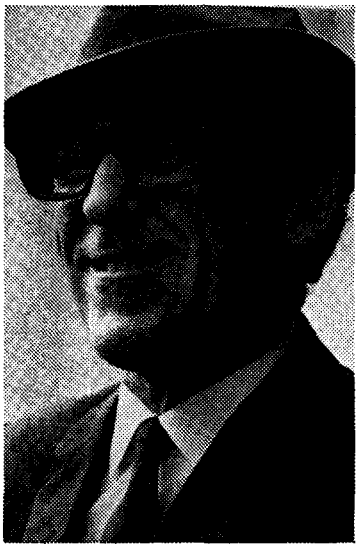
Issued by the German Embassy Press Department

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

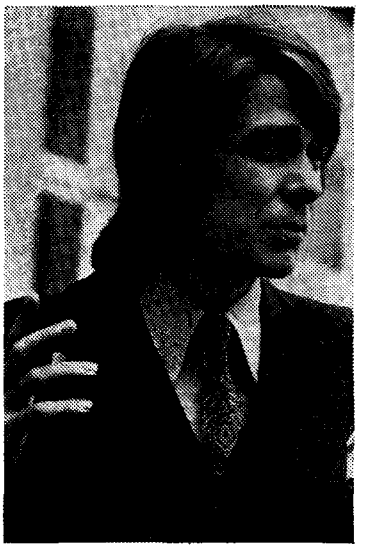
Why do they keep flying Pan Am?



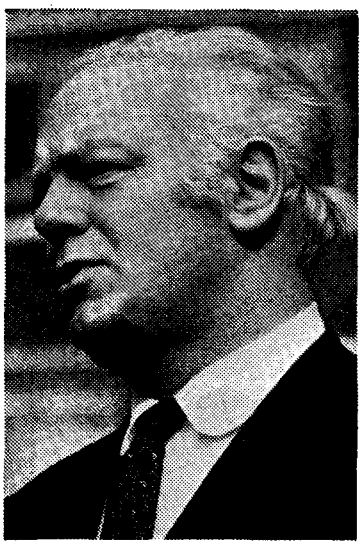
"They can book you a worldwide trip, including hotels, while you wait. And confirmation comes through in seconds."



"There s something habit-forming about that 101 Pan Am 747 flight to New York. No scramble to get there at some impossible hour . . . a quiet drink before lunch . . . it's all very relaxed."

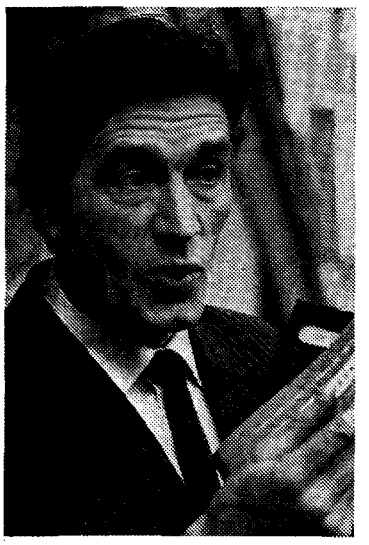


"Pan Am's new Youth Fares aren't just for students. For people under 26 like me there's a good chance of being sent to the States by the company. That's something new."



"Only Pan Am fly direct to 16 American cities. That's more than any other airline. I call that a real North Atlantic service."

"There's imagination in Pan Am menus. I like this new thing of serving the food of the country you're going to. That's a nice idea."



"Not being a smoker, I'm grateful to Pan Am for setting aside a section of their 747 for non-smokers. Very civilised."

Pan Am regulars like the experience.

Why not join them? Call your Pan Am Travel Agent or Pan Am, 193 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AD. Tel: 01-734 7292.
Birmingham: 021-236 8731
Manchester: 061-832 3981
Glasgow: 041-248 5744

Pan Am

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED